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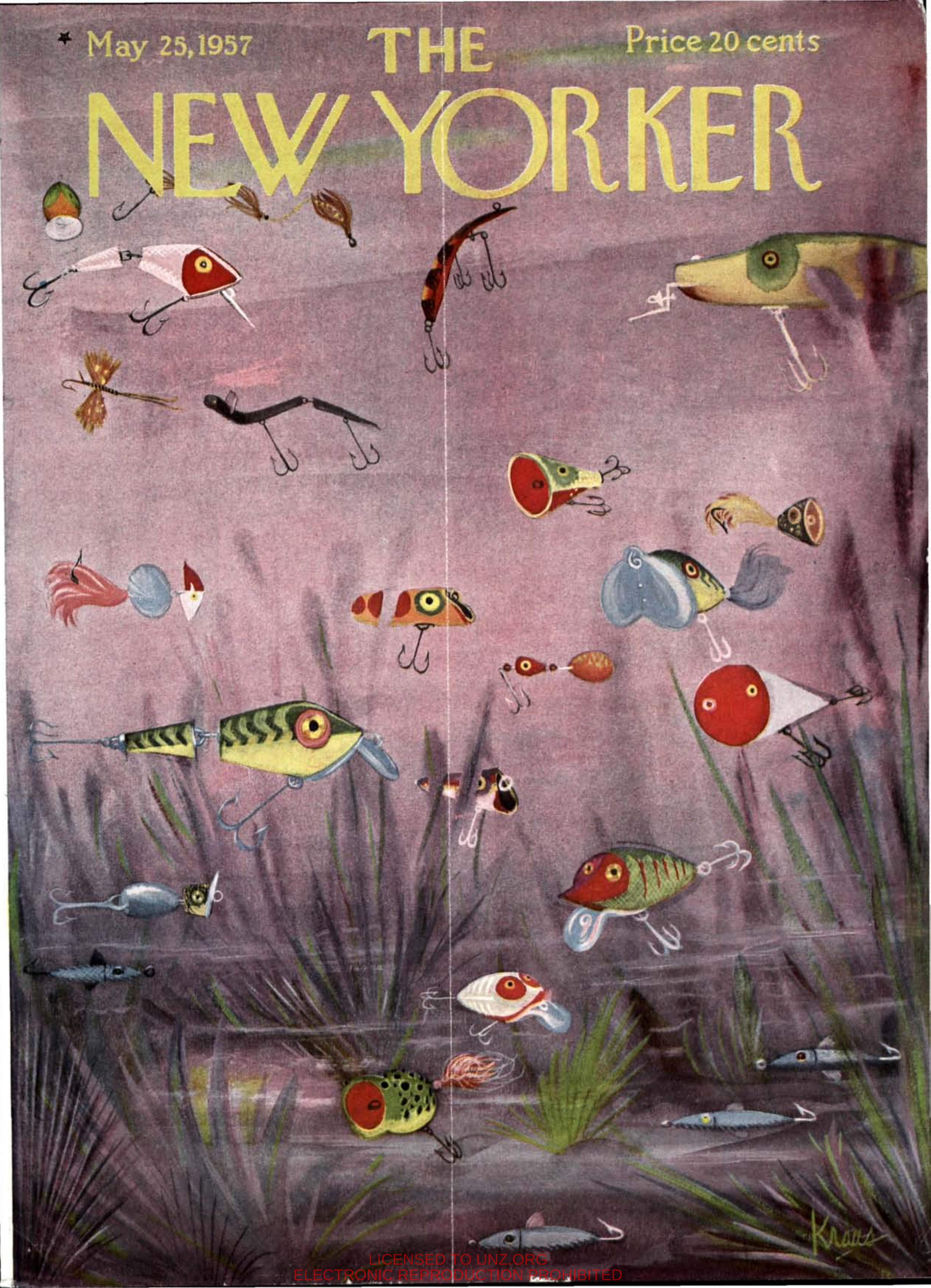
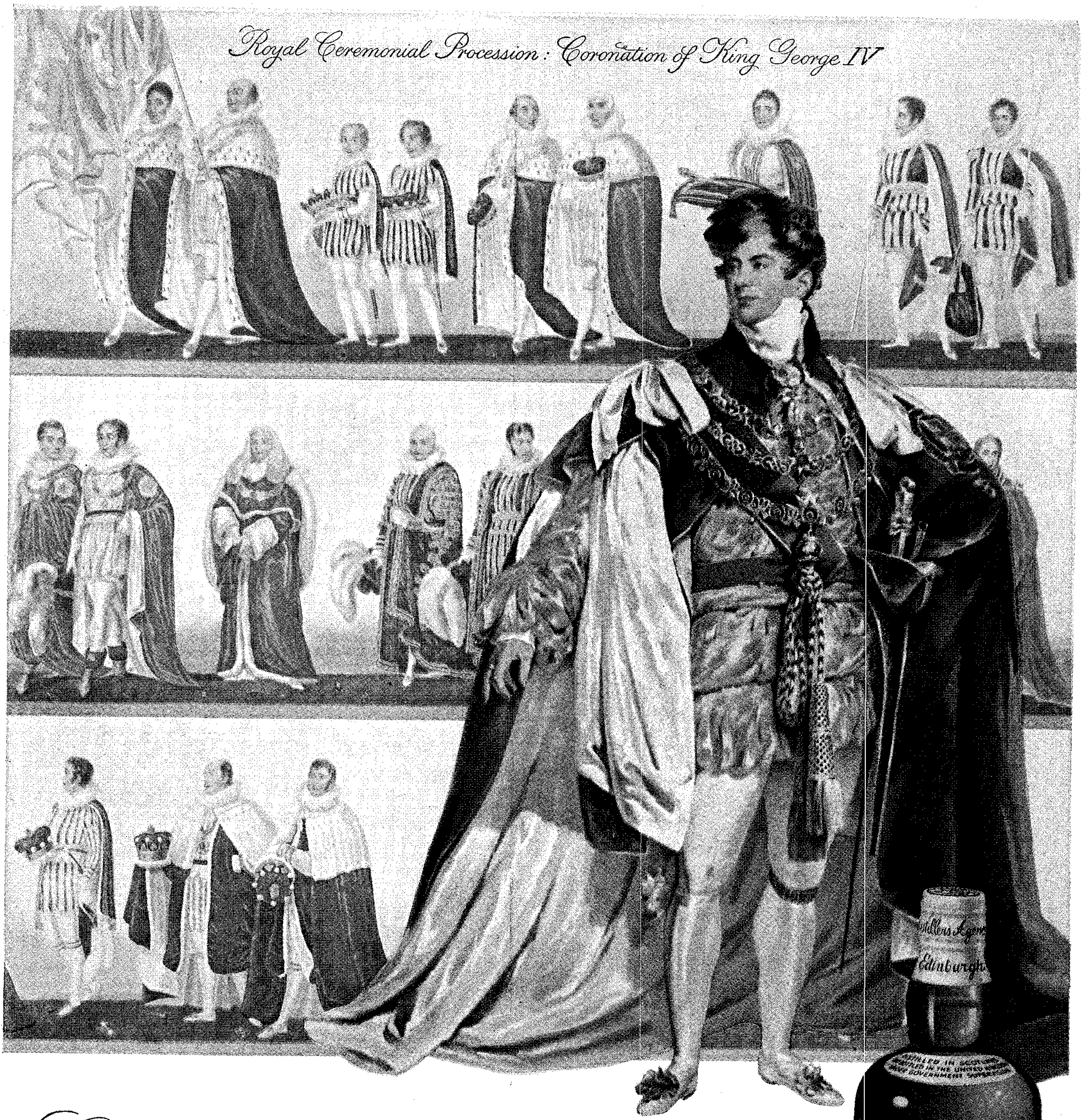
THE NEW YORKER

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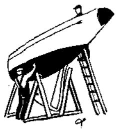
NEW YORK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST



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THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of Memorial Day, May 30. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans. . . . ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Auntie Mame—Anyone who delights in comedies about bizarre relatives will probably like this adaptation, by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, of Patrick Dennis's novel. For those who may conceivably find themselves dismayed by so much cuteness, there is always Rosalind Russell, who is enchanting in the title role. The cast includes Polly Rowles, Marian Winters, Robert Higgins, and Peggy Cass. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Happiest Millionaire—This comedy, Kyle Crichton's adaptation of a book he wrote with Cordelia Drexel Biddle about her father, pictures a household that is a good deal odder, if considerably less entertaining, than the one in "Life with Father." Walter Pidgeon heads a cast that also contains Ruth Matteson, Ruth White, Diana van der Vlis, and George Grizzard. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Hole in the Head—Several good actors, among them Paul Douglas, David Burns, and Kay Medford, trying to make something exciting out of a torpid play about an oaf who is having trouble raising his son. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except May 29, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Memorial Day.)

Hotel Paradiso—A stimulating resurrection of an 1886 French farce, adapted by Peter Glenville and made even merrier by the unbeatable Bert Lahr. He is sturdily assisted by Angela Lansbury, John Emery, Vera Pearce, and Douglas Byng. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night—Brilliantly directed by José Quintero, and beautifully enacted by Fredric March, Florence Eldridge, Bradford Dillman, and Jason Robards, Jr., this posthumous work by Eugene O'Neill, which explores the tragedies of his youth, is as impressive a play as we're likely to see for some time. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30.)

A Moon for the Misbegotten—Yet another autobiographical play by Eugene O'Neill—this one about his dipsomaniacal brother and the girl who tried to redeem him. Not by any means as forceful as O'Neill's major works, the play does have the virtue of gallant performances by Franchot Tone and Wendy Hiller in taxing and rather unrewarding roles. (Bijou, 45th St., W. JU 6-5442. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays, except May 29, and Saturdays at 2:15; special matinée Memorial Day.)

The Potting Shed—A smoothly written, expertly acted, and, for the most part, absorbing play by Graham Greene, whose technique seems to be as surefire with sacred mysteries as with profane ones. Robert Flemyng, Frank Conroy, and Sybil Thorndike set the pace for the fine cast. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, May 25.)

Separate Tables—A two-part effort by Terence Rattigan that doesn't accomplish much in the first stanza but winds up splendidly with a piece about a pair of bedevilled people who are rescued from despair by their neighbors' charity. Eric Portman and Margaret Leighton are excellent as the hero and heroine of both offerings. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Tunnel of Love—Tom Ewell gives a very nice performance in this gag-ridden but occasionally diverting comedy, by Peter De Vries and Joseph Fields, about sexual goings on in Westport. Nancy Olson, Darren McGavin, Elisabeth Fraser, and Elizabeth Wilson support him attractively. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Visit to a Small Planet—A funny account of the adventures of a Spaceman who drops out of the beyond into a home in Virginia. Cyril Ritchard, as the Spaceman, and Eddie Mayehoff, as a Virginia Earthman, are endlessly amusing, and so, for that matter, are Philip Coolidge, Sarah Marshall, Conrad Janis, and Sibyl Bowan, who give them a hand. Mr. Ritchard is responsible for the astute direction. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except May 29, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Memorial Day.)

Long Runs—**THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK:** Frances Goodrich's and Albert Hackett's dramatization of the record left by a young victim of the Nazis. With Joseph Schildkraut and Gusti Huber. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Mondays and Sunday, May 26, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Memorial Day at 2:40. Closes Saturday, June 22.). . . **INHERIT THE WIND:** A reconstruction of the Scopes evolution trial, with Paul Muni and Ed Begley as the two celebrated orators. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.). . . **MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT:** Edward G. Robinson, Gena Rowlands, June Walker, and Patricia Benoit in Paddy Chayefsky's play centering on a romance between a fifty-three-year-old man and a twenty-four-year-old girl. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, May 25.). . . **NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS:** Ira Levin's stage version of Mac Hyman's novel having to do with a draftee whose kindness almost kills the Air Force. At present, Charles Hohman is playing the hillbilly hero, and Rex Everhart and Arte Johnson fill subsidiary roles. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except May 29, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Memorial Day.)

Page
BOOKS 121
THE CURRENT CINEMA 118
LETTER FROM THE EAST 135
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON 106
MUSICAL EVENTS:
  JAZZ RECORDS 104
THE RACE TRACK 117
THE THEATRE 76
THE WAYWARD PRESS 86

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MUSICALS

Bells Are Ringing—Judy Holliday does practically everything but play a musical saw in this comedy about a telephone-answering-service girl who is dedicated to her job. The book, by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, is a bit cluttered, but their lyrics are good and so is the score by Jule Styne. Besides Miss Holliday, the cast includes Sydney Chaplin, Jean Stapleton, Eddie Lawrence, and Dort Clark. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except May 29, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Memorial Day.)

Happy Hunting—Ethel Merman cutting loose with her accustomed gusto in a fairly feeble musical about a lady who wants her daughter to follow in the footsteps of Grace Kelly. The book is by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse, the songs are by Harold Karr and Matt Dubey, and Fernando Lamas is visible as Miss Merman's fellow-principal. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Li'l Abner—If you are an admirer of Al Capp's comic-strip hero and his playmates, the chances are that you will enjoy this apparently quite faithful reproduction of their carryings-on. The stage version is the work of Norman Panama and Melvin Frank; Johnny Mercer and Gene de Paul wrote the lyrics and music; and Peter Palmer and Edith Adams head the cast. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except May 29, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Memorial Day.)

New Girl in Town—George Abbott's rearrangement of "Anna Christie" has its entertaining moments, though they have little connection with anything O'Neill ever wrote. Bob Merrill turned out the generally excellent songs; Bob Fosse staged the dances; Rouben Ter-Arutunian designed the sets and costumes; and Gwen Verdon and Thelma Ritter head a cast featuring George Wallace and Cameron Prud'homme. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Shinbone Alley—Although Eartha Kitt is an enticing Mehitabel and Eddie Bracken a reasonably entertaining Archy, this adaptation of the adventures of Don Marquis's wayward cat and literary cockroach doesn't add up to much as a musical comedy. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, May 25.)

Ziegfeld Follies—This revue has the services of Beatrice Lillie and Billy De Wolfe, a pair of superb comedians, but the book affords little more than you might get from the comic section of the *News*. Harold Lang, Helen Wood, Micki Marlo, and Carol Lawrence also participate. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**DAMN YANKEES:** Gretchen Wyler plays a demon, Howard Caine her employer, and Stephen Douglass her earth-bound suitor in this musical derived from the novel "The Year the Yankees Lost the Pennant." (Adelphi, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except May 29, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Memorial Day.). . . **THE MOST HAPPY FELLA:** Frank Loesser wrote the music and the lyrics and adapted the book for this operatic treatment of Sidney Howard's "They Knew What They Wanted." Robert Weede (Richard Torigi substitutes for him at the matinée performances), Jo Sullivan, Art Lund, and Susan Johnson head the cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays,

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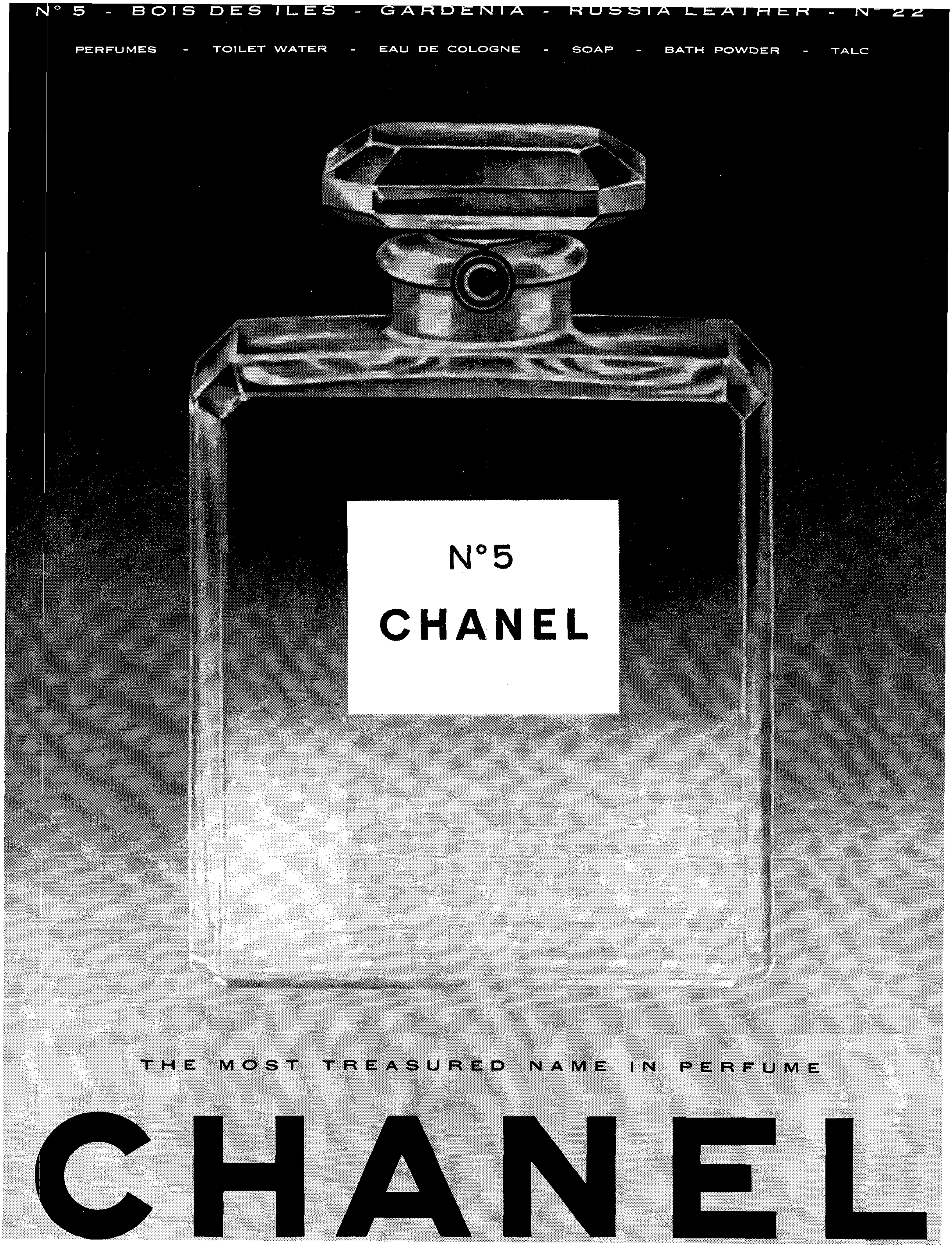
THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, chairman of the board; S. B. Botsford, president; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Vol. XXXIII, No. 14, May 25, 1957. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1957, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $8.00. Other Foreign, $10.00.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PERFUMES - TOILET WATER - EAU DE COLOGNE - SOAP - BATH POWDER - TALC
N°5
CHANEL
THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME
CHANEL

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except May 29, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Memorial Day.)... **MY FAIR LADY:** Rex Harrison and Julie Andrews in an adaptation of Shaw's "Pygmalion." The cast also includes Stanley Holloway, Viola Roache, and Robert Coote. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

New York City Center Light Opera Company—"The Pajama Game," with Jane Kean, Larry Douglas, and Paul Hartman, is the last in this season's series of five musicals. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, June 2.)

Amato Opera Theatre—Friday through Sunday, May 24-26: "Faust."... ¶ Starting Friday, May 31: "The Barber of Seville." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

Cherry Lane Theatre—Sean O'Casey's comedy "Purple Dust," with Harry Bannister and Alvin Epstein. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Circle in the Square—Leo Penn and Farrell Pelly in a revival of Eugene O'Neill's "The Iceman Cometh," directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30.)

Downtown Theatre—The first New York showing of George Bernard Shaw's "In Good King Charles's Golden Days." (Downtown Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. GR 3-4412. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Seventh Avenue South—Charles Aidman in "Career," a play by James Lee. (Seventh Avenue South, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9205. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Shakespearewrights—Presenting the American Savoyards in the final performances of a Gilbert and Sullivan repertory. Through Sunday, May 26: "The Yeomen of the Guard."... ¶ Tuesday through Sunday, May 28-June 2: "The Gondoliers." (Shakespearewrights, 264 W. 87th St. SU 7-2277. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Theatre de Lys—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera," with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Katherine Sergava, Gerald Price, and Jane Connell. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Theatre East—The Irish Players in three one-act plays by J. M. Synge—"In the Shadow of the Glen," "The Tinker's Wedding," and "Riders to the Sea." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-8930. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:15; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

DANCE PROGRAMS

José Greco and His Company of Spanish Dancers—A group of dancers, singers, and guitarists, including Lola de Ronda and José Molina, in a three-week engagement. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3. Through Sunday, June 9.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Embassy Club is evening clothes by Dior, shoes by Ferragamo, jewels by Cartier, music by Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba band, which play for dancing after ten. Up to then, the music is solely for listening purposes. Closed Sundays.

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El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—It looks like a perpetual Academy Award night, which may or may not be the end of a perfect day. Charles Holden's orchestra and Freddy Alonso's rumba band never say die.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Celeste Holm's one-woman playlet with music, in which she is both actress and singer, is one of the best things that could have happened to the Cotillion Room, where the customers prance to the music of a dandy orchestra led by Joseph Sudy and to Alan Logan's rumba band. She appears at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.... ¶ There's dancing in the Café Pierre from cocktails through supper to a small orchestra, which is generally Stanley Worth's.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Persian Room's dinner and supper bill of fare is Dorothy Shay, whose allegedly Park Avenue hillbilly songs by now belong in Third Avenue antique shops. Her recitals are surrounded by the music of Ted Straeter's combined orchestra and glee club and Mark Monte's smaller unit of bandsmen. Closed Sundays.... ¶ A life of luxury and ease is within grasp at the Rendez-Vous, a dining room of long standing, where the dance music of Maximillian Bergere and Gunnar Hansen starts at eight-thirty.... ¶ Leo LeFleur's string orchestra plays at the cocktail hour in the Palm Court. No dancing.... ¶ In the Edwardian Room, the LeFleur group does a reprise at the dinner hour. No dancing.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—To keep peace in a family playroom like the Grill, the music of Sammy Kaye's dance band sometimes sounds quite Perry Como, but once in a while it breaks into unmistakable Dixie. Tee-off time is seven. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, a club where punctiliousness is the order of the evening, is presenting Julie Wilson, a fine, upstanding girl who has the saving grace of never taking herself or her den-of-iniquity ballads too seriously. She's around at dinner and supper. Waltzing by the guests is encouraged the rest of the time by the small bands of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every day of the week in the Café Lounge, from cocktails to dinner and supper, Irving Conn's orchestra takes care of anyone in a mood for motion.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—In the ample Café Rouge, Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra, right now operating without Mr. D. on the throne, makes dance music off and on all evening. Closed Sundays.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (SC 4-8100)—Plant life and ant life in the open-air garden, Weather Bureau permitting, after eight on weekdays and after seven on Sundays, to say nothing of dance music by North and South American bands.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Some of Johnnie Ray's lyric thoughts, now available in the Empire Room, have intimations of used get-well cards, but no matter, for Mr. Ray, an adept cakewalker, gives the cant phrase "special delivery" an entirely new meaning. His aide-de-camp, the Emil Coleman orchestra, is also very, very warm for May. It and the Mischa Borr band play for dancing now and then, too. Closed Sundays.... ¶ In an estuary of the voluminous Peacock Alley, Jozsi Ribari's boys and Bernie Leighton's trio plunk down music for listening from cocktails to eight-thirty, and for dancing from eight-thirty until one. On Sundays, from eight to twelve, the Borr dance band does the rumbling.

Note—The Rainbow Room, a cloud top considerably larger than a man's hand, presents hushed non-dance tunes and cocktails from four-thirty to nine every evening except Sunday. The choice seats and the choice view, of course, are up near the windows. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the telephone CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A green pasture maintained in spic-and-span order by the very best greenkeepers. A quiet American named Addison Bailey is at the concert grand during cocktails, dinner, and supper, except Sundays, when Paul Morse drops in.... **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Outdoor and indoor athletes, tanning themselves in the fitful glare of flashlight bulbs. The accompaniment is Kurt Maier's piano most of the night. Closed Mondays.... **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK**, 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Louis (or Goldie) Hawkins' combination civic center and canteen, where good neighbors gather for an evening's pastime. The counterpoint to the chatter is the piano of Wayne Sanders (dreamlike) and of the owner (chipper). Bill Taylor substitutes for Mr. Sanders on Fridays and Saturdays. The sound begins at cocktail time. Closed Sundays.... **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): One of the most luxurious of the Roman holidays, in which it's hard to tell whether the hero of the evening is the chef or the lilting string orchestra of Teo Fanidi. The heroine, always some soprano or other, feels that urge to let go late in the evening. Music from dinner right through supper. Closed Sundays.... **RSVP**, 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): The sort of tiny conversation room that fascinates people for whom Manhattan encompasses the universe. Don Carey's nostalgic piano is the prime mover at cocktails and dinner; later, he is joined by Don Evans, whose drawing-room piano far transcends the usual parlor tricks, and, still later, by Jo Hurt, who is part skylark and part girl spirit of mischief. Miss Hurt and Mr. Carey are off Sundays; Mr. Evans is off Mondays.... **BARBERRY ROOM**, 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): From nine to one, in an amphitheatre of some elegance, Renato Rossini's guitar speaks fondly of love. The more impetuous passages occur after eleven. Closed Sundays.... **GATSBY'S**, 873 First Ave., at 49th St. (PL 5-1067): You'll probably spend the first hour trying to figure out how they got all that nineteen-twenties décor into one small room; after that, your attention may be distracted by the sedate piano and songs of Maxine Thomas, who is here during dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.... **WEYLIN**, 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-4907): The hands of Cy Walter, professor emeritus of the Steinway, are as light-fingered as ever, his portfolio as selective. He's around from six to eight and again from ten to one or even later. Closed Sundays.... **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Possibly the oldest, and certainly one of the happiest, of the Spanish settlements on this continent. The inhabitants hew faithfully to the line of their ancient customs, principally singing and dancing. Closed Sundays.... **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The Crusaders' National Guard must once have used it as an armory. The menu is twentieth-century, though, and the music of Norbert Faconi, an amazingly agile walking, talking violinist, is from the Vienna Woods. He is on from eight-thirty through supper every night but Sunday.... **LEFT BANK**, 309 W. 50th St. (CO 5-8956): A commendable effort to bring culture to the Far West of town—an art gallery framed on the walls, 1957 interior decoration, and the piano and crooning of Hubbell Pierce, collector of uncollected songs. The Lee Evans trio muses while Mr. Pierce takes his breathers. The music starts about ten. The trio is absent Sundays, Mr. P. Mondays.... **CASA-**

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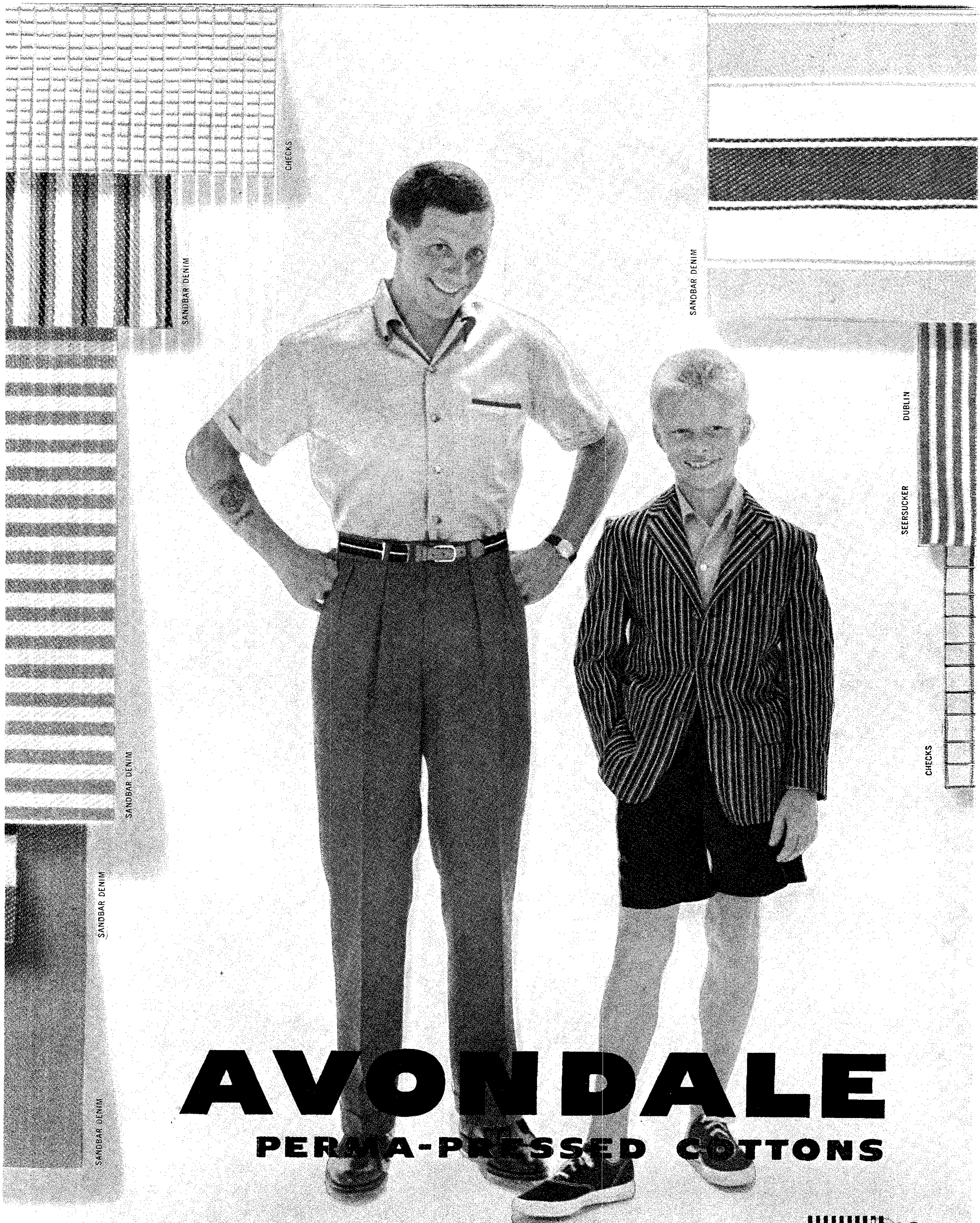
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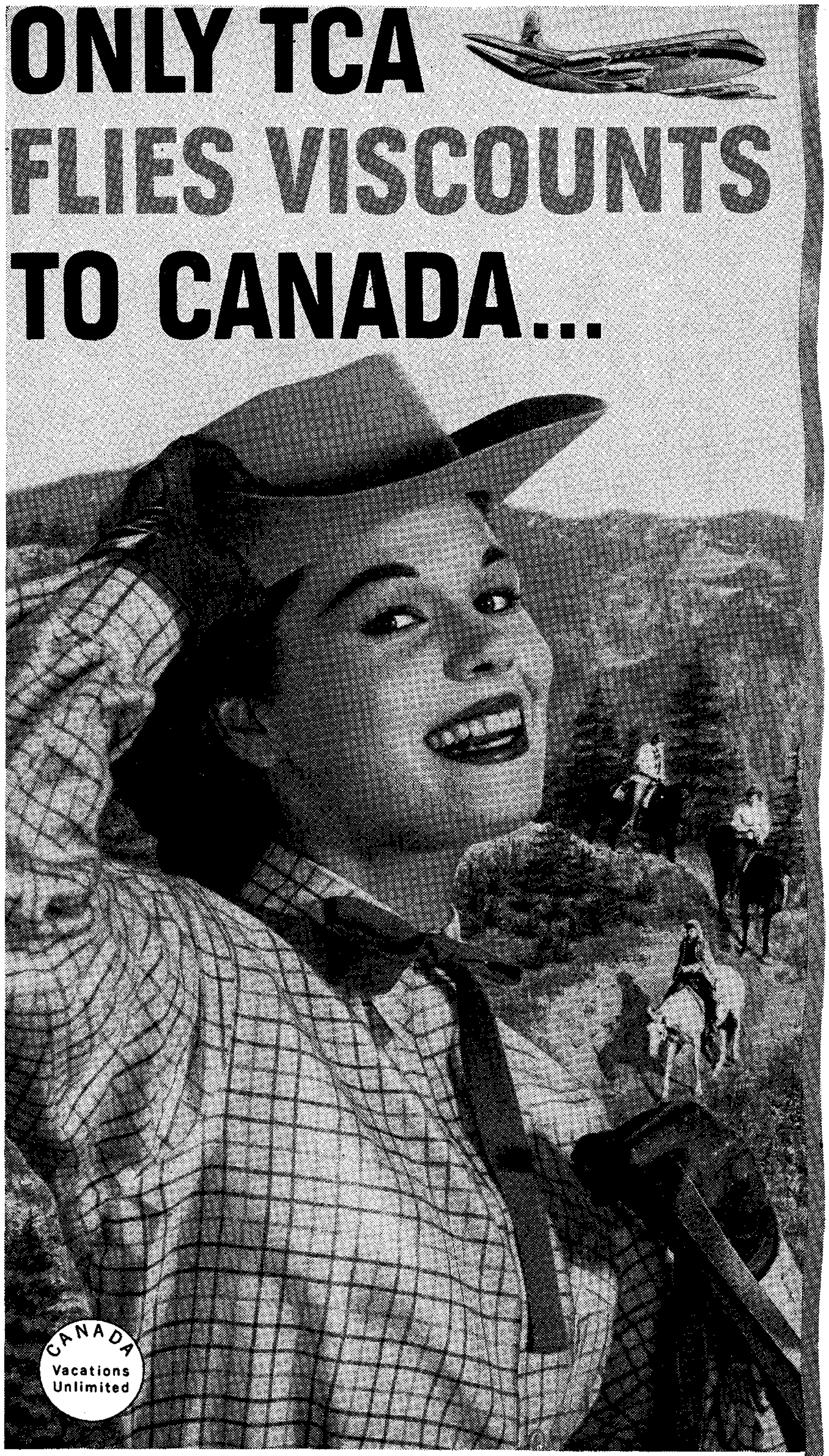
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

NOVA, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (TR 9-8113): Three candelabra grow where only one grew before, and plush flows like water. It adds up to a setting for French cuisine and Pan-European piano and violin, all of which are available every evening but Sunday.... **LE PÉRIGORD CAFÉ,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): The small but ornate bar of the Sherry-Netherland. Eva Iaci is at the piano from dinner until after one every night but Sunday.... **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Even the *maître d'hôtel* can sing, and well, too. There's lots of other sound track, for both listening and dancing, but never enough to damage the pervading air of peace. Closed Mondays.... **VIENNESE LANTERN,** 242 E. 79th St. (RE 4-0044): Viennese lanterns, Russian sopranos, Balkan contraltos, Hungarian stringmen, and other ingredients of the vast European melting pot. Closed Mondays.... **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the faintly bleak bar of the Hotel Earle, after eight every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis is reviving the melodies you thought everyone but you had forgotten.... **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Harmless antics, largely piano and small talk, in an extremely relaxed household.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Spivy, who has viewed the world through jaundice-colored glasses these many years, is home from Paris—words, music, and attitude intact. There is further amusement, also sardonic, by Dorothy Loudon, who does field work on popular and unpopular tunes of the day, and by Will Holt, who applies a similar half nelson on songs of the prairie. Diahann Carroll, a handsome nightingale, is the only member of the cast who takes love at face value. The new-era Jimmy Lyons trio and the piano of Bart Howard are a perfect backdrop for everything.... ¶ In the lounge, except Sundays, there's cocktail and dinner piano by Alex Fogarty; except Saturdays and Mondays, there's progressive music by the Lyons trio from 2 to 4 A.M.... **DOWNSTAIRS ROOM,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): June Ericson, Ceil Cabot, Gerry Matthews, and Jack Fletcher—four children who should be not only seen but heard—are the spokesmen for a small revue that is no respecter of persons or anything else. Its wicked witticisms were devised by Ronny Graham and Bud McCreery and blended by Julius Monk, who knows precisely what to do with children, revues, and witticisms. It comes to life around ten-thirty. Stan Keen and Mr. McCreery are at the plural pianos. Closed Sundays.... **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): A fond reminder of the days when Provincetown was the summertime Existentialist capital of the United States, and faithful to the prototype in décor, mood, and personnel—Julius Monk, *régisseur* of the Downstairs Room; Stella Brooks, a *diseuse* who manages to blend Cleopatra, the Delphic Oracle, Edith Sitwell, and Carrie Nation; Blossom Dearie, whose baby voice trifles with some postgraduate lyrics; and Daphne Hellman, a girl with a harp and heart of gold. Closed Sundays.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Mae Barnes, who cracked the sound barrier years before the jet plane was born, is still in full voice and full cry. Luc Poret, who speaks Parisian French and New York American with equal facility, is funny in both tongues. The background is the Clarence Williams trio, which has Carl Lynch on guitar. Closed Mondays.... **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Bugs in a rug having more fun than practically anyone. The most frenzied are Bibi Osterwald, a young woman with a will of iron and a voice of granite; Sylvia Syms, a man-eating and lyric-eating lion, but a very cheerful one; and Jimmie Komack, a strolling humorist who is now and then *too* frenzied. There are also Tiger Haynes and the Three Flames, makers of shattered tone poems, and Jimmie Daniels, the establishment's perennial man-about-town. Closed Mondays.... **BYLINE ROOM,** 28 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1718): Matt Dennis, who writes a



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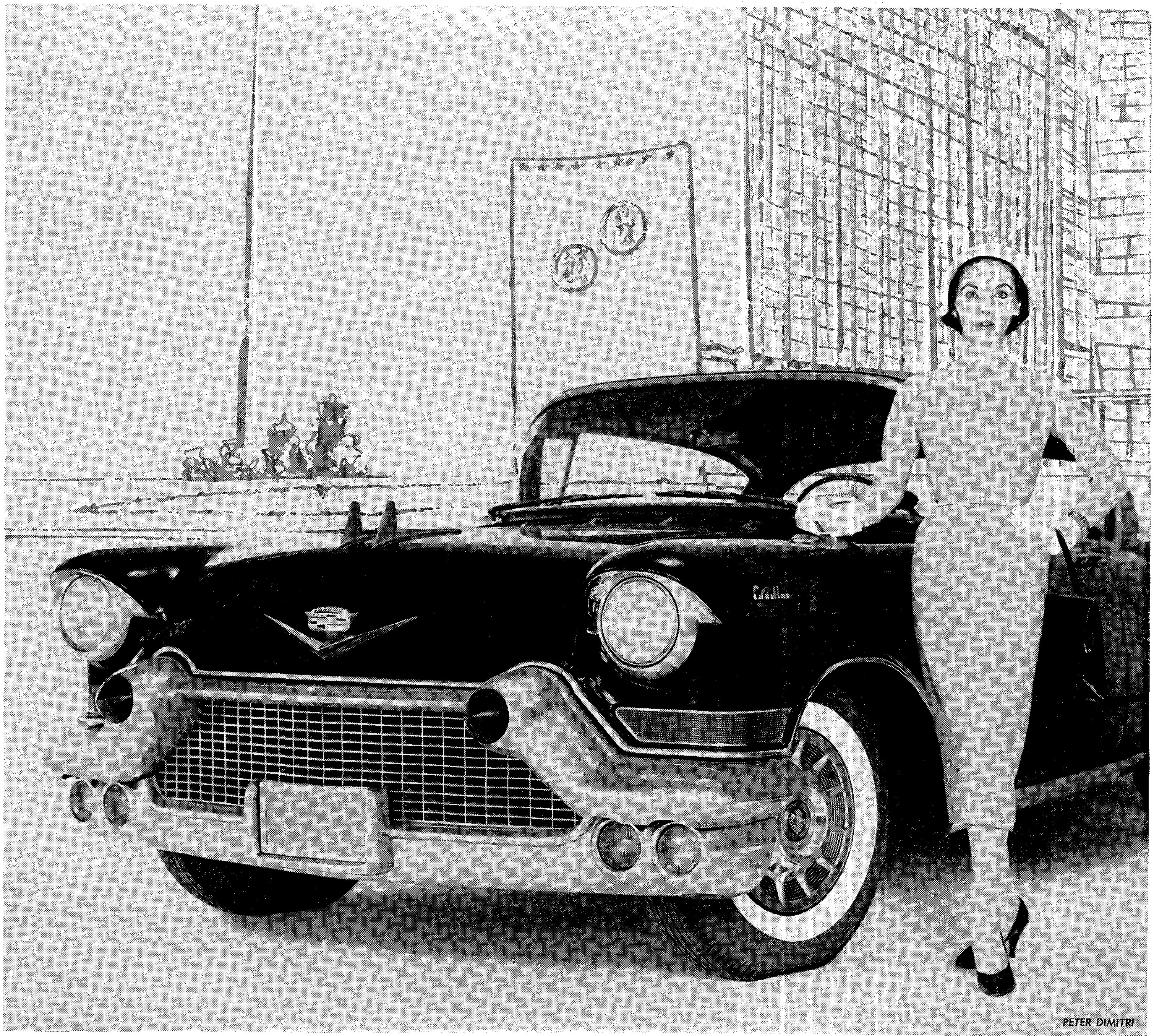
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

lot of the nation's songs, plays and sings them as well as anybody possibly could. He and his threesome, to which he contributes fascinating free-form piano, get to work about nine-thirty, and Nancy Steele begins singing an hour later; Sam Hamilton's piano begins at nine. Closed Sundays. . . . **RED CARPET,** 130 E. 56th St. (PL 5-4718): Kitty White, making her first visit to the small planet of New York, is in the process of adjusting her sights and her ballads to a larger room and a more restless audience than she's accustomed to back home in Hollywood. She and her trio set to around ten, and another trio, progressive in mood, starts earlier. She takes Sunday off. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Mary Harmon, an amiably dizzy blonde, has a few exceptionally bright pieces to recite in the bar, where Bob Downey and Harold Fonville have been playing piano since the Year 1. She's there every evening but Monday. Sundays there are also silly old silent movies, and Mondays are amateur nights.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open later than most places, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Exactly the right kind of music for muskrats to ramble to is being made by Wild Bill Davison, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Bob Wilber, George Wettling, Leonard Gaskin, and Mr. Condon, the well-known guitar-and-ringside-table jockey. Between sets, Cliff Jackson keeps the piano as warm as toast. Tuesdays, which are visiting days, are often real hurricanes. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): On the podium of this occasionally rumbustious picnic ground are the trios of Don Shirley (poetry) and Johnny Costa (Pittsburgh), which start at nine. They will be replaced on Monday, May 27, by the threesomes of Alex Kallao (a steady customer) and Betty Miller (a newcomer). There is also cocktail and dinner piano every day; on Sunday nights guest musicians hold the fort. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Billy Maxted's band is going on about how it's finer to be in Carolina. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Sidney de Paris is minding the candy store while his brother Wilbur is on tour, and Vic Dickenson, Eddie Gibbs, Cecil Scott, and Herbie Nichols are helping him out. Don Frye is the intermission pianist. The change in personnel means no change in the music, which is true to first American principles. Closed Sundays; jam sessions Monday nights. . . . **THE COMPOSER,** 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): You'd be wise to skip the non-listeners at the rain-forest bar and join the listeners in the back room, where Billy Taylor, pianist, runs riot through a maze of beautifully and sometimes wittily conceived figures. His trio and the trio of Hampton Hawes, which is run-of-the-mill, open fire around nine. The Haweses hide out on Sunday, and the Taylors on Monday. On Thursday, May 30, the Dorothy Ashby trio will replace the Taylor crew. Johnny Mehegan, the eminent Juilliard pedagogue, and his thoughtful piano études are on tap from six to around nine every evening but Saturday, when he's away; Sundays and Mondays, he's there all night. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Dizzy Gillespie, prodigal son and good-will spokesman for the State Department and two generations of horn-blowers, has returned. The recitals of his spacemen and women are interspersed with choruses by Sal Salvador's quartet. Mondays are guest nights. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): The triad led by Bobby Scott, a piano modernist of *vim, vigor, and virtuosity,* occupies the dais in the center of the oval bar. It breaks loose at ten every evening but Monday, its day of rest. . . . **THE PLAYROOM,** 130 W. 58th St. (CI 5-7878): Cy Coleman and his trio, forerunners of the future, will be checking out on Saturday, May 25. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (JU 6-2278): Some old-line musicians, worthily engaged in painting the town red, hot, and blue. They are Tony Parenti, Marty Napoleon, Ken Kersey,



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ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

GEORGE BELLOWS—Landscapes and figures, mostly; through Friday, May 31. (Allison, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Memorial Day.)

NOEL DAVIS—Paintings, drawings, and prints, wistfully neo-romantic in manner; through Wednesday, May 29. (Salpeter, 42 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

DOROTHY DEHNER—The first solo exhibition of sculptures by an artist known hitherto for her water colors and prints; through Saturday, June 1. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St.)

ANDRÉ DERAIN—Drawings, most of them never shown before in America; through Saturday, June 1. (Galerie Chalette, 1100 Madison Ave., at 82nd St. Weekdays, except Memorial Day, 10:30 to 6.)

JIMMY ERNST—Recent abstract oils; through June 15. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Memorial Day through Saturday, June 1.)

MAX ERNST—New paintings and sculptures, revealing interesting changes in his general approach; through June 8. (Iolas, 123 E. 55th St.)

JOHNNY FRIEDLAENDER—Etchings by a Paris artist. First one-man show in New York; through Friday, May 31. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Memorial Day.)

VINCENT GLINSKY—A retrospective exhibition of his neatly stylized sculptures; through Saturday, June 1. (Wellons, 17 E. 64th St. Weekdays, noon to 7:30.)

J. M. HANSON—Cool, almost geometrically precise figure paintings and other studies; through Saturday, May 25. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.)

MARSDEN HARTLEY—Landscapes and still-lifes, none of them recently exhibited; through June 14. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Memorial Day through Saturday, June 1.)

HANS JAENISCH—Fancifully abstract oils by a contemporary Berlin artist. First one-man show in New York; through Friday, May 31. (Kleemann, 11 E. 68th St. Closed Memorial Day.)

JACK LEVINE—New paintings, continuing his exploration of cities and their people; through Saturday, May 25. (Alan, 32 E. 65th St.)

GIACOMO MANZÙ—Bronzes and other works by a leading Italian sculptor. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, May

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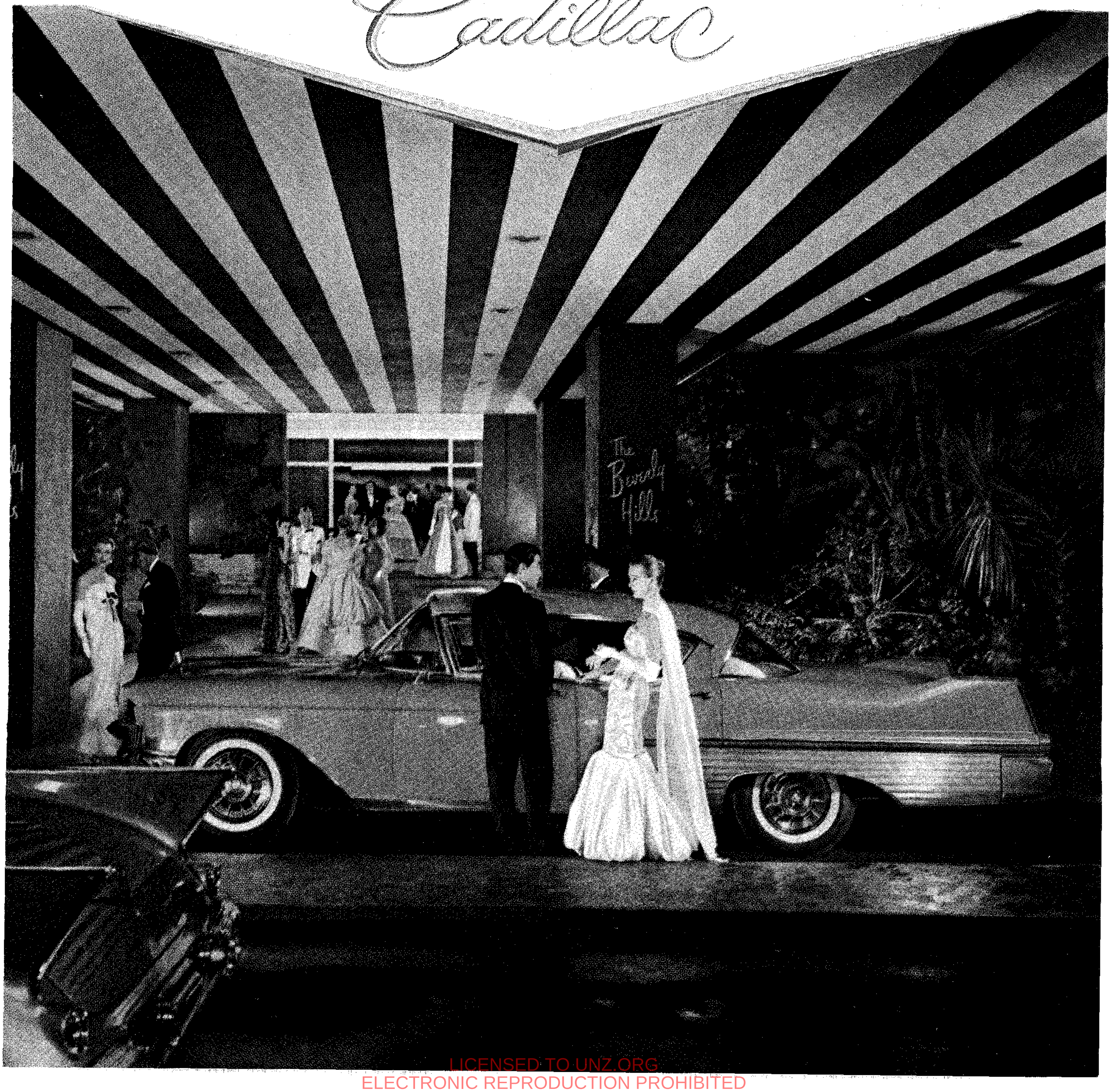

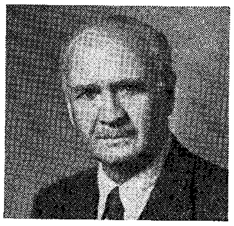

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

25. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

William Meyerowitz—Landscapes, portraits, and still-lifes; through June 8. (Chase, 29 E. 64th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5.)

Mirko—New sculptures in bronze, imposingly totemic in feeling; through June 15. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Memorial Day and Saturday, June 1.)

Maud Morgan—Portrait studies of heads, intentionally varied in styles from the Cubist to the Impressionist; through Saturday, June 1. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

Grandma Moses—An exhibition of paintings that has travelled to nine European cities during the past two years; through June 4. (Galerie St. Etienne, 46 W. 57th St. Closed Memorial Day.)

Robert Motherwell—Paintings and collages, much more playful in mood than hitherto; through June 8. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Memorial Day.)

Jules Pascin and the School of Paris—Oils, water colors, and drawings by Pascin (1885-1930), supplemented by oils by Vlaminck, Dufy, Picasso, and others; through June 14. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Memorial Day.)

Sonia Sekula—Lacily patterned abstractions, most of them suggestive of city themes; through Saturday, June 1. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

John Sennhauser—Neatly designed abstract collages and water colors; through Friday, May 31. (Zabriskie, 835 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Weekdays, noon to 6.)

National Association of Women Artists—Their sixty-fifth annual, made up of oils, water colors, sculptures, graphics, and miniatures; through Sunday, May 26. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **alan,** 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: The third annual "Painters and Sculptors of Promise" show, with items by Bruce Conner, Richard Hunt, and Dean Richardson, is the initial offering at the gallery's new location; through June 7. (Closed Memorial Day and Saturday, June 1.)... **associated american artists,** 712 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Three young painters and two sculptors—David Lund, Alex Katz, and Burton Hasen, and Raymond Rocklin and Israel Levitan; through Saturday, June 1. (Closed Memorial Day.)... **downtown,** 32 E. 51st St.: Drawings by Stuart Davis, Georgia O'Keeffe, John Marin, and others; through Friday, May 31. (Closed Memorial Day.)... **fine arts associates,** 41 E. 57th St.: Contemporary paintings by Arbit Blatas, Walter Barker, Henry Botkin, Hans Moller, and Manfred Schwartz; through June 14. (Closed Memorial Day.)... **greenwich,** 71 Washington Pl.: The gallery's opening exhibition, consisting of fifty paintings and sculptures by as many living artists, ranging from Milton Avery to William Zorach; through June 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)... **hewitt,** 29 E. 65th St.: Oils by, among others, Robert Bliss, Rex Clawson, and Elwyn Chamberlain; starting Friday, May 24.... **kraushaar,** 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Fourteen painter-printmakers, including Will Barnet, Minna Citron, and Seong Moy; through June 7. (Closed Memorial Day.)... **midtown,** 17 E. 57th St.: A twenty-fifth anniversary exhibition, comprising paintings on loan from museums and collections, by Doris Rosenthal, Isabel Bishop, Dong Kingman, and others; through June 8. (Closed Memorial Day.)... **milch,** 55 E. 57th St.: Adolf Dehn, Stephen Etnier, Ogden Pleissner, and other painters; through Friday, May 31. (Closed Memorial Day.)... **stable,** 924 Seventh Ave., at 58th St.: Among the painters and sculptors represented in the sixth New York artists' annual exhibition are Robert Motherwell, Franz Kline, Louise Nevelson, and William King; through Saturday, June 1.... **white,** 42 E. 57th St.: New paintings and sculptures by gallery members, including Jan Gelb, Charles E. Martin, and Howard Gibbs; through Friday, May 31. (Weekdays, except Memorial Day, 11 to 5:30.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **crespi,** 232 E. 58th St.: Oils by Alvin Sella,

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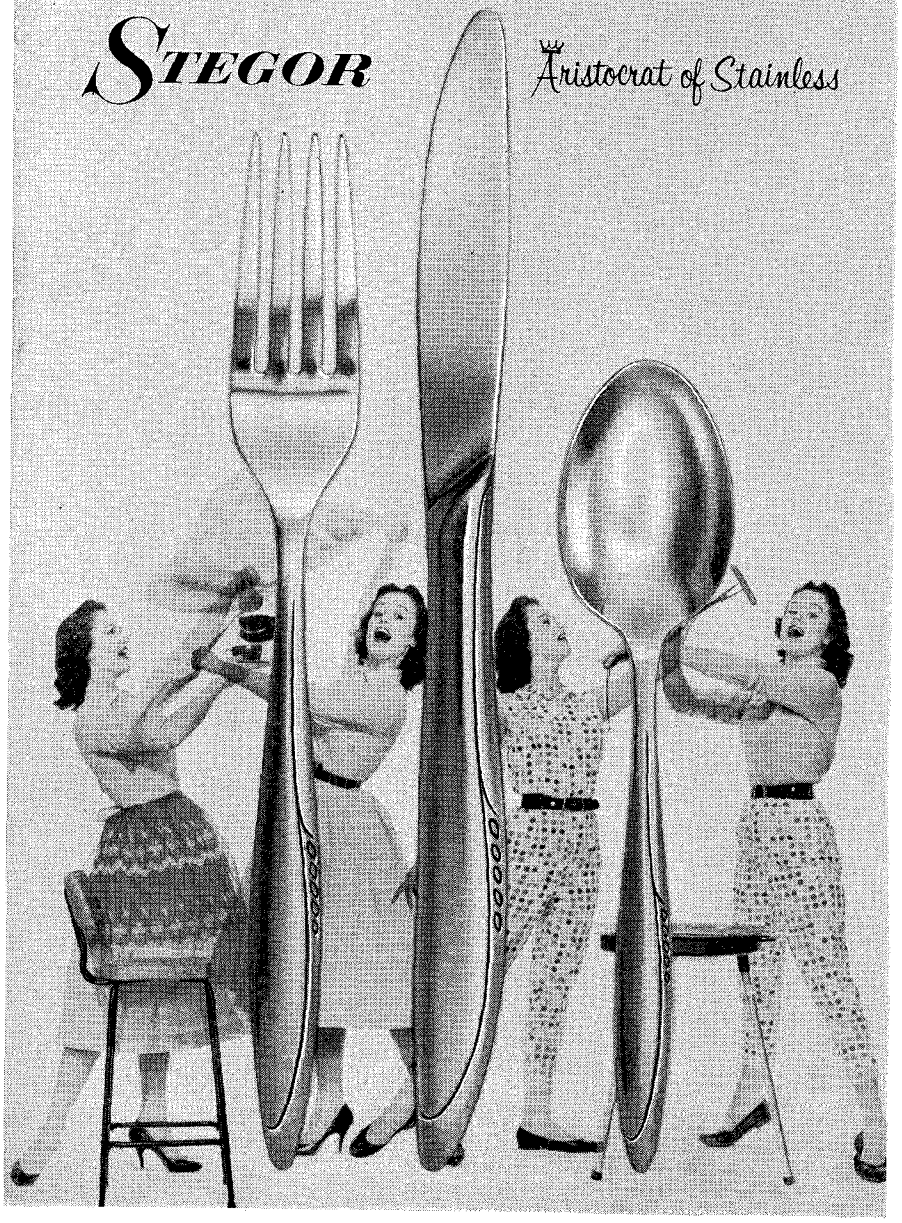

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Carlotta Petrina, Pachita Crespi, and others; through Friday, May 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 9.)... DAVIS, 231 E. 60th St.: Oils, drawings, and sculptures by such artists as Maurice Prendergast, William Glackens, and Corot; through Friday, May 31.... JACKSON, 32 E. 69th St.: Drawings in various mediums by twentieth-century artists, including Marin, Picasso, and Klee; through June 14. (Closed Memorial Day through Saturday, June 1.)... ROSENBERG, 20 E. 79th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings and sculptures by French and American artists, including Karl Knaths, Fernand Léger, and Oronzio Maldarelli; through Aug. 31. (Closed Memorial Day and Saturday, June 1.)

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the GALERIE HERVÉ, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Canvases by Vlaminck, Utrillo, Lorjou, and others; through Aug. 31.... KOOTZ, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Several oils apiece by Soulages, Mathieu, Dubuffet, and three other artists; through Saturday, June 1. (Closed Memorial Day.)... SAIDENBERG, 10 E. 77th St.: An exhibit arranged as a tribute to art historian and dealer Daniel-Henry Kahnweiler, with paintings by Picasso, Braque, Gris, and others; through June 7.

SCULPTURES—Examples by Barbara Lekberg, Juan Nickford, Robert Cook, George Cerny, and Nina Winkel; through Friday, May 31. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5.)

SOME OF NEXT WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the NEW YORK CITY CENTER GALLERY, 131 W. 55th St.: Group show; starting Tuesday, May 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.)... PASSEDOIT, 121 E. 57th St.: William Crovello; starting Monday, May 27. (Closed Memorial Day.)... WORLD HOUSE, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Antoine Bourdelle; starting Monday, May 27. (Closed Memorial Day and Saturday, June 1.)

NOTE—An exhibition and sale of works by about forty contemporary Haitian primitive painters (including Wilson Bigaud, Hector Hyppolite, Philomé Obin, and Castera Bazile) will continue in the parish house of St. James' Church, 865 Madison Ave., at 71st St., through Wednesday, May 29. The show is for the benefit of the Episcopal Church of Haiti, and is open daily from 1 to 6.

MUSEUMS

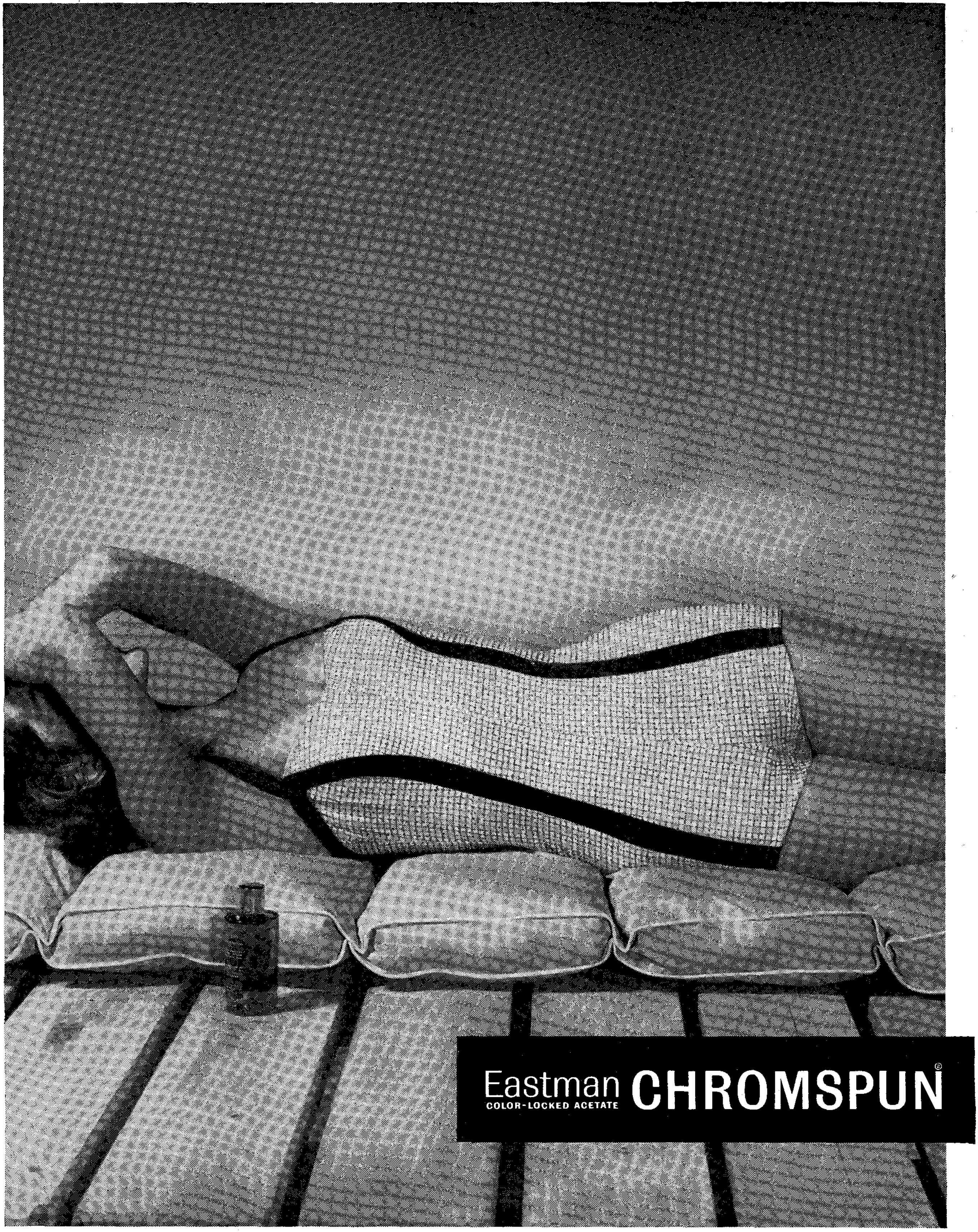
METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Some seventy masterpieces of European art (by, among others, Titian, Goya, Cézanne, van Gogh, and Modigliani), lent by the São Paulo Museum of Art, in Brazil; through June 2.... ¶ Sculptures and drawings by Auguste Rodin and a set of seventy-three sculptures by Degas, plus works by Maillol, Brancusi, and others. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Memorial Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—An exhibition in honor of Picasso's seventy-fifth birthday, containing more than three hundred of his oils, sculptures, collages, water colors, pastels, and drawings; through Sept. 8. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—The nineteenth biennial international water-color exhibition is devoted to Italian and American artists; through Sunday, May 26.... ¶ Modern European drawings and prints by van Gogh, Matisse, Miró, and others. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Memorial Day, 1 to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A two-part exhibition celebrating the Museum's tenth anniversary at its present address. One part consists of paintings and sculptures from a number of private collections, ranging from a Rembrandt self-portrait to modern works by Chagall, Gauguin, Weber, and Lehmbruck (to name a few); through June 30. The other part is the Strauss-Rothschild collection of Jewish ceremonial objects from the Cluny Museum, in Paris; through Oct. 31. (Mondays through Thursdays, except Memorial Day, 1 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—About sixty items, including stone sculptures, greenstone carvings, ivories, wood masks,



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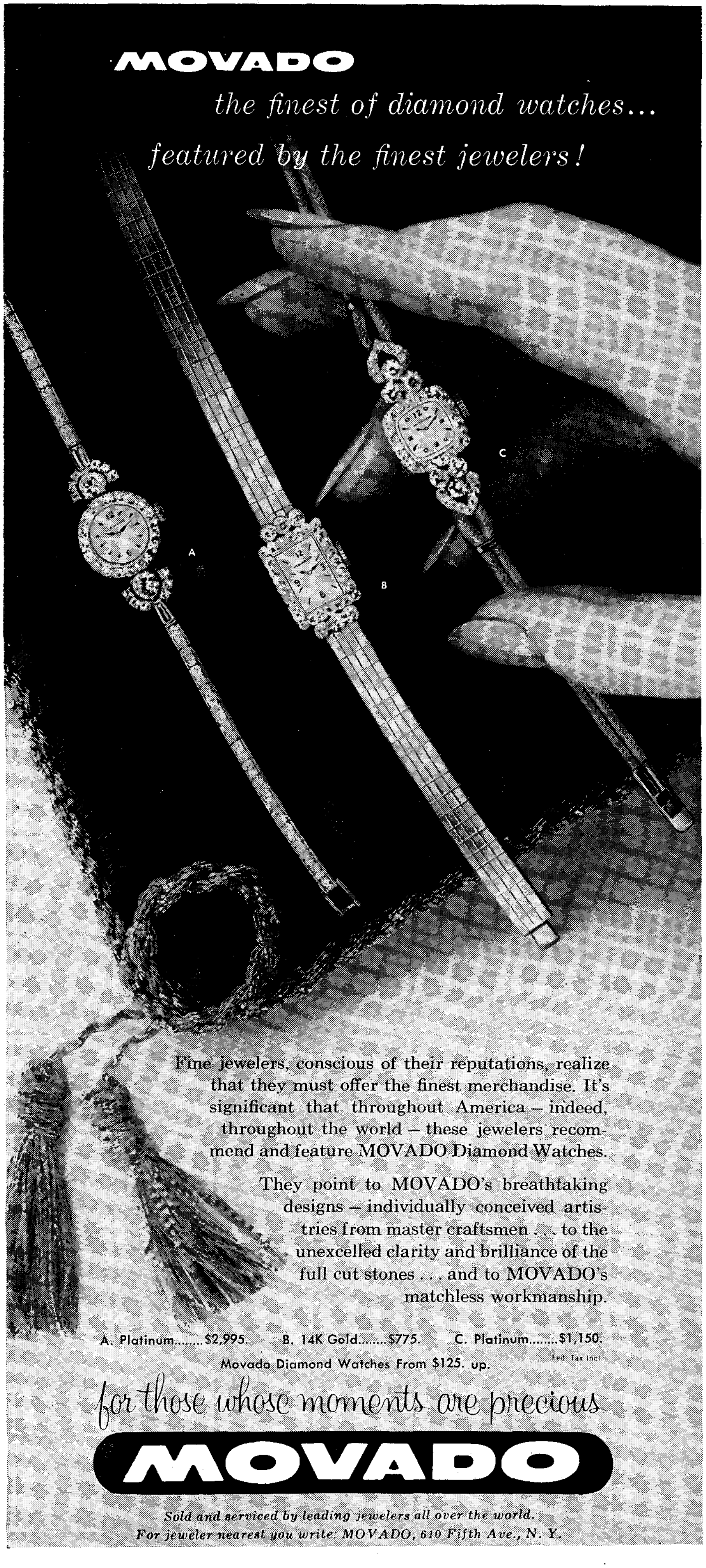
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

pottery figures, and gold jewelry; through Thursday, May 23. . . . ¶ A new selection from the Museum's collection, composed of sculptured figures and objects from the South Pacific, done in wood, clay, ivory, gold, and turtle shell; starting Wednesday, May 29. (Daily, except Thursday through Tuesday, May 24-28, from 1 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—A retrospective exhibition of oils, water colors, and drawings by the Abstract Expressionist Hans Hofmann; through June 16. . . . ¶ Eighty-eight works acquired over the past two years, all of them twentieth-century American paintings, drawings, and sculptures, with pieces by, among others, Charles Burchfield, Adolph Gottlieb, and Louise Nevelson; through June 23. (Daily, except Memorial Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

TOM LEHRER AND ODETTA—Satiric songs by the former, folk songs by the latter. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, May 25, at 8:40. For tickets, call JU 2-6155.)

"FAÇADE" AND "L'HISTOIRE DU SOLDAT"—In "Façade," Patricia Neway will recite Edith Sitwell's poems set to music by William Walton. In the second work, by Stravinsky, Martin Freedman will act as narrator. With an ensemble from the Mannes College of Music, conducted by Stefan Bauer-Mengelberg. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Saturday, May 25, at 8:40.)

CALYPSO PROGRAMS—The Trinidad Steel Band. (Carnegie Recital Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, May 25, at 8:40 and at midnight.)

MUSIC FOR MODERNS—The last in a series of four programs, this one entitled "New Dimensions" and involving the Chico Hamilton Quintet; Anahid Ajemian, violin; and a percussion ensemble conducted by Carlos Surinach. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Sunday, May 26, at 5:30.)

JUILLIARD ORCHESTRA—Jean Morel conducting. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Thursday, May 30, at 8:30. A limited number of free tickets are available on written request.)

NAUMBURG SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Mishel Piastro conducting, with Mary Henderson, soprano. (Central Park Mall. Thursday, May 30, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. Yankees, Thursday, May 23, at 8 (an exhibition game, for the benefit of sand-lot baseball). . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Giants, Friday, May 24, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, May 25-26, at 2. . . . YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Washington, Friday and Saturday, May 24-25, at 2, and Sunday, May 26, at 2 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Baltimore, Friday, May 31, at 8:15. . . . POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. Philadelphia, Tuesday, May 28, at 8; Wednesday, May 29, at 1:30; and Thursday, May 30, at 1:30 (doubleheader).

DOG SHOW—Morris and Essex Kennel Club. (Madison, N.J. Thursday, May 23.)

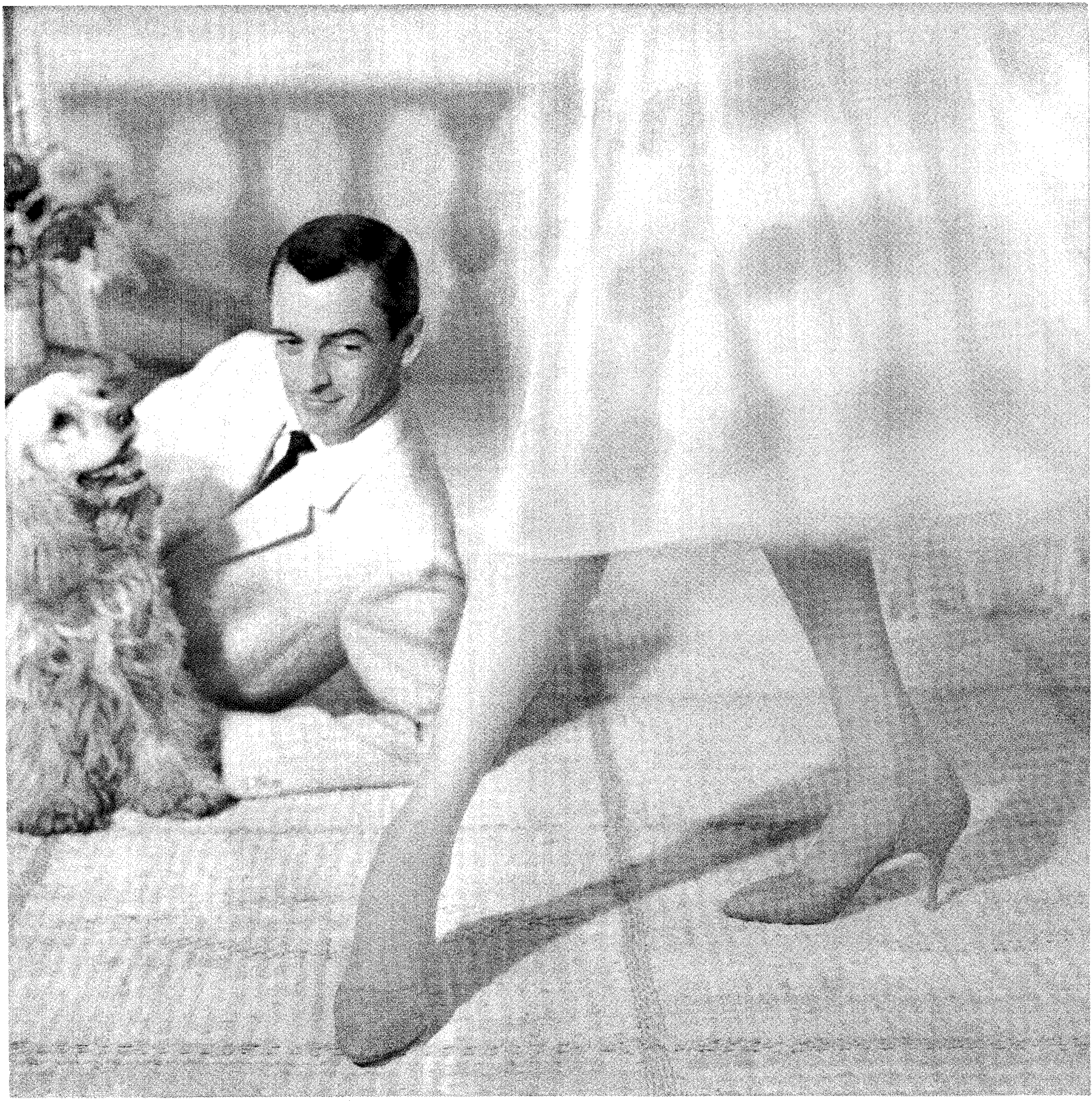
GOLF—Palm Beach Golf Championship. For the benefit of the Boys' Clubs of New York and New Rochelle and of the New Rochelle Hospital. (Wykagyl Country Club, New Rochelle. Thursday through Sunday, May 30-June 2.)

HORSE SHOW—Devon Horse Show. (Devon, Pa. Saturday, May 25, and Monday through Saturday, May 27-June 1.)

HUNT RACING—Adjacent Hunts Racing Association. For the benefit of the Boys' Club of New York. (Purchase. Saturday, May 25.)

INTERNATIONAL SEAMEN'S LIFEBOAT RACE—Around a dozen crews from American, Norwegian, and other ships, racing over a one-mile course in the Narrows, between 80th and 100th Streets, Brooklyn. (Thursday, May 30. First heat at 12:30.)

RACING—At JAMAICA: Weekdays at 1:15; through Tuesday, May 28. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays



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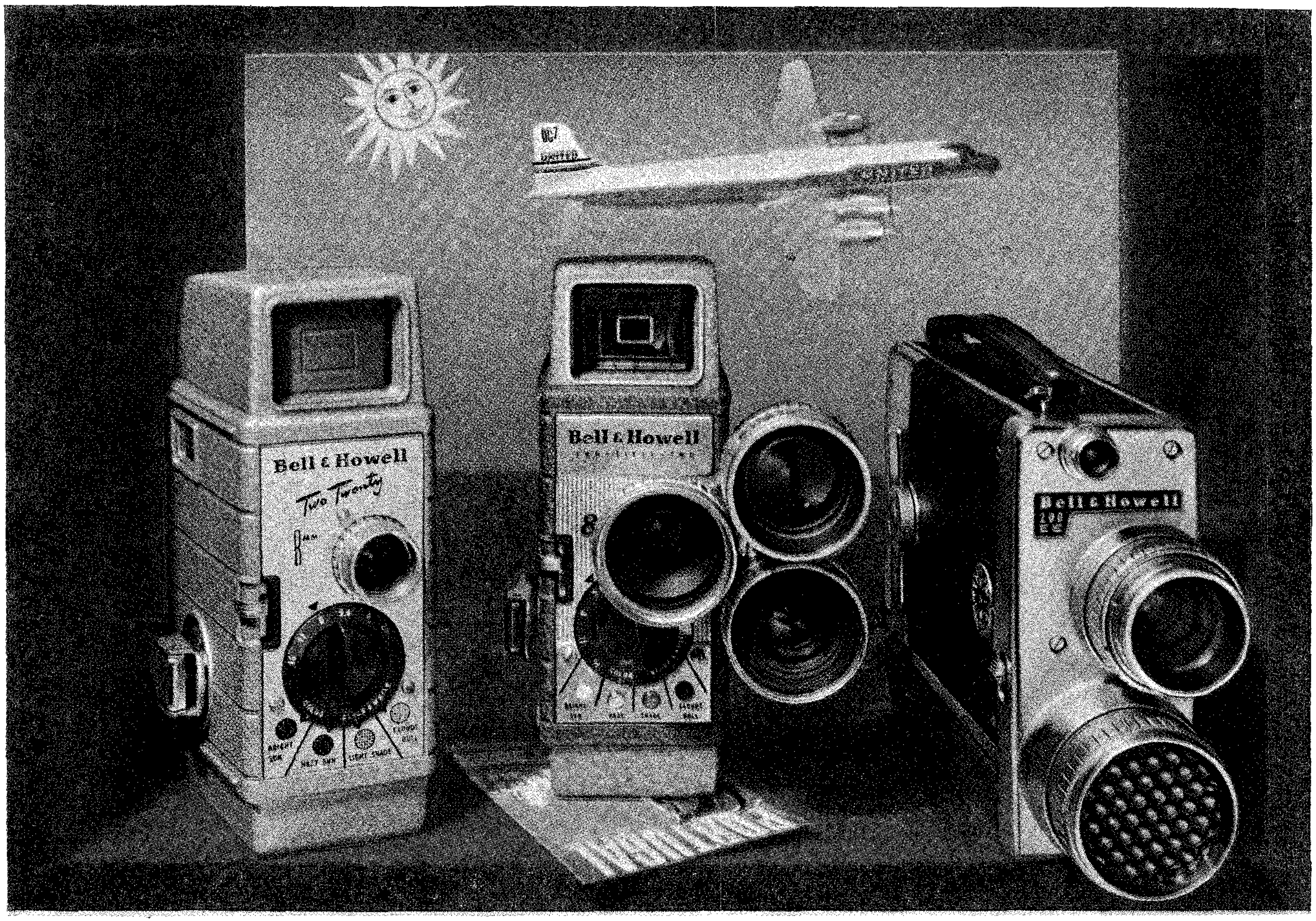

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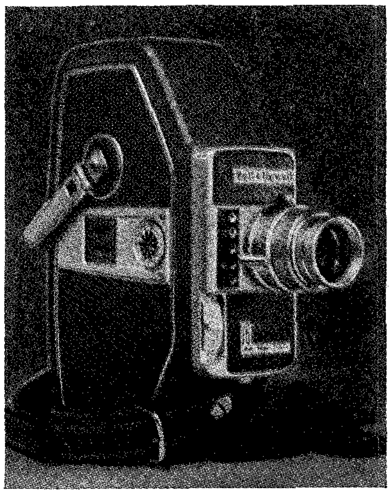

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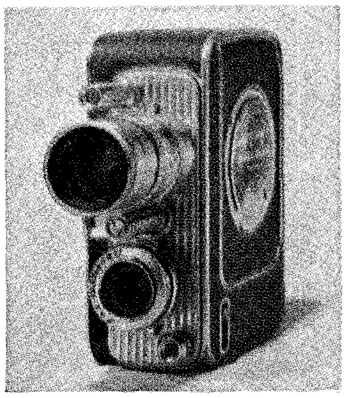

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

between 10:30 and 1:25.)... **BELMONT PARK:** Weekdays at 1:15, from Wednesday, May 29, through Saturday, Aug. 3. The Carter Handicap, Thursday, May 30, and the Peter Pan Handicap, Saturday, June 1. (The train schedule will be the same as that given above.)... **GARDEN STATE PARK,** Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at 2:30; through Saturday, June 1. The Jersey, Saturday, May 25. (A train leaves Penn Station at 11:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.)

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At Thompson Raceway, Thompson, Conn.. Sunday, May 26.

TRACK MEET—I.C.A.A.A.A. Outdoor Championships. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. Friday, May 31, at 2.30, and Saturday, June 1, at 1.)

TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8.30; through Wednesday, July 31. (Buses to the track from the Mount Vernon station; special train from Grand Central at 7.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend sessions of the Trusteeship Council (the most active group at present), periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2, 2:30, or 3, Mondays through Fridays; no meetings on Memorial Day. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to around 4:30 daily.

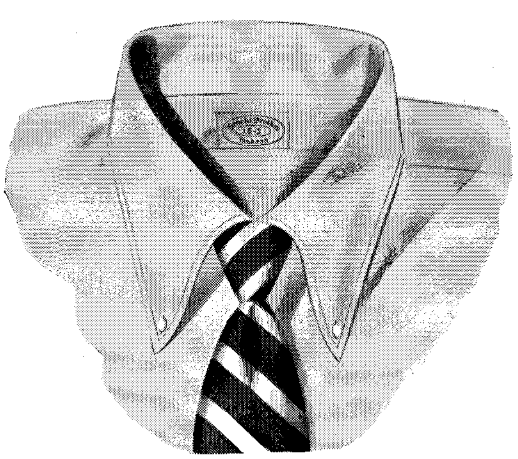
NEW YORK ANTIQUES FAIR—In addition to furniture, glass, silver, china, and the like, the show offers such unusual items as a headhunter's basket and a voodoo sword. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Thursday and Friday, May 23-24, from 1 to 10, and Saturday, May 25, from 1 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Recent acquisitions, including several letters written by Voltaire to Helvetius, an illuminated Flemish manuscript of the twelfth century, and a drawing by Rubens; through July 31. (Weekdays, except Memorial Day and Saturday, June 1, from 9:30 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "The Sun in Action," deals with the power and influence of our nearest star. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays, Sundays, and Memorial Day at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)... ¶ Every night, except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Memorial Day, 10 to 5.)—Thursday and Friday, May 23-24, at 1:45: French and other furniture and decorations, modern paintings and drawings, a small group of tapestries and rugs, and bibelots; from several collections, among them that of the late Ludwig Charell.... ¶ Wednesday, May 29, at 1:45: Garden and terrace sculpture and furniture, assembled by Mme. Renée Guibal. Exhibition starts Friday, May 24.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Through May 25: "Bombshell" (1933), with Jean Harlow, Lee Tracy, and Franchot Tone.... ¶ May 26-28: "The Unholy Three" (1930), with Lon Chaney, Lila Lee, and Elliott Nugent.... ¶ Starting May 29. The first program in a series of films called "Sixty Years of French Films"—"Cakewalk from the Nouveau Cirque" (1900), "Scenes of Convict Life" (1905), "The Infernal Cave" (1906), and nine other short films. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)



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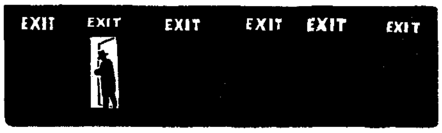
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES



FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Around the World in 80 Days—A big, splashy, funny adaptation of the Jules Verne fantasy. The film has a huge cast, headed by David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas, all of whom are fine. As for the scenic effects, they're tremendous. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

Fear Strikes Out—Based on the biography of Jim Piersall, a baseball player attached to the Boston Red Sox, this film shows us that athletes are more complex in the head than they used to be when Ring Lardner was looking them over. There are a couple of well-rounded performances by Anthony Perkins and Karl Malden. The former plays Piersall and the latter his father, who unstrings the lad by demanding that he be the damnedest big-leaguer in the record book. Fortunately, young Piersall gets back on the logical ball through the good work of a psychiatrist. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; starting May 29.)

Funny Face—A pleasant blend of song and dance, in which Fred Astaire and Audrey Hepburn perform attractively as a jaunty fashion-magazine photographer and a model who is more interested in Existentialism than in clothes. Among its other virtues, the film offers some lush views of Paris and a covey of lovely fashion girls. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; starting May 29.)

The Gold of Naples—Four stimulating episodes in the lives of some diverting residents of southern Italy. Directed by Vittorio De Sica, who also figures as an actor in one of the stanzas, this Italian film also includes in its admirable cast Sophia Loren, Totò, Paolo Stoppa, Silvana Mangano, and Pasquale Cennamo. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

The Great Man—José Ferrer as an embattled radio commentator assigned to do a heroic obituary of a broadcasting figure who was a four-ply heel. The mores of the radio and television world get a savage going over, and the piece is reasonably entertaining. Mr. Ferrer has the support of Keenan Wynn, Dean Jagger, and Ed Wynn. Everybody on view is satisfactory. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting May 29.)

Lust for Life—A splendid color film that reviews the career of Vincent van Gogh with quite a bit of perception. As the Dutch Master, Kirk Douglas is estimable, and as Gauguin, Anthony Quinn is also right up to the mark. A good many of van Gogh's works are exhibited in the course of the film, and they are wonderful to see. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

The Spirit of St. Louis—How Charles Lindbergh made his aerial way from Roosevelt Field to Le Bourget, in Paris. A superficial examination of the feat, but fairly stirring for all that. Perhaps James Stewart doesn't look as young as Lindbergh was, but in his middle-aged fashion he is furiously boyish. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530; Nemo, B'way at 110th, MO 6-8210; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; starting May 29.)

La Strada—A topflight Italian picture whose director, Federico Fellini, demonstrates an ability to see the Italian scene steadily and whole. The leading actors—Anthony Quinn and Richard Basehart—do well by the enterprise; the only difficulty, in fact, is that Giulietta Masina, the heroine, is a rather limited actress. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

Tempest in the Flesh—A beautifully acted French film that doesn't delve very deeply into nymphomania, its alleged subject, but that does extract a good deal of melodrama from an investigation of the career of a young woman who has irregular ideas about monogamy. Françoise Arnoul and Raymond Pellegrin lead a fine cast. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; starting May 29, tentative.)

The Ten Commandments—What life might have been like in Old Testament times if Cecil Blount deMille had been around to expand and enliven things. A spectacular piece of work, as you might expect, which goes on for almost four hours. In the cast are Charlton Heston, who plays Moses; Sir Cedric Hardwicke, who plays a Pharaoh; Yul Brynner, who plays the Pharaoh's son; and about a million other performers. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 8; Saturdays at 9:30, 2:30, and 8; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

12 Angry Men—A lively explanation of how an oddly assorted group of jurors stumble to a verdict in a murder trial involving an eighteen-year-old boy who is accused of doing in his father. Henry Fonda, Lee J. Cobb, and Jack Warden appear in a very strong cast. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; through May 27. . . . ¶ Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; through May 28.)

We Are All Murderers—A ruthless, exciting attack on the institution of capital punishment, incorporated into a French film directed by André Cayatte. Though somewhat diffuse, the picture gets down to hard cases when it describes life in the condemned cells of a French prison. The meritorious cast includes Marcel Mouloudji, Raymond Pellegrin, Antoine Balpetre, and Julien Verdier. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through May 25, tentative.)

REVIVALS

All Quiet on the Western Front (1930)—Remarque's grim portrait of what the common soldier was up against in the war to end wars. Louis Wolheim and Lew Ayres. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 27-29.)

The Bank Dick (1940)—W. C. Fields as a bank dick. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 24-26.)

Carmen Jones (1954)—Oscar Hammerstein's way-down-South version of the Bizet opera. Dorothy Dandridge and Harry Belafonte play the lovers. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting May 29.)

Diabolique (1955)—A chilling description of how the wife and the mistress of a cad join forces to bring about his elimination. A French film, with Vera Clouzot, Simone Signoret, and Paul Meurisse. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; May 27-28, tentative.)

For Whom the Bell Tolls (1943)—Technicolored version of the Hemingway book. Gary Cooper and Ingrid Bergman. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

Moulin Rouge (1953)—José Ferrer plays the artist in John Huston's celluloid biography of Toulouse-Lautrec. (Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; through May 27. . . . ¶ Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; through May 28. . . . ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through May 28, tentative.)

On the Waterfront (1954)—Labor conditions on the docks of New York, written by Budd Schulberg and directed by Elia Kazan. With Marlon Brando, Karl Malden, and Eva Marie Saint. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through May 25. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; May 26, tentative.)

Roman Holiday (1953)—A princess slips away from her entourage in Rome and winds up seeing the sights with an American newspaperman and a photographer. Audrey Hepburn, Gregory Peck, and Eddie Albert. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; May 26-28.)

The Sheep Has Five Legs (1955)—Fernandel as a Gallic father and as all five of the forty-year-old male quintuplets he has sired. Funny and French. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; May 27-28.)

You Can't Cheat an Honest Man (1939)—W. C. Fields again, this time involved with Edgar Bergen, Charlie McCarthy, and the circus. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 24-26.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—See listing under "Other Events," page 19.

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Something of Value," Rock Hudson, Dana Wynter.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
Through May 28: "The Little Hut," Ava Gardner, David Niven, Stewart Granger.
From May 29: "Gunfight at the O.K. Corral," Burt Lancaster, Kirk Douglas.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
Through May 26: "The Oklahoman," Joel McCrea, Barbara Hale.
May 27: Theatre closed.
From May 28, at 8:30: "A Face in the Crowd," Andy Griffith, Patricia Neal. (Opening night will be a benefit for various charities.)

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
Through May 28: "The Girl in the Kremlin," Lex Barker, Zsa Zsa Gabor.
From May 29: "Joe Butterfly," Audie Murphy, George Nader.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Designing Woman," Gregory Peck, Lauren Bacall.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"China Gate," Nat King Cole, Gene Barry.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.

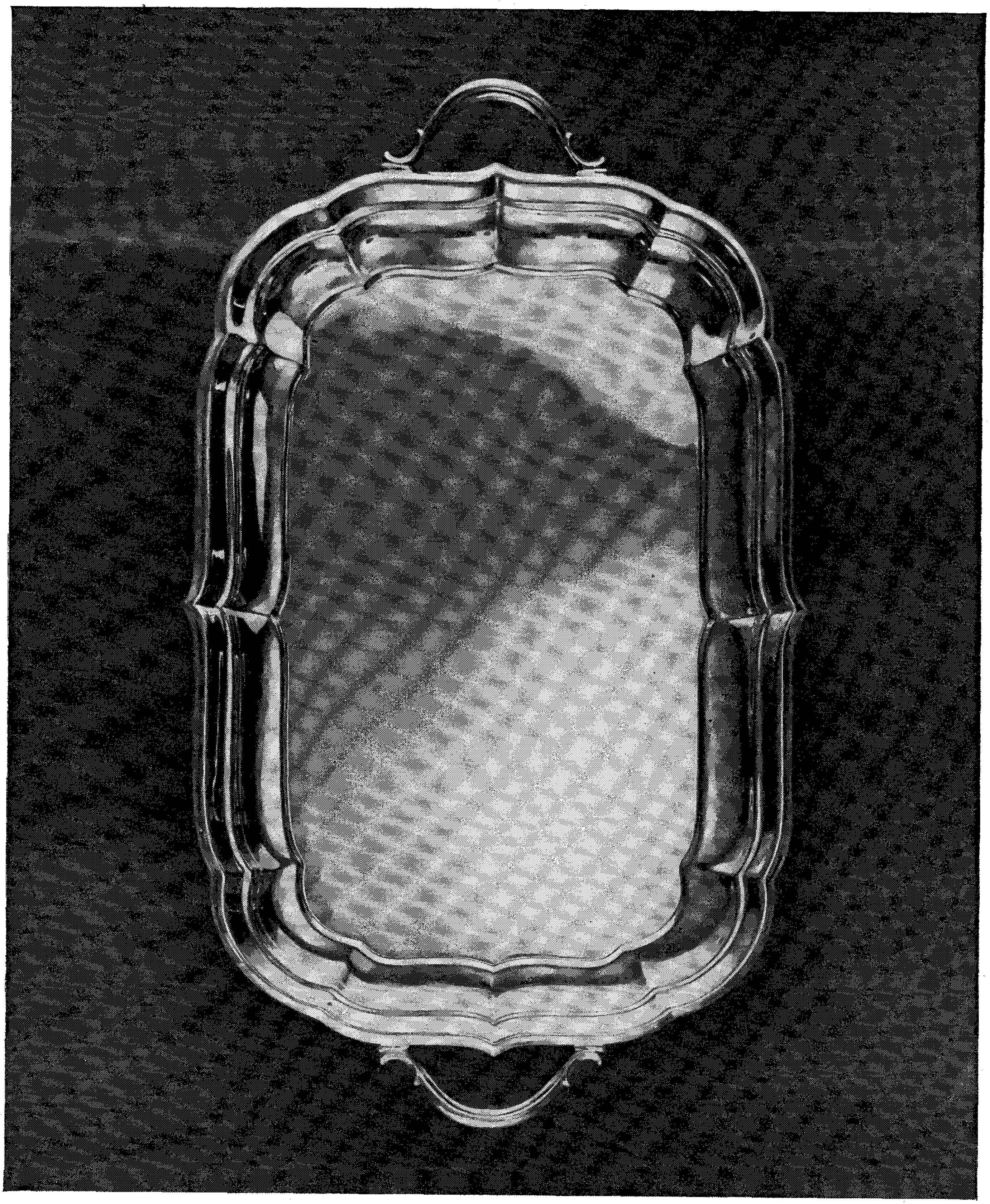
Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Desk Set," Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"This Could Be the Night," Jean Simmons, Paul Douglas.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Bachelor Party," Don Murray, E. G. Marshall.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Seven Wonders of the World," the third Cinerama production. (Mondays through Fridays at 2:40 and 8:40, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
Through May 26: "The Devil's General" (in German), Curt Jurgens, Marianne Cook.
From May 27: "Stella" (in Greek), Melina Mercouri.



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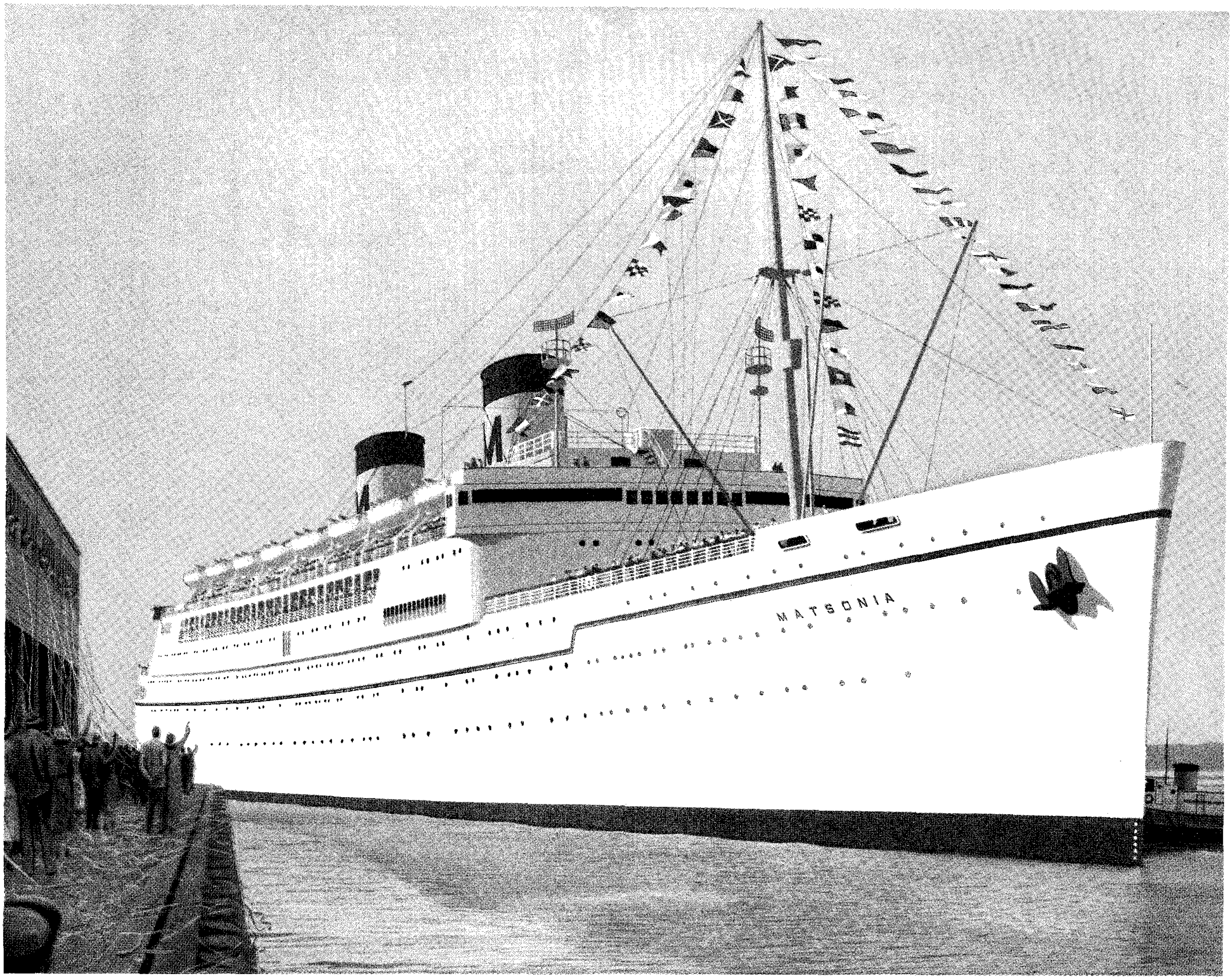

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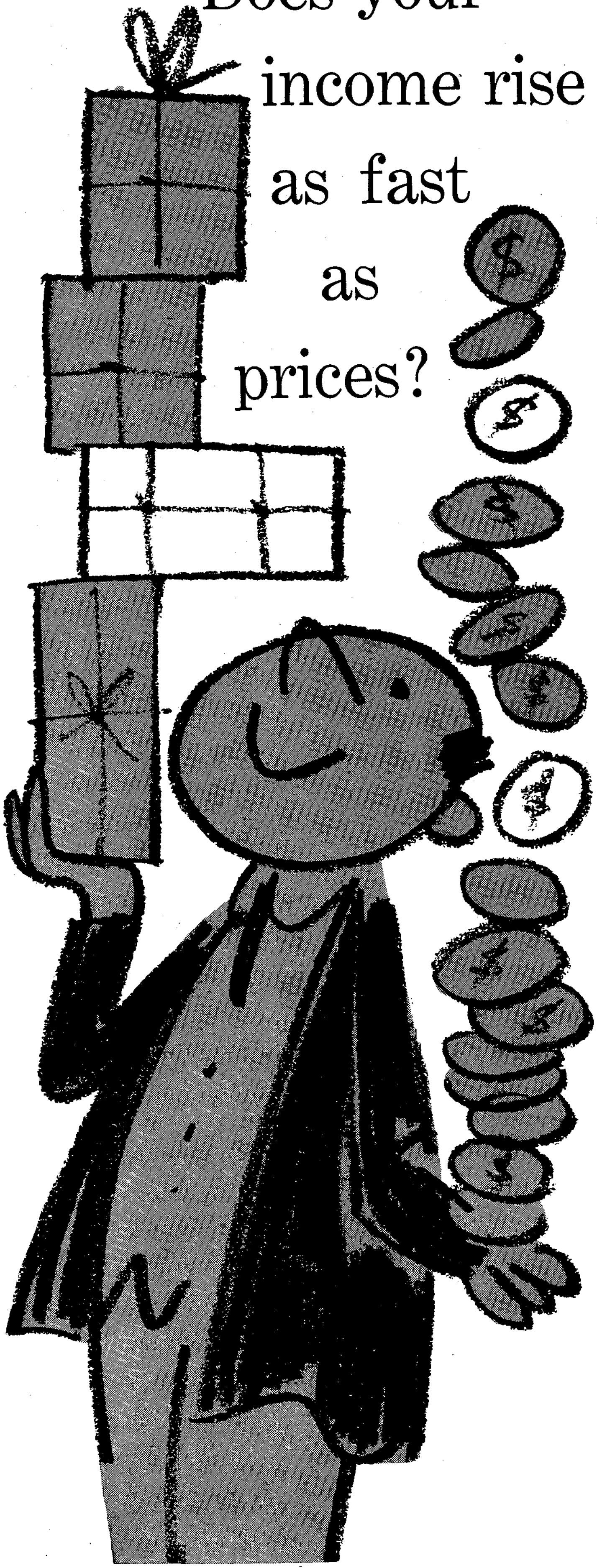

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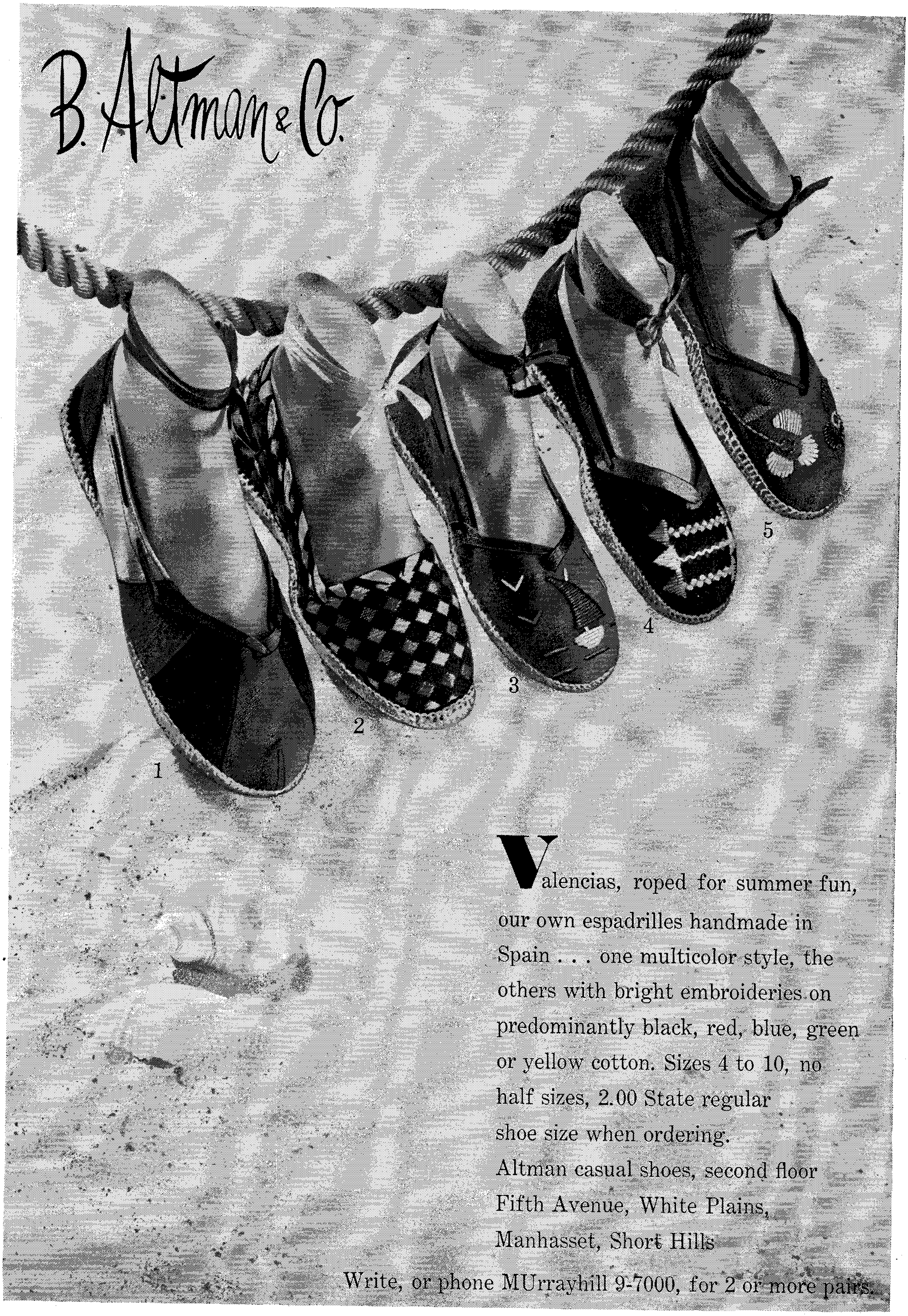

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

BROWSING through the *Wall Street Journal* the other day, we happened on an advertisement of the Custom Coach Corporation, of Columbus, Ohio, offering for sale a "Luxurious Land Cruiser—Price reduced 25% on Factory Demonstrator." Below a photograph of the cruiser, a steely beauty that looked as if it might be by S.S. Constitution out of Greyhound Bus, ran a homey, honeyed text, from which we quote: "This custom-designed Land Cruiser gives you the luxury and comfort of a seagoing yacht or private plane. Plus all the advantages and convenience of ground travel. You go where you want to go when you want to go. And, with no worries about the weather, schedules, or reservations. Land Cruiser has air suspension, Cadillac engine, automatic transmission, power brakes and steering. It handles as nicely as your personal car. Even a lady will enjoy driving the Land Cruiser." It occurred to us at once that this splendid vehicle was just what we'd always needed without knowing it. What a difference it would make to skiing weekends in winter, to football weekends in the fall! The fact that the price had been reduced by twenty-five per cent made it seem an irresistibly tempting bargain. True, the ad didn't say what the original price had been, but by the time we had noticed that adroit omission, we were hooked. Boldly, we sat down and wrote a letter to the Custom people, expressing interest in their cruiser and asking for further particulars.

We expected to receive some sort of form reply the following week. Instead, within two days the telephone rang; it was long distance calling from Columbus. A moment later, a man's cheerful voice was saying, "Hello, there! This is Miles Elmers, of C.C.C. Be glad to deliver that cruiser any time it's convenient." Things were moving far too rapidly. We inquired about the price. "Fifty-seven thousand," Mr. Elmers said. "Brand-new, it would cost you at least seventy-seven thousand, so you can see it's dirt cheap." Then, misinterpreting our silence, he went on, "Still, if you don't like the idea of buying a demonstrator, we'd be glad to build you a new one."

We said hastily that we didn't mind the cruiser's being a bit shopworn, and that at fifty-seven thousand it was doubtless a steal, but that we were troubled by the thought of tying up that much money in what was, in effect, a toy. "Then let us make you up something for around thirty," Mr. Elmers said. "We could even go down to twenty-five—you wouldn't like anything under twenty-five. Tell you what. I'm coming East in a few days. Don't decide either way till I arrive."

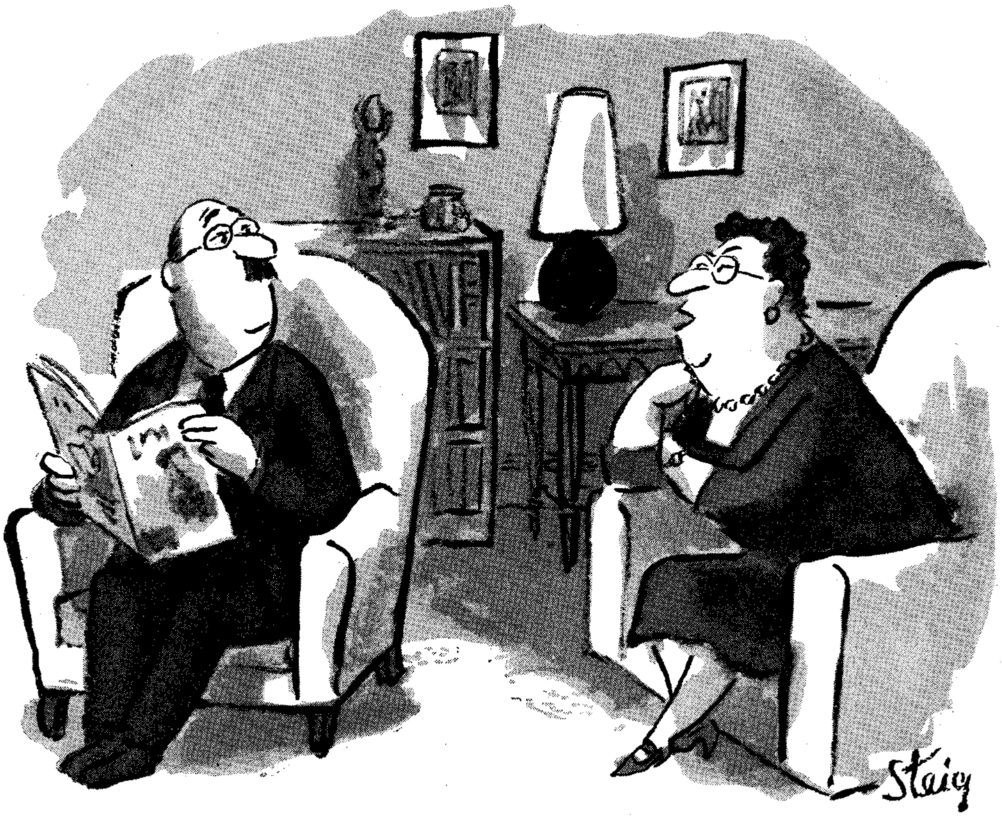
Another couple of days and another call from Mr. Elmers. "I'm here in the cruiser," he said. "Parked in a lot on Sixty-second Street, right next to the Hudson. Can't stay long—got several good prospects lined up elsewhere. One in Philadelphia, one in Vermont, another in Tulsa. On the go day and night. Come look us over."

We headed straight for the parking lot and Mr. Elmers, whom we found seated behind the wheel of his gigantic plaything. After introducing us to Jake Fuller, sales manager of C.C.C., he took us on a tour of the premises—dining area, kitchen (complete with gas stove, stainless-steel sink, hot and cold running water, dishwasher, garbage-disposal equipment, and two electric refrigerators), dressing area, bathroom (bathtub as well as shower), and spacious living room, convertible at night into a bedroom that would sleep six people. The floor of the cruiser was carpeted, the walls and trim were of walnut Formica; air-conditioned in summer, heated in winter, with draperies at the windows, TV, and a hi-fi set playing softly out of sight, it had the air of a snug little house in Larchmont. We couldn't get over the fact that it was capable of suddenly lighting out along a highway at sixty miles an hour. "Here today, gone tomorrow," Mr. Fuller said, managing, with a salesman's smile, to make that fate sound attractive. "About half of our customers are corporations, and the rest are individuals who like the feeling of independence that a cruiser gives them. When they want to go fish, they go fish. The gas tank holds a hundred and fifty gallons, and the cruiser gets at least eight miles to the gallon, so the fish can be a long way away."

C.C.C. is two years old, Mr. Elmers said, and last year it turned out eighteen custom coaches, of various sizes and degrees of coziness, ranging in price from $25,000 to $75,000. "Our maximum annual production will probably never be much over thirty-six coaches," he said. "Too much finicky handwork. We give the customer any fool thing he asks for." How had the company come into being? "As a result of my ordering a custom coach from a company Jake was then working for," Mr. Elmers said. "Drawing up the specifications for my coach got me interested in the problem as a whole. Then a friend came along and insisted on buying my coach practically out from under me. The next thing I knew, Jake and I were in business. Actually, I'm supposed to be retired. I used to be in detergents—made a little product called All, used in automatic washers. Sold out to Monsanto and was going to take things easy. Couldn't stand it. Like this much better." Far to the front of the cruiser, a telephone started ringing, and, waving goodbye, Mr. Elmers hurried off to answer it.

Milling

ONCE a year, this city is visited by an unusual group of sightseers, consisting entirely of members of Con-



"Chester, admit you hate me."

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gress and their families. Like all sightseers, they move fast and purposefully, and have little time for idle conversation, but by dint of forethought and calculation we managed to intercept some of them when they were here the other weekend—caught them just as they were settling down to a buffet supper in the Hotel Paramount's ballroom, an elaborate cellar on West Forty-sixth Street. Our forethought and calculation had been accomplished with the assistance of Carmine Liguori, of the city's Department of Commerce and Public Events, who for some years has been helping to see that the legislators have a good time, and who met us at the ballroom. "Around two hundred in the party this year, including at least one senator; about forty-five representatives, from twenty-eight different states; and the Lord knows how many children," Mr. Liguori told us as the visitors filed into the room. "That's about average; last year there were two hundred and fifty-six, the year before that two hundred and fifty. The congressmen pay their own expenses, but they get special rates for trains and hotels, and so on, and the city helps out with transportation and any other way it can. What a democratic scene we had this afternoon, after the Mayor's welcoming reception! Everybody in City Hall Park got wind of what the party was, and took advantage of the opportunity to express his views on foreign aid and other matters of state."

We overheard a Congressional offspring ask her mother if she could have a shrimp cocktail, we overheard a congressman, evidently from Texas, mention the sum of six hundred thousand dollars, and we asked Mr. Liguori if he could supply us with the history of the annual excursion. For reply, he led us to a table near the bar where a man with a gray mane and a carrying voice was holding court. At the first chance, Mr. Liguori introduced the traditionally equipped legislator as Representative James E. Van Zandt, of Pennsylvania. Mr. Liguori then repeated our question, whereupon Representative Van Zandt motioned to both of us to sit down, and said resoundingly, "It all began back in '36, when Wright Patman, of Texas, suggested that congressmen and their families visit Philadelphia for a day. I was with the Pennsylvania Railroad at the time, and Patman called on me to help with the transportation arrangements. The next year, he took them to Boston. I came to Congress in January, 1938, and in 1940 Patman said to me, 'Here, fellow, you take over.' Well, I did, and we've been coming to New York every year since then, except during the Second World War. Haven't felt any need to change. The trip is educational as well as recreational, I need scarcely say. Day after tomorrow, for example, the Coast Guard is going to take us by boat from the Battery to the Merchant Marine Academy, at Kings Point, and this afternoon, at the United Nations, there was a private, confidential briefing session, for congressmen only, with Ambassador Lodge. That was straight education. The way the party is lined up, early every spring I send bulletins announcing the trip to the home of every senator and representative. The Mayor of New York sends them letters."

Representative Van Zandt exchanged nods with a man in the buffet line, and then, modulating his voice to caucus level, said, "I know who that is, but I just can't place him." Mr. Liguori made an inquiry or two and found out that the man was a recently elected Western representative. "Of course," said Representative Van Zandt. "I knew I'd seen him somewhere." We asked the congressman who some of the most faithful annual repeaters on the excursion are, and he named Representatives Hess and McGregor, of Ohio, and Jones, of Missouri. "Oh, some of them wouldn't miss it for anything," he said. "Every year we have to turn down invitations; there are so many—American Tel & Tel, R.C.A., Chinatown. American Airlines has been trying to fly us over the city for years, but the weather's always bad. In the evenings, some go to the theatre, but you'll find a good many of us out milling around Times Square."

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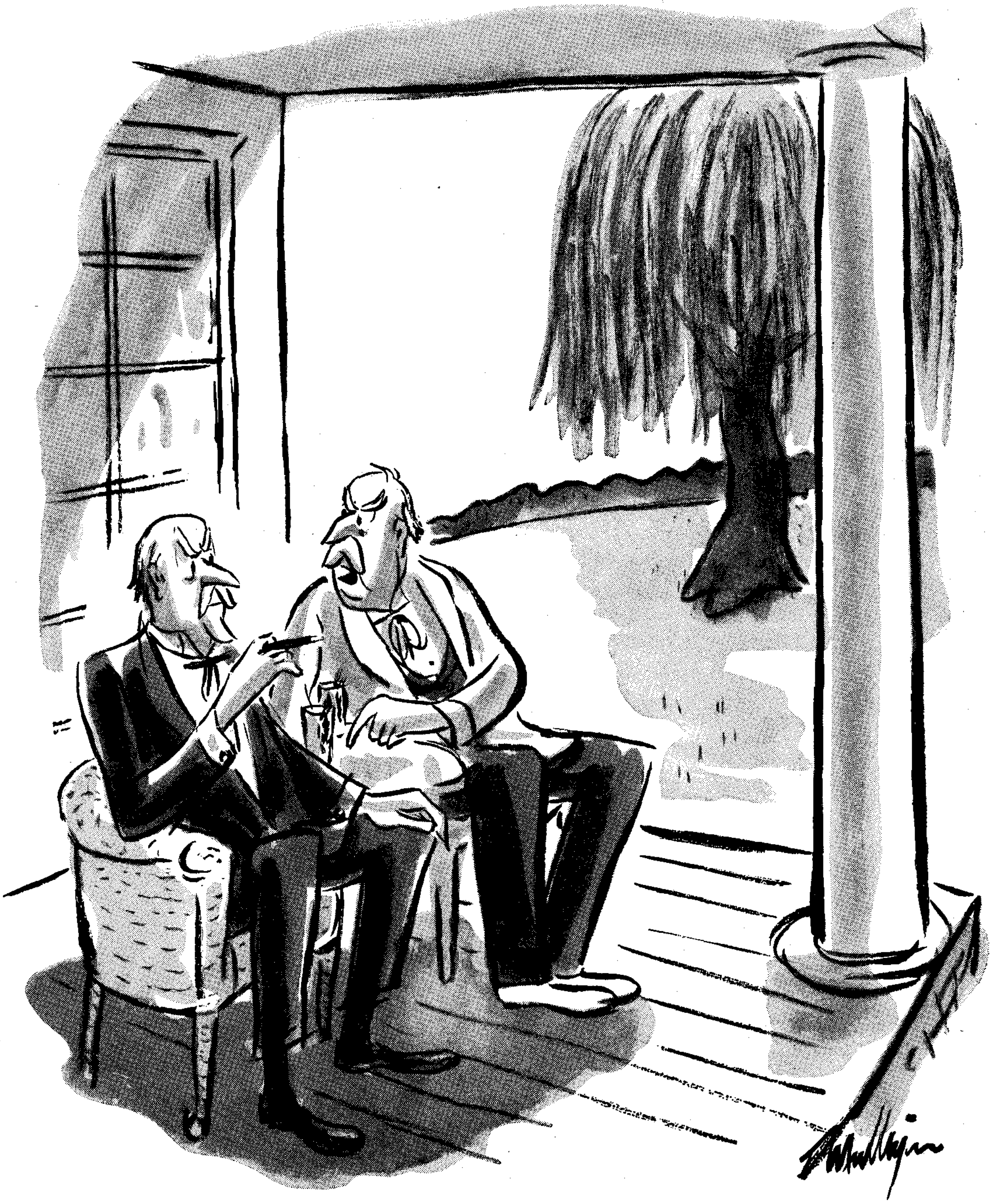
SIGN in window of a Belmont, Massachusetts, ice-cream parlor: "Try Our Butter Pecan. Made with Toasted Almonds."

Happy Hobbyist

THERE may be something to hobbies at that. We had barely finished admiring a lavishly illustrated handbook for "Cattle of the World on Stamps"—a stamp collection formed by Jack C. von Bloeker, Jr., who is a member of the faculty of Los Angeles City College—when we had a talk with Dr. Warren S. Adams, ninety-four, of 580 Park Avenue, who, upon retiring from an extremely active medical practice twenty-four years ago, took up bookbinding and oil painting, and has been happy as a clam ever since. Dr. Adams is six feet one, slender, and straight as a ramrod; has wavy white hair, bright-blue eyes, and a strong voice; still plays golf, reads the latest books, and hasn't had to change his glasses in seventeen years. He was born in Sherborn, Massachusetts, on November 4, 1862, and went to Dartmouth, and possibly the fact that, unlike so many endowment-fund-bedevilled Yale and Harvard men, he has never allowed his college to prey on his mind has as much to do with his cheery demeanor as his bindings and his oils have. "Never kept up my alumni connections," he said. "It seemed so silly. I did run into a classmate in St. Petersburg, Florida, six years ago—Henry Austin. Someone told me he was there, so I looked him up. I hadn't seen him since 1885, the year we graduated. We had a nice talk. My young friends make life worth living for me now. My nephew and namesake lives here with me, but I'm in town only four months of the year—spring and fall. Summers, I'm at my place in Little Boars Head, New Hampshire. I have a studio there and I paint—mostly landscapes. I much prefer to paint out-of-doors. Winters I spend in Palm Beach, where I have a house. There's no scenery to paint in Florida, so I do still-lifes there."

We inspected some attractive, professional-looking Adams flower pieces and New Hampshire scenes that hung on the wall, and Dr. Adams told us that he had never painted until he retired, but that his patients had included a number of artists, among them George Bellows, Robert Henri, and John Sloan. He pointed out a Bellows and a Henri in the room, and led us to a table surmounted by handsomely bound copies of Emerson, Ogden Nash, and—in red morocco with an inlaid wreath of green leaves and bright lights—"The Night Before Christmas." "I've read all my life, and I was always struck by the fact that so many books were badly bound," he said. "I always had an idea that no doctor should practice after seventy, so when I put this idea into effect and got *out* of practice—it was two years before I could persuade old patients not to call me up—I found a teacher, Miss Edith Diehl, and learned how to bind books. I do it to fill in time. Putting the leather on and making the design is a great pleasure." Dr. Adams has shown his work at the Grolier Club.

A widower, the Doctor used to play lots of bridge at the Union League, but his cardplaying is now limited to occasional bouts of solitaire. "I play solitaire, or do a crossword puzzle, or Double-Crostics, between considerable spells of reading," he said. "I'm fond of the classics. After Dartmouth, I went into teaching, and taught Latin and Greek at St. John's School, an Episcopal school in Ossining. The school no longer exists. After five or six years of this, I decided to become a doctor. I graduated from New York University Medical School in 1897 and became connected with Bellevue. Life has always seemed very simple to me. I suppose I've lived like most men, not to excess. I've always kept thin. I long ago set a weight of a hundred and seventy-six pounds for myself, and I haven't fluctuated more than five pounds from this either way for sixty years. I eat very little butter, no fats, only skim milk, and never eat meat and potatoes at the same time. The proteins and the carbohydrates don't combine well. Beef with milk is bad. On drinks I've done as I pleased. I used to take tremendous walks. I'd walk up Broadway to Van Cortlandt Park, then along the Old Croton Aqueduct out to Yonkers and back. Sundays, I'd take the ferry to the west side of the Hudson and walk along the Palisades, or go along the East River and visit the



"And I tell you this, suh. If General Lee had had seventy-one billion dollars to play around with, Ike wouldn't even be *in the White House today."*

barges. One of my patients was a bargeman; that's how I got in with that group. I've had many a good lunch on a barge."

Late-Comer

"AND here is the time of your birth," said an informative mother we've been told about, leafing through her young son's baby book, with the young son on her knee. "See? Eleven-forty P.M."

"That's four hours after my bedtime," remarked the young son, accurately.

Whirl

EVERYBODY will be in Capri soon enough, or in Juan-les-Pins, or Madrid, but the town is still hopping, and we've had a couple of busy days. Take our hand while we go down Memory Lane, as of last Tuesday. First, in the afternoon, Lou Nova's Spring Poetry Recital at Carnegie Recital Hall, to which we were lured by a notice reading, in part, "I used to be a pugilist and belt 'em with an awful fist. Now the thing that makes me happy be, is reading loud love's poetry." "Established price $4.80, tax included," our complimentary ticket stated, and it let us into a hall populated, as the two-thirty deadline arrived, by twenty-odd poetry fanciers, mostly ladies. A well-dressed man sat down next to us, and we spotted him as Jerome Zerbe, the society photographer. We asked him whether he was attending the recital professionally or just for the hell of it. "As a friend," he said. "Lou is an old friend. He's stage-struck. He's done night-club stunts, he's been in 'The Happiest Millionaire,' and you can't keep him from reciting poetry."

One of three ladies sitting in front of us turned around and said, "Lou gave me my ticket at a cocktail party. I'd never met him before."

"We all met him at the same party," a second lady said. "He gave me my ticket, too."

"Why, I paid two dollars for mine," the third lady said, sounding surprised.

"You have a husband," the first lady said. "We don't have a husband."

Red velvet curtains were drawn aside, revealing Mr. Martin Kalmanoff at the piano and Miss Marly Harris, a pretty young woman in a gauzy black dress. "Welcome to Mr. Nova's spring recital," she said, and proceeded to sing several songs, prettily.

The curtains were drawn together and, after a minute, opened again. Mr. Nova, tall, curly-haired, and smiling, popped his head out from behind a screen, gazed at one and all, and, with only his face showing, recited "Mary Had a Little Lamb."

"I thought I'd start with the one thing I *know* I can finish," he said, striding to the center of the stage. He was wearing a dinner coat and an ingratiating expression. He announced that he would recite "A Sporting Philosophy," by Grantland Rice, an old friend, and did so. It began, "Let's keep trying to win, let's keep playing the game." This disposed of, on he went to a group of eight poetic passages that included Shakespeare ("To be or not to be" and "All the world's a stage"), Eugene Field ("The Duel"), Browning ("Summum Bonum"), Kipling ("Gunga Din"), and "Casey at the Bat." He recited most of his selections with his hands clasped behind his back, walking around casually as he spoke, and smiling diffidently from time to time. He wound up with "Casey," not only rendering it with marked vivacity but acting it out, and doing full justice to its tragic conclusion.

This was followed by a burst of applause and the intermission, during which, regretfully forgoing the second part of the program, we made our way to the Harvard Club, having unaccountably been invited there by Charles Grant Gordon, joint managing director of William Grant & Sons, Ltd., Distillers, of West George Street, Glasgow, to attend "a small Scotch Smelling Party at which a select group of Ladies of the Press will be introduced to the mysteries of Scotch blending and be told How to Choose a Scotch Whisky for Your Husband." Directed to the Slocum Room—named after the late Thomas Williams Slocum, '90, a dry-goods man who died a bachelor at seventy—we presently found ourself standing near a large table covered with green baize and conversing easily with Osgood Nichols and C. Brooks Peters, of Nichols & Peters, a public-relations firm, which had set up the sniff. Ten small bottles of whiskey and ten empty glasses stood at one end of the table. Mr. Nichols introduced us to some select ladies, representing the *World-Telegram*, the *News*, *Time*, *Gourmet*, *Cue*, *House Beautiful*, Kemsley Newspapers, and the Glasgow *Herald*, and to one select man—Joseph P. Cunningham, of the A.P. We all sat down at the table, and, standing behind the bottles and glasses, Mr. Gordon, a very youthful-looking managing director with a trim black mustache, launched into an outline of the Scotch-whiskey business.

"The two dominating forces are Distillers Company, Ltd., and Hiram Walker," he said. "We are one of the major privately owned independents. We were founded by my double great-grandfather, William Grant. My father and mother were first cousins. We sell in a hundred and thirty-four foreign markets. Scotch is a blend of malt and grain whiskey—mostly malt. I'm going to ask you to smell rather than taste these samples, because alcohol kills the taste buds."

He filled the glasses (six with malt, three with grain, one with a twenty-year-old blend), sniffed them, and passed them around, two at a time. They were all noticeably different to the nostrils—some pleasant, some distinctly unpleasant. One newly distilled malt from the north of Scotland was especially repulsive, and Mr. Gordon said only a touch of this was used by blenders.

"Any questions?" Mr. Gordon asked.

"How old are you?" asked Miss Ruth Lloyd, of Kemsley.

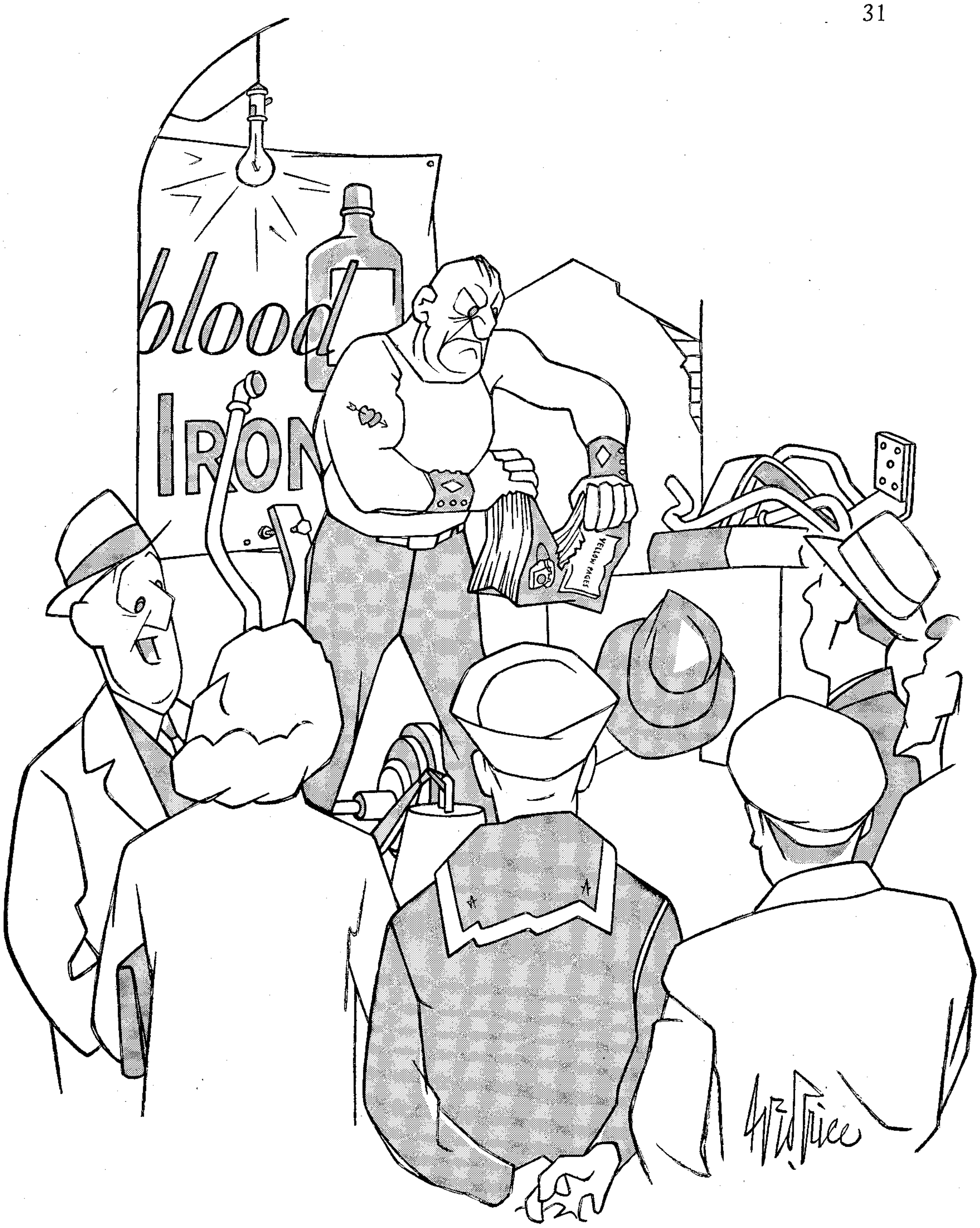
"Twenty-nine," Mr. Gordon said. "I just grew this mustache on a tour of Latin America, to make me look older. I don't know what my wife will say to it. Now, as to how to choose a Scotch whiskey that will get you a husband, choose one that tastes good, choose a brand name, pass up bargains, choose a blend labelled 'Bottled in Scotland,' and choose one aged preferably between eight and twelve years, with the age marked on the label. The best age is about eight years. After twelve, it tends to get woody."

"What's the best age for a husband?" Miss Lloyd asked.

Mr. Gordon passed this one up as rhetorical and invited all hands, or noses, to another room, where an eight-year-old Grant's Blended was served, this time to taste, along with some canapés of more recent vintage. Mr. Peters handed us a complimentary bottle as we left.

Scarcely had we time to dig into it when where should we be but in the Crystal Ballroom of the Park Lane, on hand for "the first showing of the Martin-Senour Colorobot, a new system for color selection and the introduction of automation in paint merchandising." Dodging red-coated waiters laden with trays, we gained the side of William M. Stuart, president of the Martin-Senour Company, of Chicago, and learned that the Colorobot, a color-dispensing machine occupying a space of less than two and a half by four and a half feet, is supplied with eight specially prepared "colorants"—green, two intensities of yellow, black, purple, two intensities of red, and blue. "These, added by the Colorobot to one of our basic ready-packaged Trend Colors or white, make an unlimited range of colors available for the homemaker, decorator, designer, and architect," Mr. Stuart said. "Who do you suppose is here today? William Pahlmann, the sophisticated New York designer! General Joseph F. Battley, president of the National Paint, Varnish, and Lacquer Association! I think it was Emerson who said, 'Hitch your wagon to a star.' Well, the star we hitched our wagon to was color. We were left dangling for a while, we got lost in the stratosphere for a while, but now we can say that the Colorobot is a milestone as far as Martin-Senour is concerned, and one of which we're particularly proud."

We inspected an exhibit of Colorobot-colored fabrics (turquoise, Siamese pink, oyster white, sky blue, Tahoe blue, Quaker blue, lime green, rose beige, charcoal brown), watched the unveiling of the Colorobot, and made for the S.S. Independence, at Pier 84, to which the master of the ship had cordially invited us "to attend A Tasting of the Wines, Spirits and Liqueurs of Italy sponsored by the Commercial Consul of Italy in coöperation with the American Chamber of Commerce for Trade with Italy and the American Export Line." There, in the Atlantic Dining Room, we found eleven tables groaning with dry apéritifs, sweet apéritifs, white wines, red wines, rosés, liqueurs, and cordials, and others groaning with cheese and salami. Hundreds of people were stuffing themselves to beat the band, but the only one we recognized was Gene Tunney. We wanted to ask him what he thought of Nova on Shakespeare, but the crowd was too thick, so we downed a goblet of Bolla Soave and disembarked.



"I used to be able to do that. Of course, I lived in a very small town."

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Non-Delinquent

EVERY Sunday afternoon, when the weather is fair, a large group of youngsters, some of them bearing guitars and bongo drums, assembles in and around the dry pond in the center of Washington Square to line out a few songs. We were listening to them work over a few calypsos recently when a small, spry elderly lady nudged us in the ribs.

"Is what they are playing rock and roll?" she inquired.

We told her it wasn't.

"Well," she said, "I'm certainly glad to hear that. I've been enjoying myself, but I've also been worried for fear this was the sort of thing that contributes to juvenile delinquency."

"Therefore, from a logical point of view," carolled the singers, "always marry a woman uglier than you."

"There's a lot of good common sense in these songs," the lady observed, and swayed in rhythmic appreciation.

CHOW!

A MOMENT after the Engels left the jeweller's shop on the Via Condotti, Mrs. Engel opened the box she was carrying and extracted the silver charm bracelet she had just bought. "I love it," she said, dangling it in the light. "I simply love it."

She dropped the bracelet in the box, and continued with Mr. Engel toward the Spanish Steps.

In the middle of a crossing, she stopped, and Mr. Engel had to push her forward out of the path of a shrieking phalanx of motorcycles. "What's the matter?" he asked.

"I've just realized!" she answered. "Do you know what I said to the man?"

"What man?"

"The jeweller. I told him I loved him! That's actually what I said. I meant I loved the bracelet, but I got the pronoun wrong and I should have said '*piacere*,' not '*amo*.' 'It pleases me'—that's what I should have said. Oh, well, he probably knew what I meant."

Mr. Engel considered this. Whether the jeweller understood or misunderstood Mrs. Engel's intention was not important; what *was* important was his own wish that she wouldn't keep on trying to speak Italian when it wasn't necessary. On their recent trip to the hill towns, her limited knowledge had often been useful, but now they were back in Rome, where almost everyone they had contact with understood English, and he wished that Mrs. Engel could somehow be brought to believe it. He had a theory about speaking Italian and was about to enlarge on it, but they had reached the Steps, and the ascent, slowly though they went, took all his breath. He would have preferred a taxi, but Mrs. Engel liked the Steps, with their burden of people. Sometimes she spoke to one or another of them, and always she waved to the babies, with the inverted Italian wave that she had adopted. After they had gained the top, he stood with her, watching the city below turn to apricot in the waning sunlight, then steered her back to their hotel nearby, to sink thankfully into the white-painted chairs in the courtyard, where they always had their cocktail. It was early evening; the swifts were making dusky circles in the deepening sky, and the flowers on the hotel terrace were as brilliant as stained glass. Mrs. Engel surveyed the scene happily.

"*Bello*," she murmured. "*Molto bello*."

Mr. Engel sighed. "Another?" He indicated her glass.

"What time is it?" she asked.

"About seven-thirty."

"No, then," she said. "I'll wait till before dinner."

Mr. Engel held up a finger to the darkly handsome young man who was in suave charge of the semicircular, gaily awninged bar. "Check, please."

"You should say '*il conto*,'" said Mrs. Engel dreamily. "'Bill' in England, '*l'addition*' in France, '*il conto*' in Italy."

"Check," Mr. Engel repeated, and almost at once it was at his fingers. He signed it, noted the service charge, and added a few more lire than were recommended by the book on "How to Tip and Travel in Europe," which was as much a companion to him as the phrase books and dictionaries that made Mrs. Engel's packing a problem were to her. He collected her glasses, gloves, bag, and wrap, and moved with her to the elevator.

"I don't see why you won't," she said as he pressed the button.

"Won't what?"

"You know perfectly well what. All this time here, and you won't even *try*. It's just as easy to say '*conto*' as 'check.' '*Conto*' is what you *say*."

"Not what *I* say," he replied when the elevator came and, as always, he had to pull Mrs. Engel back from the door, which treacherously opened outward.

AFTER they had got in and she had said "*Settimo piano, per favore*" and the boy had said "Seven' floor, *h'oh*kay," no one said anything more.

"Want to have dinner here or out?" Mr. Engel asked as he unlocked their door and let his wife pass in.

"Whichever you like," she answered, going to the long windows and opening them to the narrow balcony.

"Well, I'd like to go back to that place by the fountain where they have the ravioli."

There are many fountains in Rome, and there is ravioli in every restaurant adjacent to them. Mrs. Engel turned on him. "You see! You won't even say an Italian *name*. You could mean *anywhere*. No one would know where you meant!"

"Well, *you* know," he replied placidly. "Want to go there?"

"Yes," she said. She took a black taffeta dress from the wardrobe, spread it on her bed, and began trying the effect of an artificial pink camellia on one shoulder. Then she returned to the attack. "I don't understand you," she said. "Italian is so easy; you don't even have to pronounce it. '*Conto*,' that's all you have to say—'*conn-to*.'" She drew it out a little.

Mr. Engel went to the table that he used as a bureau, and began putting all the things from his pockets on it. Then he removed his coat and vest, and hung them over a chair.

"You won't even try," his wife went on. "I wish you would just *try*."

Mr. Engel took off his tie. "What do you want me to do?" he asked. "Go around telling jewellers that I love them?"

"That isn't fair!" said Mrs. Engel hotly. "Just because I made a mistake and *told* you! I suppose now you'll think *everything* I say is wrong!"

"No," said Mr. Engel, "though I don't think it's always right—like this 'chow' thing you say."

"*What* 'chow thing'?"

"You say it all the time. Every time you see a child, you rush at it and say 'Chow.'"

"Oh," said Mrs. Engel. "You mean '*Ciao*.'"

"That's what I said—'chow.' Well, I asked the porter about that; I asked him what *is* this 'chow,' and he told me it's something Italian people say like a greeting—"

"I know it is," Mrs. Engel interrupted. "It's like 'Hi,' or 'Hello, there.'"

Mr. Engel shook his head. "It's a little more than that. It's something Italian people say to *other* Italian people, and then only if they know them very well. It's a familiar sort of thing, but *you* say it to people you don't even know."

"I only say it to children—it's all right to say it to *children*."

Mr. Engel got out his dark-blue suit and looked around for his clothesbrush. "But why do you say it to *them*? You don't rush at strange children at home and say 'Hi' to them."

"I don't do lots of things at home. I don't sleep in the afternoon at home; I don't have a cocktail before dinner and then before dinner *again;* I don't have dinner at ten o'clock at night at home."

Mr. Engel found his clothesbrush and began using it. "Neither do I," he said. "But that doesn't make me talk to strangers."

JUST then, the telephone rang. Mrs. Engel answered it, saying "*Pronto*" with just enough authority to provoke a flood of Italian, which had to be stemmed and diverted into English on both sides.

Mr. Engel listened as his wife took

down a message from one of the shops, translated by the operator. "Look," he said when it was done. "That's really what I mean. It isn't your getting it wrong—anyone can do that. It's using it when you don't need to, and making them think you speak their language when you don't. You say a word like that one, and they come back at you with a stream of stuff that you can't understand a word of, while if you said 'Hello' in the first place, they'd speak English right off. I just feel you *confuse* them."

"They don't all speak English," said Mrs. Engel reasonably. "Sometimes I *have* to speak Italian. I got you that extra blanket that cold night in Assisi," she reminded him, "and sometimes I have to ask the way to places."

"Do you understand what they answer?"

"They always point," said Mrs. Engel, "but they wouldn't if I wasn't able to *ask*."

Mr. Engel conceded the truth of this, but it still wasn't what he meant. When Italian was necessary, he said, it was fine to know a little, and right to use it. What he really meant was that Mrs. Engel shouldn't give the impression of being able to converse in Italian.

"Oh, I think they know I can't," she said.

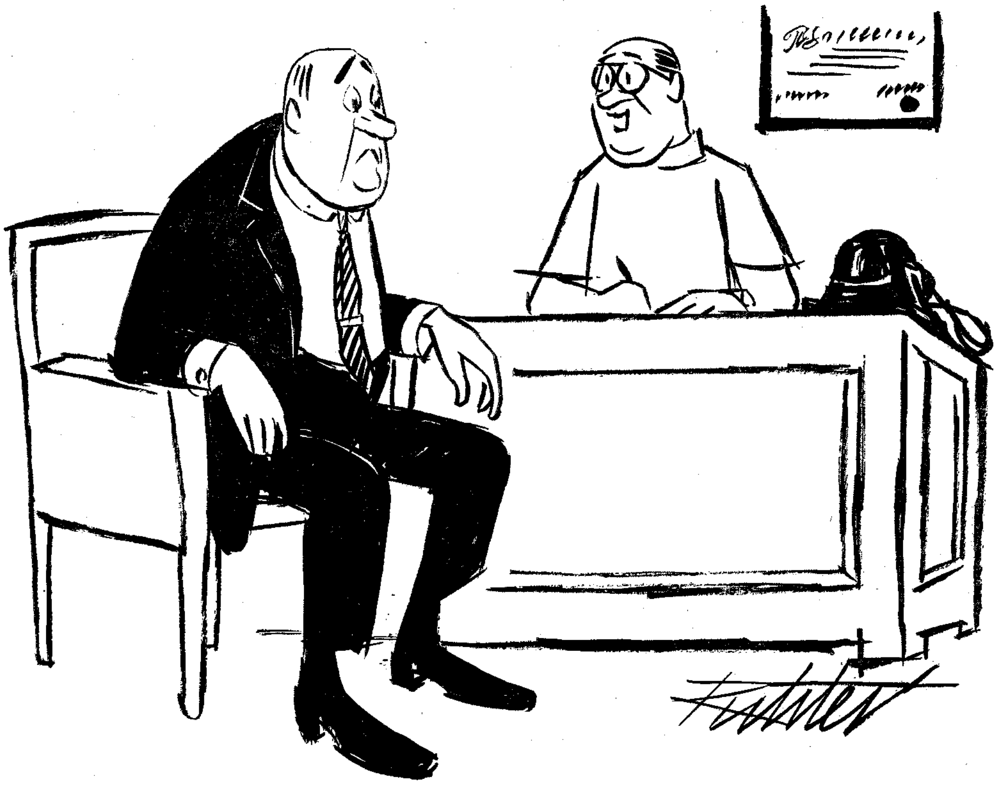
"Then why do you do it?"

Mrs. Engel fingered the camellia, which she had pinned on her dress. "I like to communicate," she said slowly. "I like to try to reach them. When I talk to the children, for instance, it's more for their parents—they're so proud of them, and mostly they're the only things they *have*. So even if I say it all wrong, they'll know I'm trying to reach them, and then maybe they'll try to reach *me*." She hesitated a moment. "It's being friendly—and it's fun," she finished, rather lamely.

Mr. Engel took a clean shirt and went to wash. When he came back, his wife was sitting at the dressing table, doing something to her hair. He dressed and began putting all the things from the table back into his pockets. "Listen," he said. "I'm not criticizing you. I only feel that when they understand English, you should stick to it. I think it's more sensible that way, at least till you can keep it *up*. Can't you be friendly in English?"

Mrs. Engel stepped into her dress and backed up to him to have it zipped. "Just start it for me," she said, "so it won't stick."

He pulled it halfway up. "You see what I mean?" he asked. "I think the other way sounds silly."



"I'll give you something to take until you get tax relief."

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Mrs. Engel faced him. "You mean *I* sound silly?"

Mr. Engel took a moment or two to answer her. "Not you especially," he said then, carefully. "Anyone."

"I see what you mean," she said, and went and stood in front of the wardrobe mirror but without actually looking at herself in it. "Of course I see."

"I'm not criticizing," Mr. Engel said again.

"I know," said his wife.

"Well, ready?" he asked as she still stood there.

"Go ahead. You go ahead. I'll be right down."

He looked at her uneasily, but she smiled reassuringly. "Go ahead, dear," she said. "I just have to get my other bag."

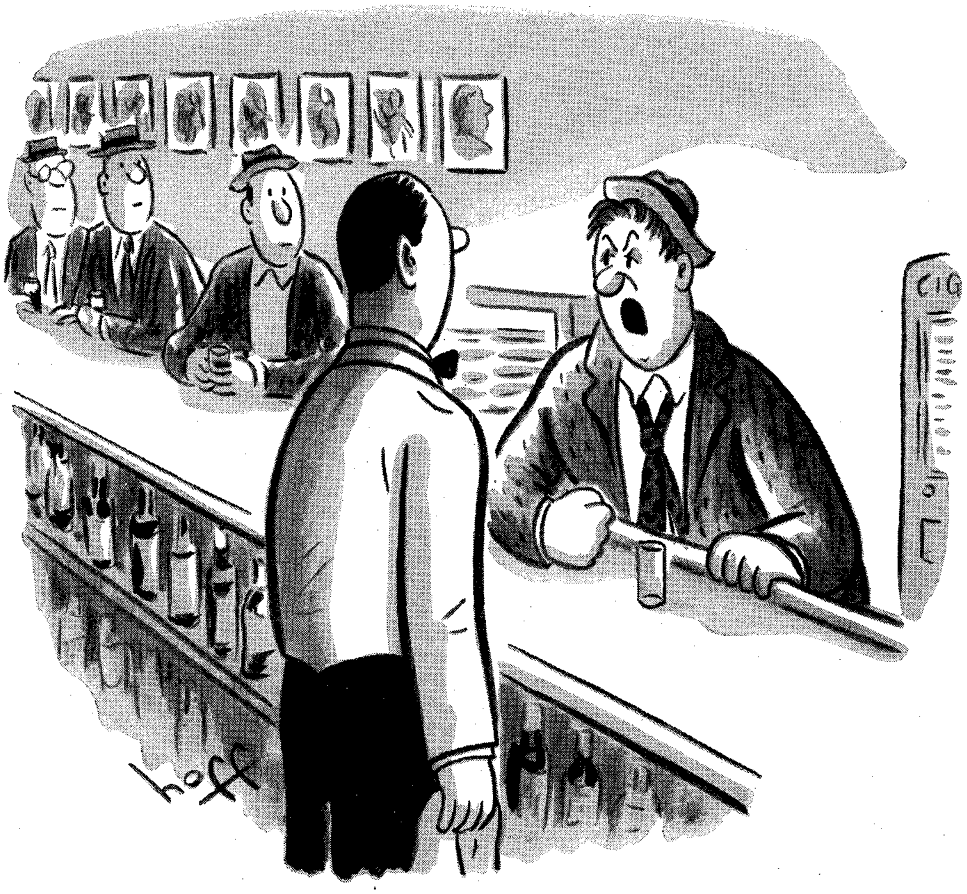
He went into the hall and rang for the elevator, but it was slow, and she was beside him before it came. She was carrying her evening bag and a light fur stole. She had taken off the pink camellia.

She said nothing as they rode down, just smiling when the boy said good evening, and when they reached the lobby she remained silent. Ordinarily, she took over the taxi situation, first exchanging "*Buona sera*"s with the doorman, then explaining their destination, which he transmitted to the driver, Mrs. Engel repeating the direction and adding, when they started off, "*Ma non troppo presto, per favore*," although she always leaned forward in her seat as if pushing on to an adventure. That night, she left it all to Mr. Engel, and, once in the cab, she just settled back.

AT the restaurant, it was the same; she bowed to the headwaiter's ebullient greeting as he led them to one of the choice pavement tables, separated from the street only by a plant-lined railing, low enough to give them a view of the great square, which was really a long rectangle. They could see the fountain, its immense figures writhing below a darkened church, and the people sitting out on the benches, and the inevitable children running and swirling in and out of the shadows like night moths. Mr. Engel handed her the menu and waited for her to translate for him after consultation with the waiter, but she handed it back to him and said, "I'd like the casserole, and the asparagus—and the ravioli first, of course."

The waiter remembered them. On their first visit, Mrs. Engel had explained that they couldn't eat a whole portion of the ravioli apiece. "*Non posso*," she had said. "*Appetito americano, non italiano*." The waiter had laughed, then, and he laughed now as he reminded them of it, but Mrs. Engel merely nodded. "Yes," she said. "One portion for two."

The waiter bowed, quickly correct again, but she seemed not to notice. She



"In a democracy, the customer decides when he's had enough!"

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removed her gloves and laid them carefully on the table beside her plate, looking at nothing in particular.

Mr. Engel studied her. Was she angry with him after all, he wondered. Was she giving him the silent treatment? He knew all her silences; he knew when she was happily silent, when she was broodingly silent, and when she was harboringly silent, but this, somehow, was none of them.

Their Martinis came, and they sipped them; she met his eyes across them calmly, and there was no rancor in her gaze. He was relieved. She wasn't hurt or angry. Perhaps she was tired, although she didn't look it. She looked more the way she did at home after a club meeting or an afternoon's bridge—not tired but quiet.

She was being sensible about it, he decided, the way he had explained she should be. The waiter understood English, so she was speaking English, and that was all there was to it. Just the same, there was something wrong. He cast around for conversation. "This is a good place," he said. "I'm glad we came back to Rome."

"It's very pleasant," she said.

"That's right," he said, and immediately realized that it was all wrong; "pleasant" was not a word she had ever used about Rome. It wasn't a word for Rome anyway, he thought. You could call it lots of things, depending on how it struck you—gaudy, tawdry, battered, dirty, noisy. Or—he groped for unaccustomed adjectives—colorful, maybe, or romantic, but never pleasant. "Pleasant" meant someplace clean and bright and impersonal, yet that was what she had said, and she seemed to mean it and be satisfied with it.

They ate the ravioli and the casserole, and endured the vagrant musicians who came to stand near them in the street outside—the blind guitarist with his weary dog, and his female accomplice, who held a hopeless saucer over the railing toward them.

Mr. Engel put some change into it. "At least, they don't come and play at you over the table," he said. He and Mrs. Engel shared a violent distaste for restaurant violinists who yearned at you. "Right into your *soup*," she had often said.

"No, they don't," she agreed now, without any answering spark.

That was it, thought Mr. Engel; she had no spark. It was as if a lamp had been turned off somewhere in a room; the room wasn't exactly dimmer, you could still see everything, yet you missed something. He looked out at the square, rich in history, dark with the past, lit now with the present. Voices reached him. The warm night was heavy with them: the voices of mothers and children and of young men who were playing some kind of violent but hilarious game; voices of tourists, Americans like himself, strolling about, only half aware of what they were seeing or where they were. That was it, he thought—only half aware. And vaguely it came to him what Mrs. Engel had been trying for. To understand, maybe—to get a little closer to this incomprehensible city. She had been reaching out to it, eagerly aware, and now she sat across from him as she might anywhere—in Scarsdale, he thought, or Bronxville—but this was *Rome*. The name rolled out in his mind and became a limitless scroll, and it seemed to have Mrs. Engel's name written along its entire length. She had had joy in the very idea of Rome, and he had cut it off; he had subdued her. *That* was the right word. She wasn't quiet; she was subdued, and he knew now that the last thing he wanted was a subdued Mrs. Engel.

IT was time to ask for the check. He signalled to the waiter and took a long breath. "*Conto*," he said, a little more loudly than he had meant to. "*Il conto.*"

He didn't look at Mrs. Engel, though he felt her sudden look toward him. He counted his change carefully and distributed indiscriminate tips. He collected Mrs. Engel's gloves, bag, glasses, and stole, and walked out to the square with her. They found a bench and sat down. Beside them sat a shapeless woman with a little girl in her arms who had the delicate, pale face of a primitive painting.

Mrs. Engel leaned to her. "*Bella*," she said. "*Bellissima.*"

The woman's face illuminated, and she held the child high for them to admire. Mrs. Engel laughed and made the inverted wave. "*Ciao*," she said, and turned at last to Mr. Engel. Her eyes were alive again, and expectant.

Mr. Engel swallowed, and waved to the child in his own way. "Chow!" he said, and he felt Mrs. Engel's arm slip through his. —PATRICIA COLLINGE

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Kold-Hold Mfg. Company, Lansing, Michigan has changed its name to Tranter Mfg., Inc. The old name was discontinued as it did not accurately describe the firm's complete line of products.—*Chicago Metal Worker.*

Well, *that* trouble is all over.

SPEAKING OF TELEVISION

(A Season's Summary by the Critic on the Hearth)

The $64,000 Answer

I think that I shall never see
A Quiz Tot who appeals to me.

The Importance of a Trendex Rating

Wyatt Earp
Rides tall in the stearp.

By Any Other Name

A pretty pair
I like to praise
Are Peter Lind
And Mary Hayes.
Excuse it, please—
What I meant, really,
Was Linda Hayes
And Peter Healy.
No, no!
I'm coming all unpinned.
It's Healy Hayes
And Mary Lind,
Or anyhow
Some close relation.
Ah, well! Let's try another station.

The Last Word

I'd take more pleasure in discussions schola'ly
If Bergen Evans wouldn't laugh so jollily.

Open Letter to the Networks

Sirs at the A.(and also N.)B.C.,
If you desire of me
My ears, my eyes,
Or my affection lasting
(This equally applies
To you, Sirs, at Columbia Broadcasting),
Forgo, I pray,
One Plot, one Story, one recurrent Play
Which runs along these lines:
The lovely heroine's
A Mute, and acts her love life out in signs.

Do this, Sirs, and I'll nightly clap your dramas
About possessive mamas,
Tough cops, crusading medicos, or old
Wheelchair curmudgeons wearing hearts of gold;
I'll listen sans hysterics
To farces French, West Indian, or Confucian,
To Sunday musicals with awful lyrics
And mysteries which haven't any solution,
Even morose and arty
Confections, two parts water, one part "Marty;"
I'll watch, unmurmuring,
Plays about Lincoln, about Paris in the Spring
With closeups of the fountains,
Plays about *any*thing
Save tongueless innocents from the Ozark Mountains.

Travelogues, Sirs, I'll turn obedient dial to;
I'll give a trial to
Ventriloquists and men in funny hats,
Apes, acrobats,
And conflicts wrestly;
Be fair to Elvis Presley;
Remember every now and then to glance a lot
From where I sit
At Broken Arrow or unbroken Lancelot;
Name tunes for George de Witt;
Measure, with Betty Crocker, pounds and ounces;
Nor even flinch when Sullivan mispronounces.
Caesar I'll hail, or Ernie Ford, or both,
Or Godfrey, even, if you'll take your oath
That on no set belonging to me or mine—
No console-type receiver—
Shall there appear some silent heroine
Loved by a lad in blue jeans and a beaver.

The Perry Como Show

Someday, perhaps,
Will he really collapse?

Robin Hood

Zounds, gramercy, and rootity-toot!
Here comes the man in the green flannel suit.

Saturdays at Eleven: Dione Lucas

Make way, now, for my aproned cutie,
My pin-up girl, my floury wench,
Who speaks an English clipped but fruity,
Yet cooks angelically in French.

What now, to me, the lamb gone muttony,
The flounder that is masked as sole?
He keeps a rendezvous with gluttony
Who looks upon her casserole.

Not she, but all her food, wears ruffles.
Mushrooms come fluted to the fish.
And if it isn't wine-and-truffles,
It's sauce béarnaise for every dish.

Ah, the whipped cream that she keeps handy!
Oh, the sweet oil she pours like rain!
Ah, the blanched almonds! Oh, the brandy!
Oh, good resolves gone down the drain!

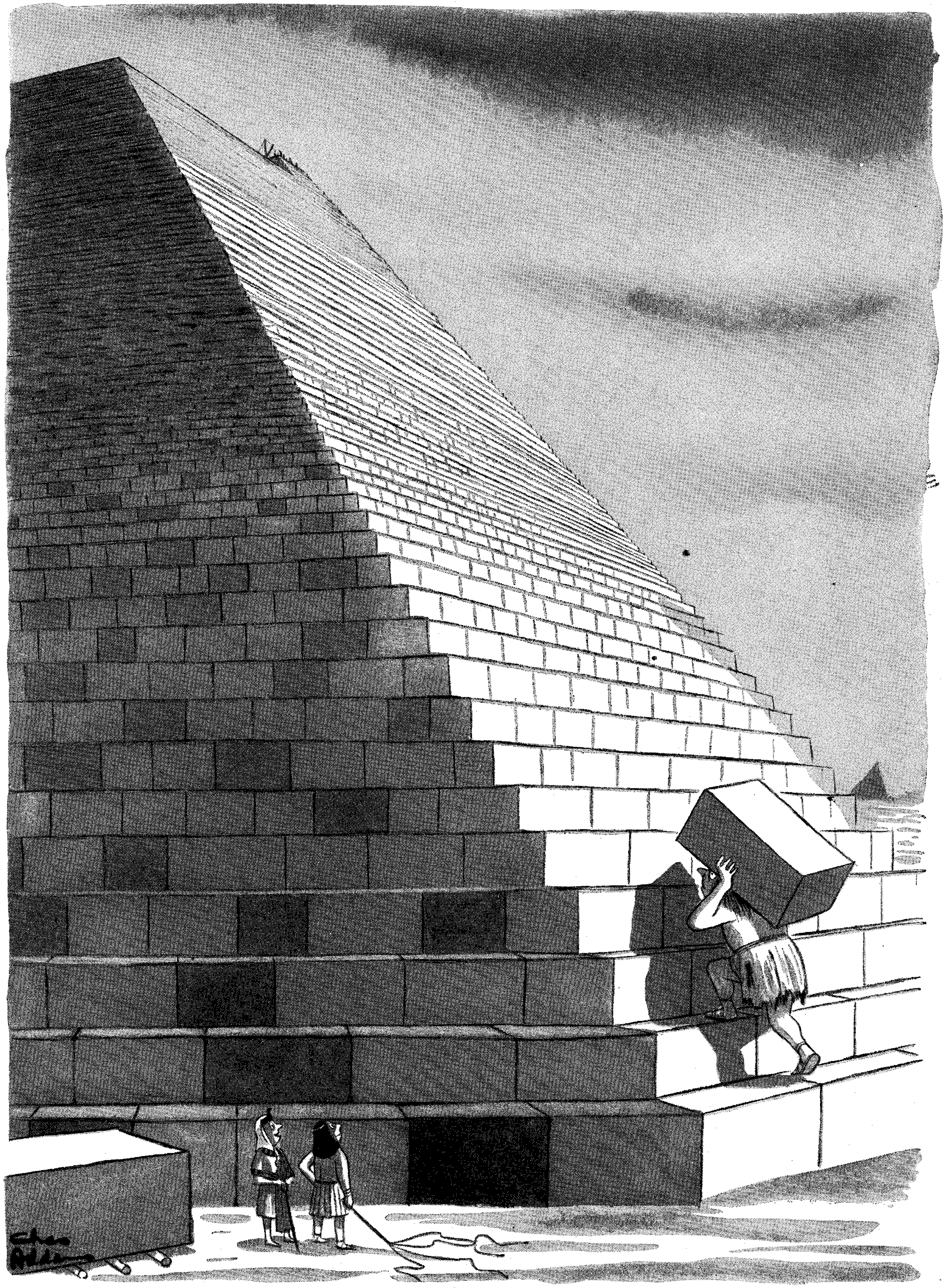
Unhurrying, in a short-sleeved frock,
She carves, shapes, mutters, scalds, misplaces
Essential items by the clock—
My paragon of kitchen graces.

Too briefly, though with ceremony,
She moves amid her cakes and cresses.
Still, better an hour of Dione
Than cycles of Furnesses.

Reflections on the Fallibility of Progress

If all the world were Color
From Rome to Roanoke,
No brighter and no duller
Would sound the comic's joke.
If every screen, I figger,
Stretched forty inches down,
No smaller and no bigger
The wit of any clown.

—Phyllis McGinley


Chas Addams

"We could never have done it without him."

NOT ANOTHER WORD

BECAUSE I was one of the bigger, healthier boys in the class—and also one of the biggest, smoothest liars, and thus apt to set an inspiring example for the others—Miss Devron would often begin the morning's inquisition with me. "Paul Adam," she would say, beaming down upon me, "would you be kind enough to tell us what you had for breakfast this morning?"

Even in the third grade, we were perceptive enough to sense that Miss Devron's inquiries into our daily breakfast menus sprang from something deeper than a mere interest in keeping us healthy. One look at her size and you knew what supreme importance food had in her life, and since we were her children—those she would never have herself, because of age, temperament, and general appearance—she apparently found it necessary to feel her way into our souls by following a glass of fruit juice and an egg and a slice of ham down our throats each morning. It wasn't just her zeal to know us personally through the food we ate that made us guard against her with a series of outrageous lies; she also wanted to know our families—their general way of life, their social and economic status in our small Utah town, and whether or not they lived in accordance with the Mormon doctrines, which were as inseparable from our lives as the mountain air we breathed. And she had a nasty way of pointing out any deviation from her set of standards by interrupting the stream of breakfast reports. "Hominy grits!" I remember her saying on one of the first mornings we were in her class. "Did you hear, class? Ronald Adair had hominy grits for breakfast."

She smiled her closed smile of wisdom and commiseration at Ronald, and placed the index finger of her left hand like a hot dog between her second and third chins while waggling her free hand scoldingly in his direction. "It's a lucky thing for you, young man, that your parents somehow had the energy to come out West, where you can get a new start in life," she said. "It's food like hominy grits that has kept the South backward so long. Out *here* we eat bacon and ham-and-eggs and hot cereal and fresh fruit juices and good buttered toast with jam. You're very lucky, young man! My, yes."

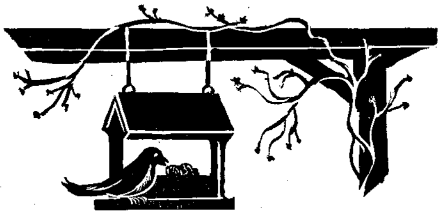
With such tactics she soon taught us to lie, and regardless of what each of us had eaten at home, there in Miss Devron's class we began to share a breakfast as monotonous as it was sumptuous. It was only a variation in quantity that crept into our diets from the first student's report to the last, for if one egg and a modest piece of ham were enough to start Miss Devron's fingers strolling contentedly over the terraces of her chins, it took considerably more than this to keep them happy and moving by the time the class was half through its recital, and by the time the last student's turn came, Miss Devron's wolfish appetite responded to nothing less than a gorge. Lila Willig was the last student on our class list. She looked as if she were made from five laths, and in the hectic flush of her unhealthiness—perhaps caused by near-starvation at home—she would sometimes get a little hysterical and report that she had eaten twenty-five eggs and a whole ham. I'm sure now that this was not because of any native waggishness in Lila, but we thought it was then, and we always laughed until Miss Devron had to pound the desk with her ruler.

"Now, stop that foolishness, Lila," she would say briskly. "Tell the class right out how many eggs you had for breakfast."

"Five," Lila would say, nervously scratching her frizzled yellow curls until they stood out like coiled wires. She could have said nothing else. The boy in front of her had just reported a breakfast of five eggs; anything less from Lila would have been picked up by Miss Devron as an example of parental neglect.

"That's better," the teacher would say, her fingers resuming their stroll. "And as I look over your faces this morning, class, I can already see the differences that good eating habits can make in one's life. How much brighter your eyes! How much stronger your backs!"

We simpered back at her, only vaguely and uneasily aware that she was a tyrant who was flattening our individuality with the weight of her righteous self-assurance. In less than a month under her, we were reduced to a spineless group of sycophantic ham, egg, and cereal eaters, with only Lila's occasional lapses to show us what a dull mold we had been crushed into. And then our integrity was rescued in an unexpected way.



The new boy who turned up in our class a month after the opening of school certainly looked like no hero. He was smaller than most of us, and while all of us boys were proudly wearing corduroy knickers, he still wore the short pants we scorned, and in the sharp air of that October morning his thin legs were mottled with a network of blue. We welcomed this pathetic figure with a fine generosity of spirit. "Where you from?" one of us asked him as we walked up to where he was standing, at the edge of the playground.

"New York."

"New York!" we said, and I now had an explanation of why he was such a puny-looking little rat. From the handful of Western movies and cowboy books I had already absorbed, I knew the kind of magic that enters into a man's blood when he is born west of the Mississippi River. His eye is clearer, his nerves are truer, his gait is more tireless, his aim is steadier, and in the very heart of his manliness there is a dimension that effete Easterners know nothing about. All this I knew as I looked down at the new boy's skinny blue legs.

"New York, eh?" I said menacingly, moving up to him until I could have rested my chin on the top of his head.

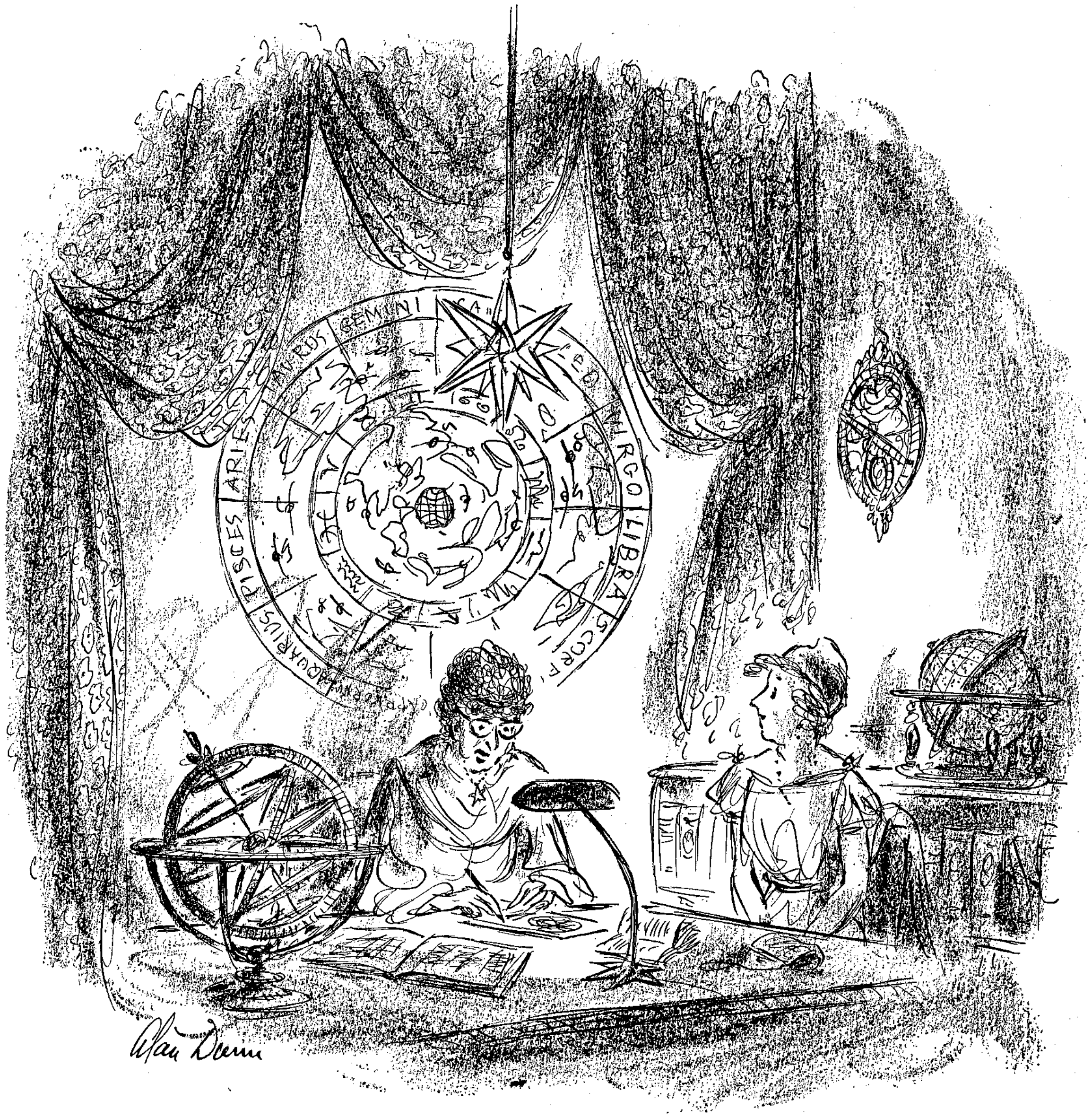
"That's right," he said, lounging against the top rail of the playground fence and casually lifting one foot to rest it on the lower rail.

I eyed him with a steely coldness I had learned from a story about a man who had built the Union Pacific Railroad across the plains and who could drive a spike into a tie with two hammer blows. I put my fingers into my belt, just above where my six-shooters should have been. "Who's your old man voting for?" I asked. "Al Smith or Hoover?"

"Al Smith."

"Well, then, I guess I'll have to beat you up."

Perhaps nowadays, what with the broadened horizons brought on by the Second World War, Korea, UNESCO, and the stress on social-adjustment patterns in modern education, a new student from, say, Siam or Afghanistan can take his place unobtrusively in an American schoolroom. I don't know. But I do know that in my part of America in 1928 a new student had to fight his way into school, particularly if he had come to us from more than five blocks away. It will be understood, then, that I had no unusual political



"Frankly, Miss Plackett, you have a slight overlapping of the lunar returns, but cheer up—and this goes for all you Capricorns. You have Saturn conjunct Mercury, which deepens the mind, and you have Venus, the love planet, in trine with Pluto, which really gives you the go-ahead—provided, of course, the new earth satellite doesn't come along and gum things up."

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precocity or passion at the age of eight, and that this difference in our fathers' political views was only a pretext for me to beat up the new boy, who had offended every one of us by coming all the way from New York, with his short pants and blue skin.

We sized each other up for a second. Then he shrugged his thin shoulders and said "O.K.," and the quickness with which he squared away for battle gave me a little turn. We circled around each other, with everyone urging me to get in there and show him what was what. But just then the bell rang, and I felt a surge of relief that was just a bit disconcerting to anyone born as far west as I had been.

"I'll finish with you later," I said.

"O.K.," he said, with that same unnerving readiness.

Something more immediate than our father's political inclinations operated to bring us closer together that morning. Miss Devron put the new boy in the empty seat just in front of me, and I spent the first few minutes of class watching his blue neck turn pink in the warm room, while the pupils drearily went through their recital of breakfasts eaten that morning.

"And now the new boy, Robert Bloom," said Miss Devron, smiling down at him. "What did he have this morning?"

He had been listening carefully to what was going on, and once, when he turned his profile to me, I could see that he was enjoying himself. The rest of the pupils had answered from their seats, but he stood up in the aisle. He stood at attention like a soldier.

"I had a cup of coffee and a snail, Ma'am."

There was a stony quiet for a second, and then the dazzling irreverence of what he had said burst through us with shock waves of pure delight. Miss Devron pounded on the desk with her ruler, and her red chins trembled in front of her like molten lava. "Class!" she cried. "Class, we'll have order here! Come to order. Come to order this instant!"

But she was trying to calm down a madhouse.

"A cup of coffee and a snail, please!" somebody shouted.

"Give me a worm with mine!" somebody yelled back.

And on we went, up that enticing road of suggestibility, until we were eating snakes on muffins. The special delight, of course, was the coffee. *There* was the alluring evil and joy of what he had said, because most of us in that room, including Miss Devron, were Mormons, who felt, in a way beyond reason, that murder was no more than a high-spirited lark compared to drinking coffee or smoking. It wasn't until Miss Devron and her ruler and the powers of light finally triumphed over the dark joy in us that we began to realize the outrageousness of what he had said. We slunk back from debauchery to righteousness under Miss Devron's glowering eye, and finally he was left standing there, all alone before the glare of our joint indignation.

"We should never laugh at those who don't know better, class," Miss Devron began, in a carefully controlled voice. "We must share our knowledge with those less fortunate, and help them to know the truth. Robert comes from a part of the country where they don't know what we know about health. Now then, Robert, that can't be all you had for breakfast, can it?" She looked at him with the pity, the heart-spoken prayer, and the tenderness of a missionary meeting with a cannibal for the first time.

"No, Ma'am," he said. "I had two cups of coffee."

The tight breath gathered in our throats again, but Miss Devron was in control now, and aside from a few blown cheeks and red faces there was no sign that we were not with her in spirit.

"Now, class," she continued, "I want to ask Robert's pardon for what I'm about to do, but I think we can all learn a great deal from what he has told us and from what we can see. Very soon now Robert will be as big and strong as any of you, because he will soon be eating the right foods. But look at him now. See how small he is? *This* is what comes from not eating the right foods and from drinking coffee."

We looked him over, almost seeming to pass him from desk to desk, as if he were a mounted disease-carrying bug we were studying. But what a happy, smiling bug! To judge from his face, he considered the attention we gave him an unexpectedly hearty welcome to his new school.

"I don't think it's the coffee, Ma'am," he suddenly added. "My dad says I steal too many of his cigarettes."

During the next couple of minutes, Miss Devron could have fired salvos of cannon shells over our heads without getting our attention. We were like an oppressed people hailing with insane joy the coming of a revolutionary leader. Even the girls in the room were caught up in the exultation of our victory. All the cigars, cigarettes, or drinking straws filled with grains of coffee that any of us had smoked in secret, all our uneasy past abandonments to appetite, curiosity, and lawlessness were suddenly recalled and made glorious by Robert's cheerful confession. We worshipped him instantly, and at the end of the day a lot of us walked home with him, proud to be seen with such a man. We were walking along with him, swearing, talking about smoking, and making faces at the girls on the other side of the street, when he stopped and tapped me on the arm.

"How about this place?" he said, pointing to a strip of grass between two houses.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Your old man's voting for Hoover, isn't he?"

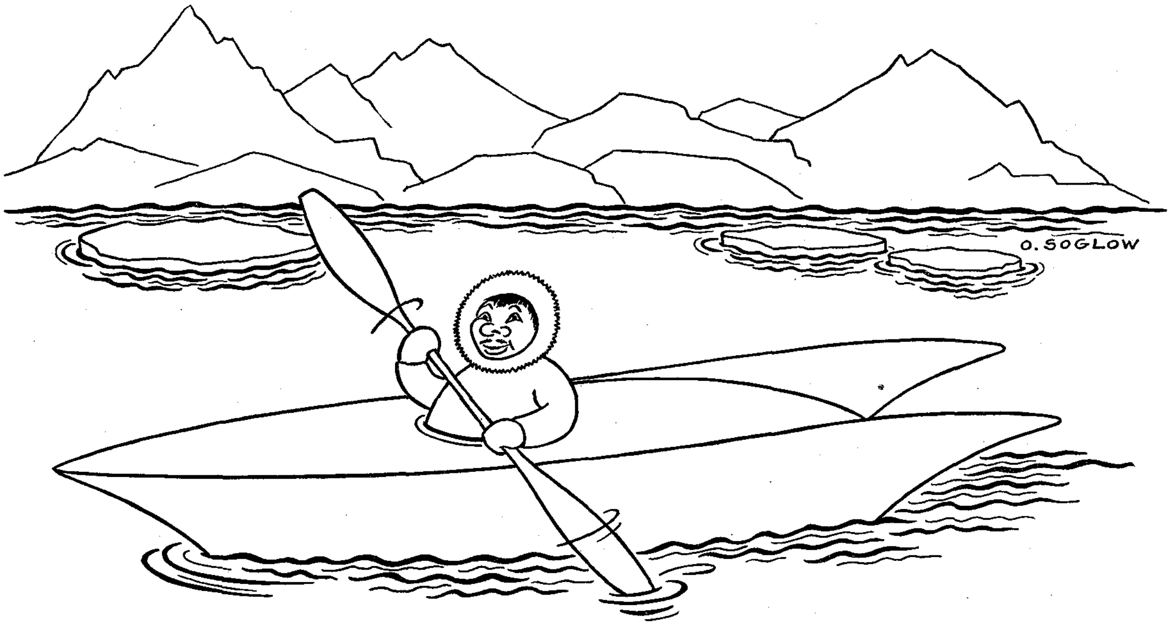
"Sure, but . . ."

"Well, let's fight."

I wanted no part of the fight now, but Robert insisted. He proceeded to support his political views with a ferocity I couldn't seem to match, and it wasn't until he hit me a hard one in the eye that I brought any personal enthusiasm to the fight. From then on, my size and strength started getting the better of him, but no one in the group around us was shouting for me. Those who had been beside me that morning were now yelling for Robert to kill me, and I must say that he did his best. But I finally knocked him down and sat on top of him, and kept his shoulders pinned to the grass until he admitted that Hoover would win the election. When he was up again, he expressed some strong reservations about this opinion, but the election a few days later proved I was right, and, with our political differences out of the way, we became the best of friends.

For the next two or three weeks, Miss Devron tried her best to change Robert's breakfast habits, or at least to get him to lie a little in the interests of classroom harmony. But his incorruptible honesty soon inspired the rest of us to tell what we had really had for breakfast. Variety returned to the menu, and Miss Devron's discovery that some of the larger, healthier children, like me, frequently ate what tasted good for breakfast, instead of simply what was good for them, seemed to undermine her spirit. She acknowledged defeat one morning when she opened class by reading aloud to us from a book of dog stories by Albert Payson Terhune. Subsequently, she read to us whenever there were spare minutes in the day, and the breakfast lists were forgotten. From that time on, she was one of our favorite teachers.

MY first idea about Robert's father was that he was a sailor in the United States Navy. Robert showed me pictures of him in a sailor suit—pictures in which he was leaning against a palm tree; laughing, with his arms around two girls; pulling a rope; scrubbing the deck of a ship; or standing on his hands, with a distant and smoking volcano framed between his spread legs. Then I learned that he was no longer in the Navy but was selling something—"selling something out on the road," as Robert described it. With only that imagination-tickling description, I developed the permanent expectation of turning a corner in the city someday and seeing Robert's father selling something right in the middle of the road. What he would be selling I couldn't imagine, nor had I a clear idea of how he would be doing it. Salesmen were never allowed in my own neighborhood, and the only prototype of Mr. Bloom I could conjure up was a man I had seen at the circus the year before. He had been standing outside one of the tents—a man with a dark face and a croaking voice, who kept urging us to come in, trying to scoop us up over his shoulder and into the dark tent with a dipping swing of his straw hat. "Selling, selling, selling!" my mother had said to my father. "It's plain disgusting." And so the man with the straw hat became Mr. Bloom, and I always had the feel-



ing that Robert's house, too, was somehow disgusting. But it was also the most exciting house I had ever been in.

The excitement would hit me as soon as I entered the front door—usually in the form of Robert's dog, an overgrown mongrel lummox called Buddy. I think he was mostly a police dog, but any remnants of purebred respectability had worn thin through long association with the underworld of back alleys and garbage cans, and through personal vice, for the dog was a hopeless drunkard. At least once a week, Robert and I would take a bottle of beer from his refrigerator (and how thrilling it was to me to be in a house containing anything so illegal and wicked as a bottle of beer!) and pour some of it out into a saucer for the dog. He would go at it with a ravenous thirst, frothing the beer with slaps from his scooping tongue until the white suds were all over the floor and his muzzle. He looked as if he were mad, and soon he would act mad. He would lurch around the house, bumping into chairs and tables, and endangering ashtrays and bric-a-brac in his weaving course. I would hold him by the collar at one end of the living room while Robert called him from the other end, and negotiating those fifteen feet of open rug held for him all the peril and adventure of a walk on a slippery deck in a typhoon. Once he had made it to safety, he would sit down, brace himself against a chair, and look at us triumphantly. We would never get him drunk when Robert's mother was around, of course. That was the one thing I ever saw her really angry about. But she was a person of such unquenchable joy and good cheer that even the sight of Buddy drunk that one time didn't keep her angry for long.

She came home from town unexpectedly that day. Buddy's flank had just crashed into a floor lamp and Robert was juggling it back to equilibrium when his mother walked in the front door.

"Robert, have you got that dog drunk again?" she asked, after one look.

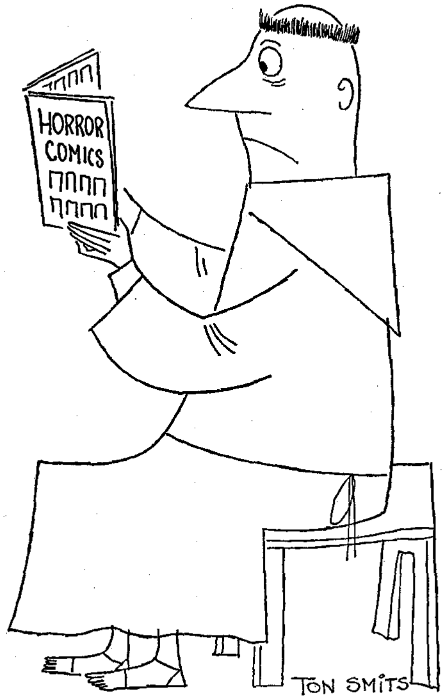
"Yes, Mom."

His truthfulness, both at school and at home, always amazed me. For me the truth was usually a fearful thing; my telling it often seemed to hurt my father or my mother, or someone else. But Robert was dauntless before it.

"I've *told* you not to, Robert," Mrs. Bloom said. "You know I have. Poor Buddy! Just look at him. That's no way to treat a dog."

We all looked at him, and I, at least, was conscience-stricken at what we had done. But none of us could remain remorseful for long. Deep in his cups, Buddy had misgauged the size and slipperiness of the low black leather hassock in front of the rocking chair, and though he had managed to plant one haunch on it, it kept sliding off. He would edge it back momentarily, his happy face conveying to all of us his certainty that he was seated there foursquare and in perfect dignity. I don't know what there was about him—perhaps a certain slack-jawed serenity—but we all started laughing helplessly at the same time. Robert's mother threw herself onto the couch, and Robert and I rolled on the floor in our laughter, while Buddy watched us out of one open eye.

She recovered enough after a time to continue her scolding, but she couldn't get more than a few words out without looking at Buddy, and then she would laugh again. Finally, she gave us some cookies and milk, and poured out a big saucerful of thick cream for Buddy, which she said would sober him faster than anything else. While Robert was drinking his milk at the kitchen table, she came up behind him and slipped her arms under his and clasped her hands on his chest. She kissed him on his neck and on his cheek and up into his hair, and all this time he went on eating his cookies and drinking his milk. I hardly dared to look at them, but I *had* to see the way she kissed him. She was a young woman, with long, dark hair, and black eyes that opened very suddenly at times, then closed very slowly, the lids seeming to take great pleasure in their long trip back down. The nails of her fingers, clasped on Robert's chest, were buffed to a high polish, and her lips were full and red, and looked wonderfully soft against Robert's cheek. I was the fifth, and youngest, child in my family, and I had only been pecked at gingerly by thin lips pulled tight against clenched teeth, and now I could almost feel that cushioned touch of Robert's mother's kiss on my own cheek. I had no name for the feeling it gave me. I was simply fascinated.



She straightened up, put her hand to the back of her hair, and walked to the refrigerator again. "Boys, boys, boys!" she said. "Little devils, all of you. Little heartless devils, getting dogs drunk, pulling girls' hair, fighting, swearing. You're no good, any of you." As she said it, she dug two big scoops of applesauce out of a bowl and slapped them into two dishes.

"So why do I like you so much?" she said to me as she leaned over the table to put a dish in front of me. She was wearing the kind of low dress she usually wore, but I didn't dare look away from her face. I just looked at her smile, and that was everywhere. Then she leaned over and kissed my forehead.

By the time I left for home, Buddy was on his feet and feeling well enough to walk to the corner with Robert and me.

"I like your mother," I said.

"Ah, she's all right," he said, levelling his toe at a rock and kicking it out into the street.

"You bet she's all right. I'd like to marry her when I grow up."

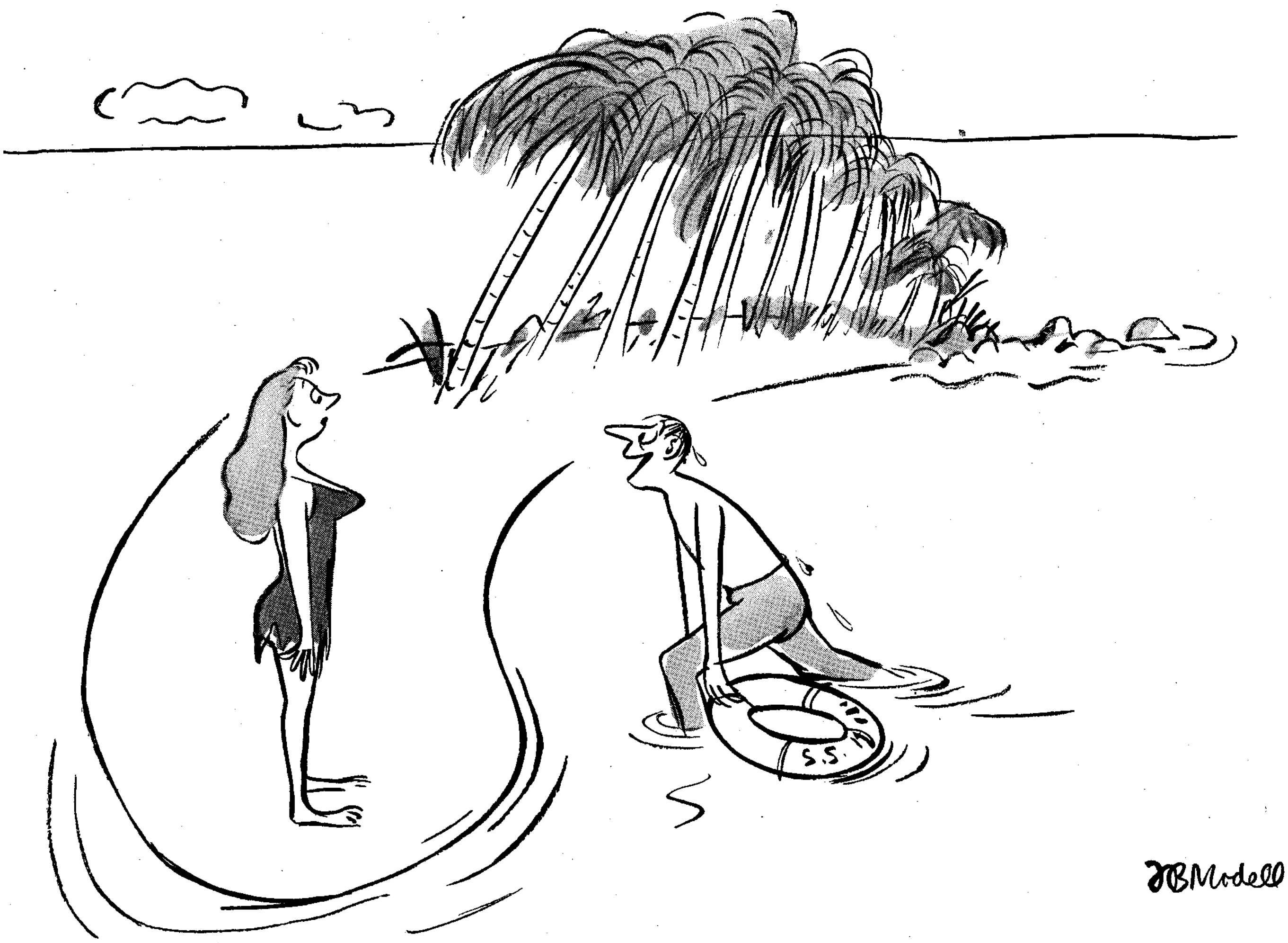
"She's already married."

"I know she is. My gosh, don't I know that? I just said I'd like to, that's all."

We stood on the corner and kicked a few more rocks into the street. And then we were just standing there. Suddenly there was between us a strip of that infinite desolation that surrounds and crisscrosses life, which children must face without the comfort of philosophy or the retreat of memory.

Robert slapped the dog on the side as hard as he could. "Come on, you," he said to him, and I stood and watched them run down the street. I wondered why he never seemed to like the dog except when we got him drunk. I would have given anything for him, but it had been made clear to me at home long before that our yard was too beautiful to be ruined by a "dirty dog."

BESIDES Buddy, and Robert's mother, with whom I fell more and more in love as I sampled her cakes, home-canned fruit, dill pickles, candy, sandwiches, and lemonade, there were other charms at Robert's house that



"My name's Benton. Will you marry me?"

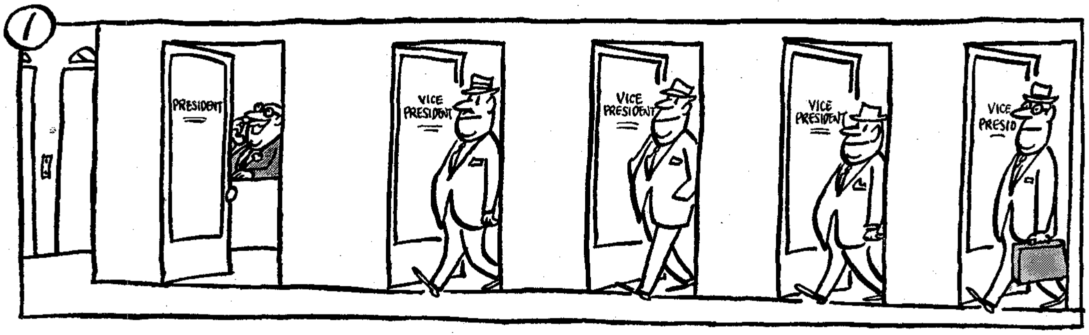
• •

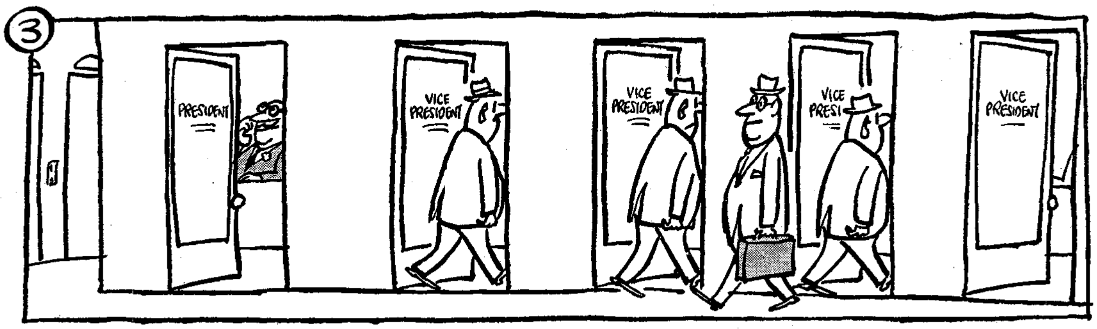
made my own seem intolerably dreary. Although it was nearly Christmas and I had known Robert for more than two months, I still hadn't met his father, and yet I had come to feel that I knew him as well as my own, or even better. My father's actual physical arrival at home, after a day spent seeing patients in his office or operating at the hospital or attending a church meeting, was the main thing that impressed his existence upon me. He was so neat, so disciplined in his habits, and so completely without vices, eccentricities, or hobbies that he carried himself completely with him wherever he went. But Robert's father lay scattered about the house in the form of pipes, fishing equipment, shotguns, whiskey bottles locked in a glass-front cabinet, a tennis racket, a set of rusty golf clubs, and a three-foot-long Chinese beheading sword, with a dragon engraved on the length of the blade and a dull, pewtery stain on the bright steel, which Robert said was blood. His father had brought the sword home from China when he was in the Navy, and it hung, with its handle wrapped in cords of scarlet silk, above the bed that he and Robert's mother slept in. I was so taken by the sword at that time that I thought anyone would die of pride to have it hanging above his bed, but I now see what a generous concession to his male taste it was for her to have it there. I remember the room as delicately feminine in décor, but it was his room, too, and he had chosen the exact thing to put his mark on it that I would have chosen if I had been married to Robert's mother.

Mr. Bloom did come home occasionally, but even then I didn't get to see him. He was sleeping, Robert would say, going on to explain how tired a salesman becomes after several weeks on the road. On two or three such afternoons, Robert's mother was also not to be seen, and he told me that she, too, was taking a nap and that we were to tiptoe carefully when we went past the closed door to their bedroom.

CHRISTMAS morning came and I was downstairs at 5 A.M., tearing into my carefully wrapped presents with impatient, greedy hands. The unexpected child of my parents' middle age, with all my brothers and sisters grown up and living away from home, I had spent the early hours of the past three Christmases all by myself, and I am certain that the pain of a child getting up on Christmas morning to find nothing under the tree cannot be much worse than the pain of one who finds everything there but has no one to show it to. It was not that my parents were really unfeeling. Indeed, they carefully kept my belief in Santa Claus alive beyond the customary age of disillusionment, perhaps because I *was* the last and much the youngest child—even telling me that all my Christmas presents, except for some clothing from my mother, had come from Santa Claus. But it never occurred to them to get up early on Christmas morning in order to share my excitement, and I can still remember the sick emptiness of the hour and a half between my discovery of my presents and the first sound of someone else stirring in the house. That year, as usual, I finally heard the maid come upstairs from her basement room, and for the next ten minutes I held her captive while I gloated over each new addition to my wealth.

"Santa was certainly generous to you," she said, and it was so true that





I didn't at all mind her saying it in the middle of a yawn.

"Look what Santa Claus left me!" I was able to say to my parents at last, when they came down for breakfast. I had been particularly struck that year by the great number of things he had given me compared to what my mother had given me, and I emphasized this difference by putting his gifts to me and hers in two piles, side by side. But a peck on the cheek and a cursory smile were all the tribute my parents paid to me, Christmas, and Santa Claus's generosity before they opened their own small presents from me, with an air of rather hasty embarrassment, and then turned to the newspaper and to breakfast.

Still, this year I knew someone who would take a second look at what I had received. It took some tight crowding, but I managed to tie all my presents onto my new sled with my new lariat, and I departed for Robert's house. I wasn't disappointed. Not only did Robert's eyes pop at some of the individual presents and at the sheer mass of what I had been given but his mother and, yes, his father, too, were as excited as Robert himself. Mr. Bloom, who got down on the floor to play with my new hook-and-ladder fire engine, turned out to be just the sort of man I had expected. He liked the fire engine so much that I wanted to give it to him, except that the idea of giving it up hurt too much. Out of this dilemma came a sudden inspiration to ask him if he would like to trade his sword for my fire engine. I was circling carefully about this idea, trying to approach it in the best way, when something happened to destroy the notion utterly.

It was not surprising that none of us had paid much attention to Robert's gifts during the first few minutes I was there. All three of the Blooms were too polite not to have gone all out to admire a sledful of gifts dumped into the middle of their living room by a guest as greedy for appreciation as I was. They would have done this even if my presents had come from the ten-cent store. But my gifts were both costly and impressive, and the Blooms, in their modest circumstances, had no need to be just polite; quite simply, they all gave in to the dream of having enough money to buy what I spread out before them, and wholly enjoyed themselves with my presents. I was too far lost in their appreciation to remember that Robert had also had a Christmas that day. But he soon reminded me of it.

"Look!" he said to me. He held in his cupped hands a bright, gold-colored wheel, suspended on a silver axle within a framework of two intersecting wire circles.

"What the heck *is* it?" I asked.

Robert's mother and father were both down on the floor with us, and while Robert threaded a length of green string through a hole in the axle and then wound it carefully along the axle's length, I could feel their eyes looking from me to the wheel and back, excitedly waiting for my reaction. Then Robert gave the wound-up string a sudden vigorous pull, putting the muscles of his back and arm and the tension of his clenched teeth and closed eyes into it, and brought the top spinning to life. The golden wheel hummed softly within its unmoving world of wire circles. Robert placed the top carefully on the smooth surface of a box lid, and there it rested, poised on its projecting tip like a dancer on one leg.

"Watch," he said, and he picked up the wonderful toy and rested its cupped tip on the point of a pencil his father held up. Once the top was spinning there, Robert pushed it, a fraction of an inch at a time, until it was no longer a continuation of the pencil's length but was hanging horizontally out over space, held from falling only by the quiet humming and the touch of the pencil point on the cup.

"My *gosh!*" I said. "Where'd you get that?"

"Mom gave it to me."

"It's called a gyroscope," she said.

For the next five or ten minutes, we shared the excitement of watching the gyroscope ignore gravity in every position we could devise. I was ready to trade Robert all the solid excitement of my presents for the magic that I could feel spring to life when I pulled the green string. I held the gyroscope in my hand and laughed to feel that quiet, determined will fighting mine as I tipped the wheel away from the path it had chosen in the air. And then, suddenly, the magic would be gone and I would be left holding the toy dead in my hands.

"And what did your father give you?" I asked, staring down at the wheel.

"That Chinese beheading sword."

I gave him back the top, but I couldn't look at him. I could feel the cold, sharp edge of that sword in me.

"Where is it?" I asked at last.

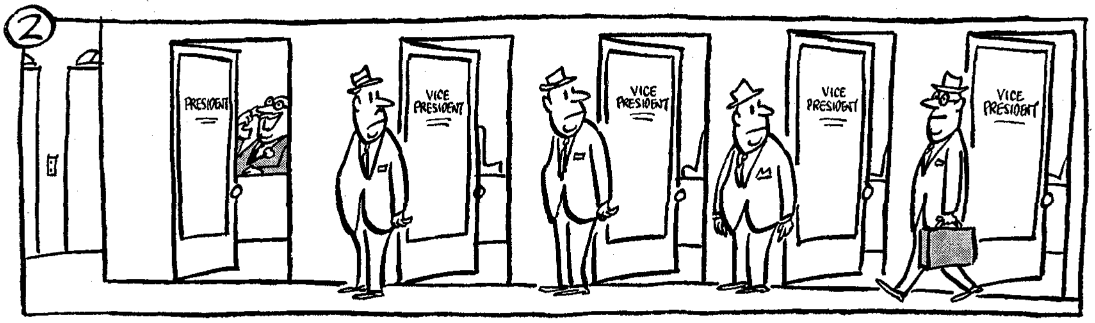
"He hung it over my bed."

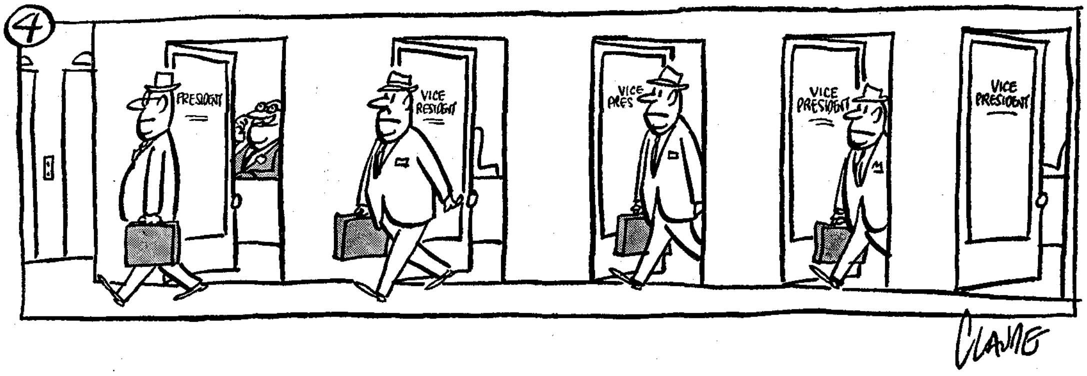
"Let's see it."

We stepped around the scattered toys and went into his bedroom. There it was, hanging over his bed, just as I had dreamed it might hang over mine.

"I'm not to touch it until I'm older, but she's all mine," Robert said.

I could easily have cried. My mother had given me ties, socks, gloves, shirts, pants, shoes, underwear—all the things a boy could easily do without. But Robert's





mother had given him a gyroscope! And the sword had come from his father, while I didn't even think that my father had given me anything! I seemed to have only one real friend right then.

"What did Santa Claus bring you?" I asked.

"Santa Claus? *Santa Claus?*" he hooted. "There isn't any Santa Claus, you big dummy!"

I had heard there wasn't—but only speculatively, never with this final, crushing authority. I could think of only one way to defend myself against Robert's having everything and my not having even Santa Claus. I hit him twice, once on the chest and once in the face, and then I tied all my presents onto my sled with my lariat and started out of the living room, refusing to answer any of the questions his parents asked me. Robert followed me onto the porch, and when I was half a block away he called out to me, "What did you hit me for?"

"Shut up!" I yelled back, and I went home and put my presents under the tree for my relatives to see when they came around later.

MOST of the rifts of childhood are as troubled, as tearing, and as quickly smoothed over as the wake of a small motorboat, and by the time Christmas vacation came to an end I had accepted the death of another illusion and Robert had forgotten my naïveté. We went on as before, with the abrasive honesty of his life wearing away at the hypocrisy of my own until I, too, occasionally knew some emotional truths. With that encouragement of truth which had been given him at home, he was quite free to say, for example, that he liked or disliked this or that person, this or that book, or a threatening gray or a clear blue sky. But I knew no such freedom. Caught within the attitude that this world was God's green acre and too sacred to be regarded critically by the likes of me, I wasn't free to decide whether I liked a dog better than a cat, or a mountain better than a rosebush. Any expression of vital choice on my part was seen as a blasphemous elevation and denigration of two aspects of the divine order, and, pressed down by the weight of my blasphemy, I lost the power to make any choice. But Robert restored this power during the next year of our friendship. He restored it with a series of shocks that showed me that what he had said about something and what I felt about it, way down, were often related. How exhilarating it was to have him come out with a truth that my bones knew but my tongue could not say!

"What do you think of Miss Brown?" I might ask him, speaking about the elementary-school art teacher.

"She's a nice lady," he answered, "but she doesn't know anything about art."

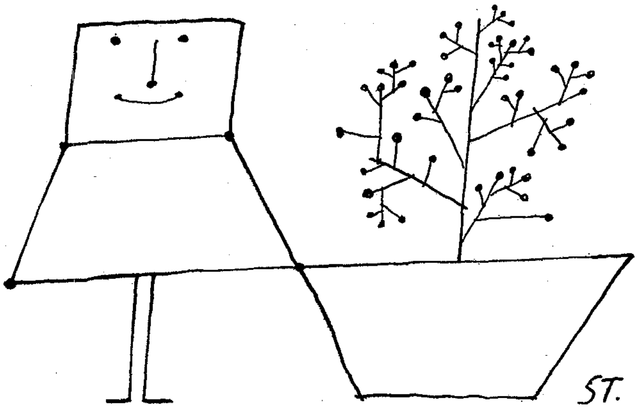
My heart pounded with the truth of what he had said. I half knew she didn't know anything about art, but she had been put in our classroom by authority as an art teacher, so it was certain that I must be wrong about her. "What do you mean, she doesn't know anything about art?" I asked—on his side, of course, but still fearful.

"All she draws is mountains," he said disgustedly. "Never people, or dogs, or flowers, or trees, or boats, or water, or houses, or clouds, or *anything* but mountains. And it's always the same mountain. You should have seen the teacher I had in New York. She could draw a face on the board in two seconds and everyone knew who it was. Boy, was she an artist!"

If I was impressed at the time by the fearlessness of what Robert knew and said, it is only now that I can appreciate the full miracle of his freshness surviving the hothouse atmosphere of souls under cultivation for adulthood that existed in our third- and fourth-grade classrooms. Having known Robert, I now seriously believe that the right sort of parents can emotionally equip a child to survive the "civilizing" process of education. But my real appreciation of Robert came mostly in retrospect, and most of whatever I now know about truth I had to learn the hard way, for in the late winter of our fourth-grade year—about a year and a half after our friendship started—I cut myself off from the hope that Robert would go on indefinitely helping me to find truth.

It was one of those false spring days that sometimes appear toward the end of winter—a sad, nostalgic day, when the air teased our bodies with the promise of games and picnics, and the earth was still locked up and unavailable for our use, beneath two feet of grimy snow. Robert and I were walking home together. "Mom just put up some more dill pickles last night," he said, and suddenly the day came alive.

"First one there gets the biggest," I said, and, with my longer legs, I was on the porch while Robert was still pounding up the sidewalk. We pushed the living-room door open, and when we weren't hit in the chest by a flying, dancing Buddy, we both understood the sign. Whenever Robert's father was out of town, his mother tried to keep Buddy in the house as a watchdog—I suppose on the theory that he might possibly trip up an intruder and break his neck as he frisked about him in indiscriminate welcome. But when Buddy was absent—off on some disreputable scavenging trip, no doubt—it usually meant that Mr. Bloom was home. Robert and I now peered out



the back living-room window and saw the car in front of the garage, and he lifted his fingers to his lips. "Come on," he whispered. "Let's go into the kitchen."

We tiptoed past the closed door of his parents' bedroom and past the open door of his own bedroom. As usual, I looked in and saw the sword still hanging over his bed. The sharp pain of Robert's ownership of that sword had been replaced in me by a kind of dull wonder at his exasperating sense of honor. "No, I can't touch it until I'm twelve," he had insisted a dozen or more times that past year—times when nothing in the world but a three-foot-long Chinese beheading sword was appropriate to the game at hand. Now, in the kitchen, Robert whispered, "We better not have any pickles without asking Mom. Boy, was she ever mad the last time we ate them all! How about some apricot jam and bread?"

"Swell," I whispered back.

"Hey, would you rather have apricot or strawberry?" he whispered from the depths of the icebox.

"Let's have both," I said, regaining some of the excitement I had lost in my disappointment over the pickles.

He brought out the two jam jars, spooned large helpings of each kind into a bowl, and began whipping them together with a fork. I stared, hypnotized, at the clean colors as they ran together and faded to a pinkish tan. "Boy, are you ever lucky!" I said. "Eating any old thing you want when you want! Do you think my mother, or that old maid of ours, would let me eat *anything* between meals? No, sir! Our maid says you're spoiled because you're an only child and your mother doesn't know any better."

"Well, maybe," he said, shaking fist-size globs of jam onto the bread. "But Mom told me they're going to try and get me a baby brother or a baby sister pretty soon."

"A baby brother or sister? Which kind would you rather have?"

"Oh, I don't care. They're both O.K., I guess." He returned the jars to the icebox, and came back to the table and picked up his bread and jam. "How about taking these out on the front porch to eat?"

"O.K."

We crept past the closed bedroom door again and went out on the porch, being careful not to let the door slam behind us. When we were comfortably settled on the front steps, with our mouths full of bread and jam, I suddenly decided to ask him a question that had occurred to me many times. "Robert, is there something wrong with your mother and father?"

"What do you mean, 'something wrong'?" he asked.

"Well, you know. The way they're always resting when we come here. Are they sick?"

It seemed to me that they must certainly be sick, or something more than sick. For me, bed was a concept that changed entirely with the time of day. Bed at night was a completely respectable thing, both for myself and for my parents—so respectable, in fact, that I usually put up a spirited fight against going to it. But after the sun rose over the high, gray mountains east of town, bed instantly became something slack and irresponsible, even on weekend mornings, when there was no immediate reason for getting out of it. "What?" my father would say, standing over me at seven o'clock on a rainy Saturday morning. "Not up yet?" He never said it harshly but always with a friendly smile, kept just thin enough to give me the message that bed simply wasn't the place to be at that hour. So grave was this obscure crime that even when I was sick enough to stay in bed all day, I dreaded the long morning and afternoon hours there, and never wholly relaxed until it was 8 P.M. again and really time for bed. If there was one aspect of the irregularity of Robert's house that I did not enjoy, it was this matter of bed in the afternoon. There *was* something sick about it.

"Heck, no, they're not sick," Robert said. "Dad gets tired out on the road. I *told* you that. And Mom likes to be with him. They're just taking a nap. Or maybe they're trying to find me that baby brother."

I stopped in the middle of a bite and stared at him. If he had spoken the last words in Latin he could not have lost me more completely.

"They're trying to find a baby? In *there*?"

"Well, of course," he said, stuffing the last of his bread and jam into his mouth. And then the full extent of my darkness must have shown on my face. He swallowed with a little choking cough. "Oh, my gosh!" he said. "You don't know about *that*, either, do you?"

"Of course I know about it," I said angrily. "I just didn't know what you meant."

But I couldn't cover up my ignorance or my need to know the truth, for he proceeded to tell me all about it. He told me in adequate detail and finished by saying that all babies were "found" in just this way.

"*All* babies?"

"Yep—me, you, everybody. That's the way everybody's parents get their children."

I jumped up, and, seeing the expression on my face, Robert stood up, too, and then I hit him twice—once on the chest to knock him down and once on the nose as he was falling. In its most impersonal sense, the idea he had given me was just barely tolerable, but in relation to my parents it was an unthinkable blasphemy. After all they had done for me, hitting him seemed the very least I could do. I stood over him, breathing hard and with my fists clenched. He looked up at me from the top step, where he had fallen, and slowly rubbed his nose.

"You big damn dumb!" he said at last. "I'll never tell you another thing as long as I live!"

"You just better not," I said. "You just better never say another word to me if you know what's good for you!"

And he never did. From that day forward, I was on my own.

—Richard Thurman

* * *

THE BLIND LEAD THE BLIND

Prisoners behind the blank, contiguous bars
Of sightlessness owe second sight to Braille,
Who, himself sentenced to that inner jail,
Pinpricking lifelong night, let in six stars.

—Spencer Brown

A REPORTER IN AFRICA

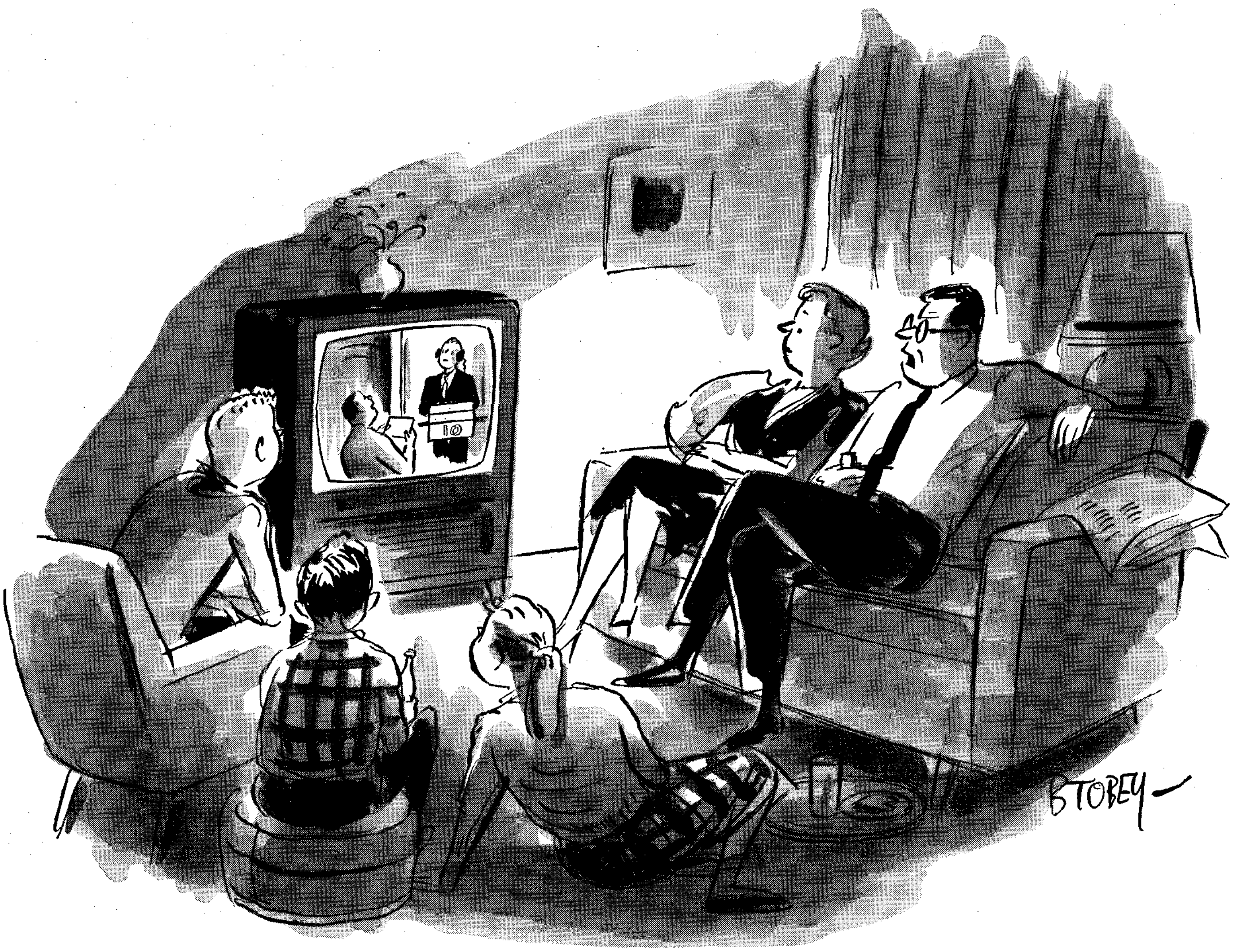
THE BIRDS AND THE BEASTS WERE THERE—I

TWENTY years or so ago, the British used to run a flying-boat service down through Africa, and although it was a slow and sometimes rather bumpy journey, I can remember no other flight that was quite so pleasant. You took off from Cairo in the early morning, with a fine splash of water spurting past the portholes of the plane, and then by easy stages followed the Nile upstream to its source in Lake Victoria, on the equator. From there the route followed a series of lakes along the Great Rift Valley until eventually you reached Durban, in South Africa. There was no flying after dark, and the pilot put down at some fascinating places for the night: Wadi Halfa, in the middle of the Egyptian desert; Khartoum, at the junction of the Blue and the White Niles, in the Sudan; Kisumu, on Lake Victoria (the lake itself so big that you lost sight of the shore as you flew across it); and Livingstone, just a mile or two above Victoria Falls. Most of the stops were out-of-the-way places that had very little connection with the outside world, so you were plunged repeatedly into the authentic African scene. There were none of the familiar sights—no airport buildings, no advertising billboards, no other traffic of any kind—but just a rush of muddy water as the plane taxied to a stop along the surface of a river or a forest lake, and the boy who came out in a boat to take you ashore was the genuine article. A coal-black African, sometimes naked to the waist, he looked as though he would be far more at home in a thatched hut than in this strange world of flying monsters down from the sky. On the Zambesi River, I recall, they had to run a launch up and down the landing area for a few minutes before the plane came in, to clear the hippopotamuses away. I remember, too, with particular vividness, a little place called Malakal, on the White Nile, where the women of the Dinka tribe were six feet tall and as hipless as young boys. Their hair was thickly matted with grease and piled high in a marvellous coiffure, and they walked gravely along the riverbank, turning their heads away from the great flying boat on the water in the way that primitive people often do when they are confronted with something that they regard as quite miraculous and beyond all comprehension.

These scenes gave the passenger a brief but very potent whiff of Africa. He felt he was seeing the country as Livingstone and the other early explorers saw it, and although I made the journey only once, it filled me with an intense desire to return someday. Most of all, I wanted to see the wildlife of the continent, and the people in some of the less frequented places from the Congo southward—black Africa below the bulge. It was, I suppose, nothing more than the usual tourist thirst for the jungle in the raw and the Africa of tribal drums, but it was no less compulsive for that. The war, however, did away with any notions of this kind, and afterward, for one reason or another, I kept putting the trip off. Then one day last January, when my wife and I were in London, we received an invitation from a friend to come and visit him at his home in Johannesburg. Within a fortnight, we set off.

ALTHOUGH we knew, of course, that Africa isn't the place it once was, we still had some rather highly charged ideas about its continued primitiveness as we boarded the plane for Johannesburg. Compared to the old flying-boat days, the journey by air turned out to be fairly humdrum, and this we had more or less expected, but we were not prepared for—and consequently were somewhat disillu-

"I think it's terrific, but then I think all my work is terrific."



"If they'd had TV twenty years ago, it's a cinch he wouldn't be up there answering those questions today."

• •

sioned by—two items of information that were impressed upon us within twenty-four hours of our arrival. First, we were told that there are very few large wild animals in South Africa any more except those leading protected lives in government-operated game sanctuaries, and that to a lesser degree the same thing is true of the rest of the continent. As recently as eighty or ninety years ago, wild animals roamed the South African countryside by the million; records show that on the very land now occupied by the city of Johannesburg, settlers in the eighteen-eighties saw dense herds of springbok moving in columns half a mile wide that took four hours to pass a given point. The animals were shot down by the wagonload, and the carcasses sold for the equivalent of twenty cents apiece. The springbok is a lovely antelope that proceeds in times of danger by means of a series of immense bounds into the air, and it is the national symbol of South Africa. Today, however, you would be lucky to encounter a single specimen anywhere around Johannesburg. The species has been preserved by the creation of the game sanctuaries, but some other kinds of South African wildlife, like the quagga, the Cape lion, and the blue buck, are now extinct.

Our second disillusionment was occasioned by what we were told about the tribal life we had hoped to see—the noble naked huntsman with his spears and his war dances. An Englishwoman who has been living in Africa for many years didn't think much of our chances. "I doubt if you will find many Africans going *naked* any more," she said. "Up north in Uganda, you may come across a few tribes where the women wear only a clump of leaves tied around their waists. But there are not even very many of them. Most Africans prefer to wear European clothes, if they can get them, and to hunt with rifles and shotguns instead of spears. As for the dancing, the best place to see it is at the gold mines here in Johannesburg. The miners put on a show on Sunday mornings—but not naked, of course. They wear their miners' helmets and the shirts and trousers they work in weekdays."

"But the Bushmen," I said. "What about the primitive Bushmen of the Kalahari Desert, in Bechuanaland?"

"Well, yes," she replied. "They are rather primitive, but unless you are an anthropologist, I don't think you would find them very interesting. They don't actually *do* anything, you see. Most of the time, they merely sit around in a circle grubbing in the ground for wild melons. Just occasionally, a man will get to his feet and scuffle about in a kind of slow dance for a bit, but that's all that ever happens. There are only about forty of them left. They don't even breed any more."

All this was very disappointing, and I must confess that as my wife and I wandered about Johannesburg and the neighboring countryside for the first

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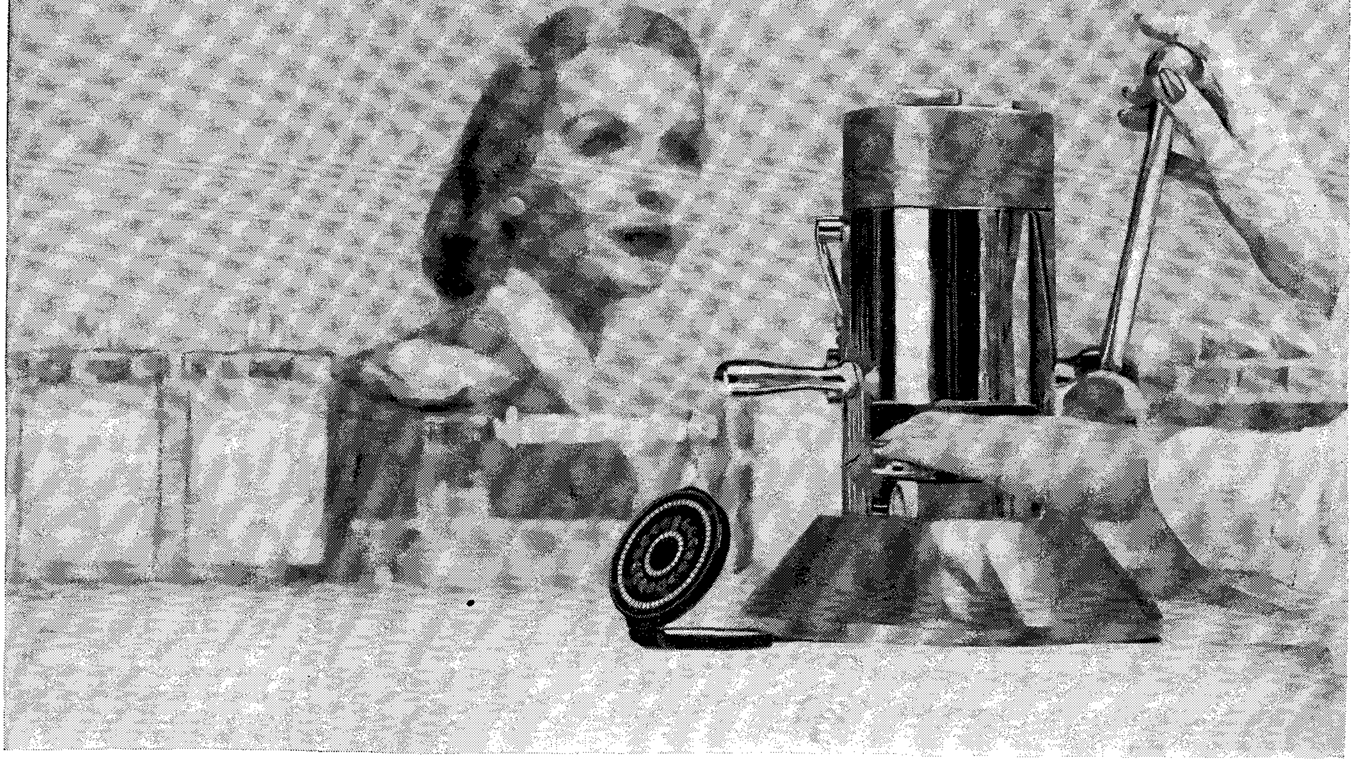

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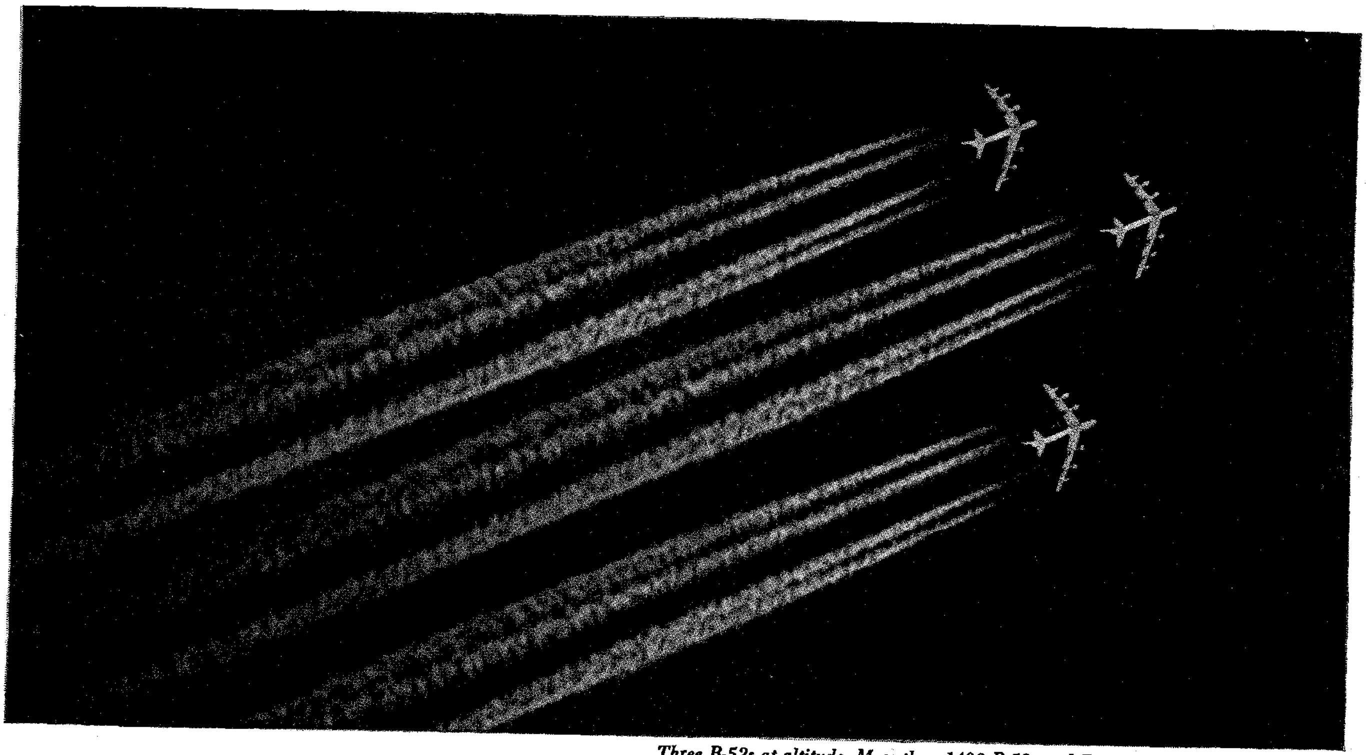
week or so, we saw almost nothing that would have seemed really remarkable in Chicago or Memphis. Here was a world of tenements and office blocks, of golf courses and suburban gardens, of shantytowns and gas stations, and only once in a while did we encounter a reminder that this was Africa and that it hadn't yet been altogether taken over by outsiders. Negroes on the roads at the edge of Johannesburg, for instance, still walk in single file, as though they were on a jungle path, and as they move along, talking together, one of their number will often be playing a guitar or a mouth organ softly. Then, when the moment comes for the group to split up, and each man takes a different path across the fields, they continue their conversation; apparently, they cannot bear to break contact entirely and be on their own, and so, without looking back, they keep on calling out chance afterthoughts to one another until, at last, their voices are lost in the distance. It all seems so artless and innocent—awakening a vague recollection of one's own childhood, of long-forgotten summer evenings when one strolled idly home, gossiping and playing with one's friends along the way. And yet there is something about such a scene that contains a sharp reminder to the white man that he is an outsider, that *he* cannot walk quite so unself-consciously in Africa—that he is, in fact, isolated by his own sophistication.

The Sunday-morning mine dance we attended impressed me in much the same way. The audience sits on tiered benches around a sort of bull ring, and, just as in Spain, there are two kinds of seats—those in the sun and those in the shade. The Europeans sit in the shade. The miners love to dance, and this is their big blowout of the week. In groups of a dozen or more, the members of various tribes come forward to do their turns. It is a pity that their traditional grass skirts and leopard-skin capes have yielded to ragged European shirts and aluminum helmets, and that the drums so often beat out a completely non-African tune. (The drummers we heard were very keen on that ancient number "I want to *be* happy/But I can't *be* happy/Till I make *you* happy, too.") But the true rhythm does break through fairly often as the dancing progresses, with the slow shuffle through the sand in the ring, the sudden blast of the leader's whistle, and then the leap into the air, followed by fantastic shudderings and stampings. At such moments, it is easy to imagine that a lion is being hunted down and killed, that



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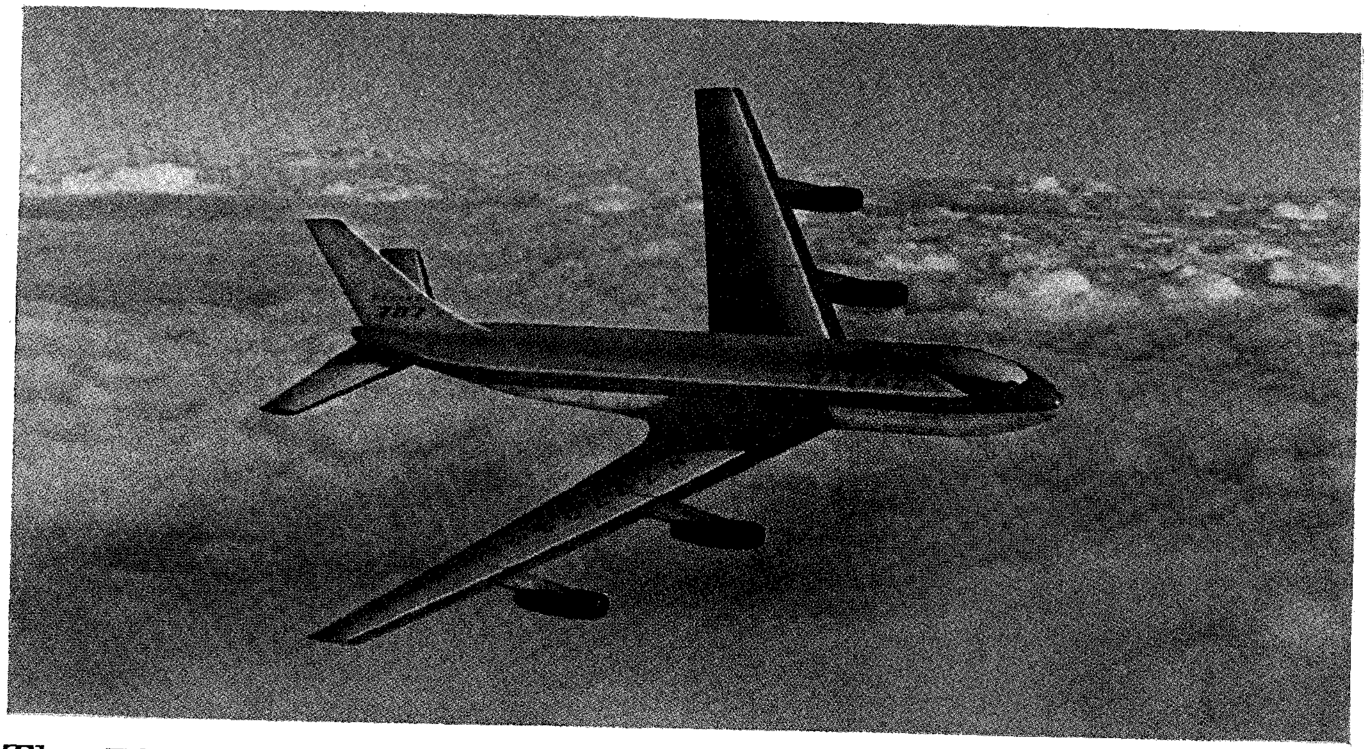

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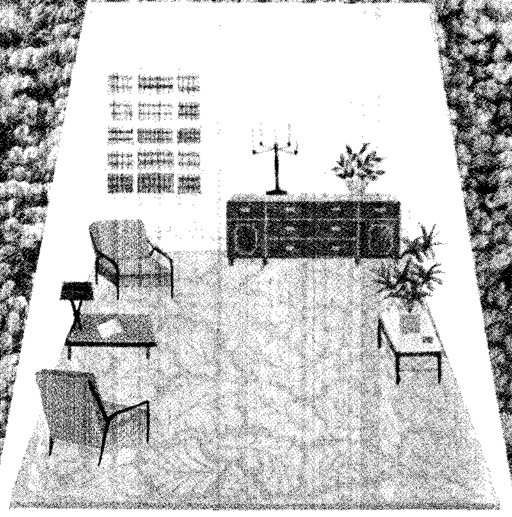

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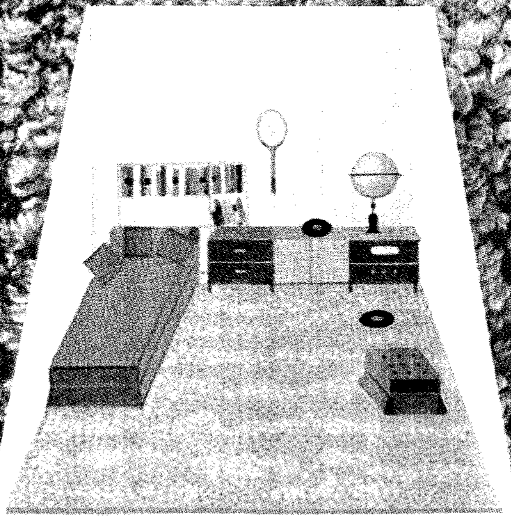

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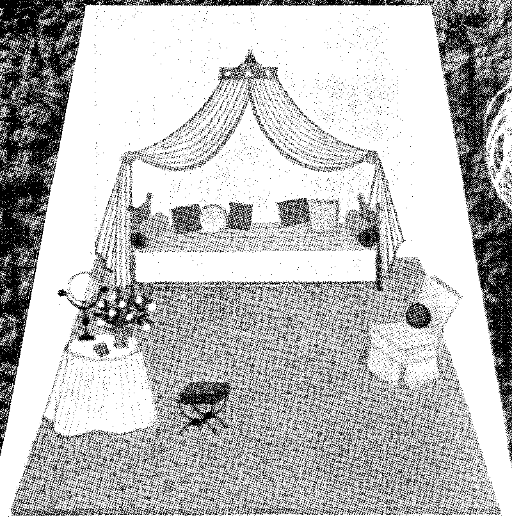

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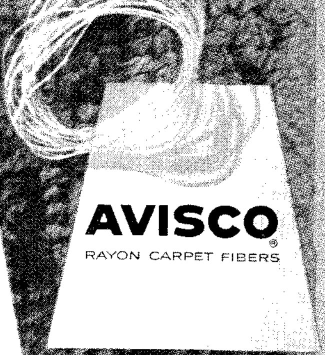

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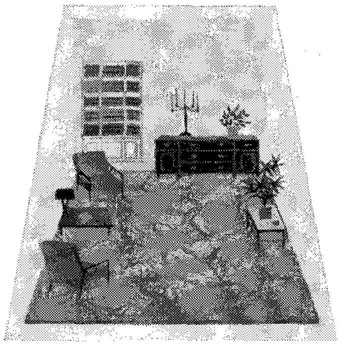

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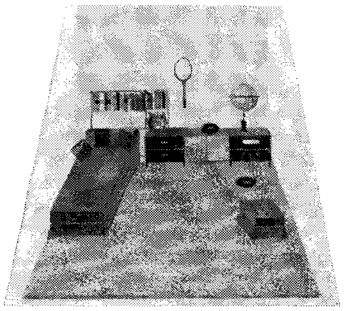

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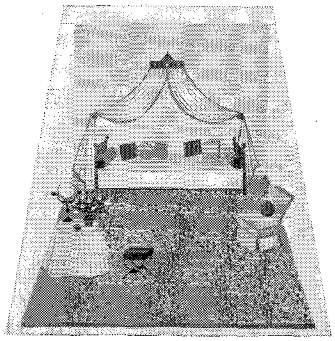

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the huntsmen are returning in triumph to their women in the kraal, and that some tormented ancestral spirit is being laid to rest at last.

The dancers were clearly delighted by the presence of white visitors, but I had a strong impression that they were primarily dancing for themselves and for their own people in the stands. In the sunshine, not far from our shady seats, a Negro spectator was busily knitting himself a pullover as he watched. He had already completed the back portion and was wearing it, and now he was knitting his way, row by row, across his bare black chest. The needles, I noticed, kept time with the drums.

OUR hopes of seeing the primitive tribal life of the Africans having evaporated, we decided to concentrate on the other principal object of our journey—the wild animals. Friends in Johannesburg willingly mapped out a three-month tour by plane and rented car that would take us through some of the great game parks that have been established during the last fifty years or so. We would begin with the Kruger and Hluhluwe preserves in South Africa; then we would work our way gradually northward to the sources of the Nile, in the Belgian Congo and Uganda, with visits to Kenya and Tanganyika, and end up in Nairobi.

Kruger National Park, less than a day's drive from Johannesburg, is somewhat older and larger than most of the other African game preserves. As far back as 1898, Stephanus Johannes Paulus Kruger took up the cause of protecting wildlife in that part of the world by setting aside land for a sanctuary near the border of Portuguese West Africa. Progress was slow, and by the beginning of this century only fifteen hundred square miles had been made available. But gradually the park was enlarged, until today it covers seventy-nine hundred and sixty square miles, or roughly the area of Wales or Massachusetts. From the start, the maintenance of Kruger Park has been beset by difficulties—which is also true of the other African preserves. Fencing such a tract is clearly impracticable, and farmers owning land on its periphery are not easily mollified when animals emerge from the park at night and trample their crops, or even attack their workers. The effective policing of that much territory is also quite obviously a problem, especially since it is readily accessible to meat-hungry Africans. Such worries as forest fires, drought, and

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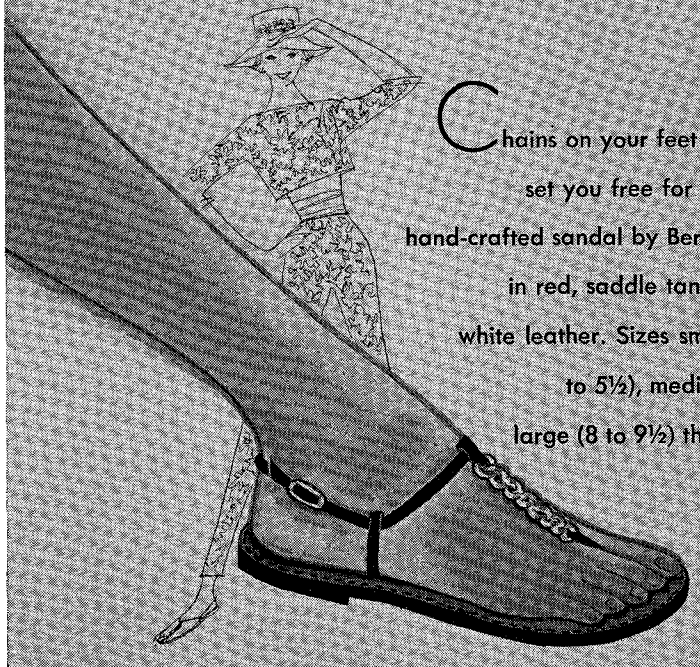

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disease are always present, and even the increase of the Carnivora, particularly the lions, has from time to time threatened to defeat the purpose of the park, for unless some of them are periodically shot off, their principal prey—the zebras and the wildebeests and the other antelopes—begin to disappear at an alarming rate. But an even greater menace to the continued existence of the park has been pressure from political groups, who argue that the park lands are needed for agriculture and livestock grazing to support the expanding human population.

It is probably the tourists who have so far saved the day. From the first, citizens of Johannesburg, Durban, and other relatively nearby cities liked to drive out to the Kruger for brief holidays—not to shoot, of course, and often not even to photograph, but simply to enjoy the experience of living for a while in the kind of wild surroundings that are rapidly vanishing from the earth—and the money they paid in entrance fees and charges for their accommodations on the grounds helped keep the project alive through its struggling years. Nowadays, though all the original problems still exist, it seems unlikely that the South African government will allow the park to fail. After all, some ninety thousand tourists visited it last year.

It was a lovely summer day in February when my wife and I set off by car from Johannesburg across the high veldt. Widow birds, with their astonishing black tails, a foot or more in length, were everywhere, fluttering about like pennants in the breeze. A tremendous landscape, dotted with clumps of eucalyptus trees and occasional farms, unfolded before us, and we ate a picnic lunch beside a stream. Then, as we went on eastward through the afternoon, we entered hot groves of semitropical fruits—oranges and granadillas, pineapples and bananas. I had been given a booklet of information about the Kruger, and I ran over the rules for visitors in my mind as we drove along toward the boundaries of the park. No firearms or dogs are allowed. The maximum speed permitted on park roads is twenty-five miles an hour, and if you come upon a herd of elephants, you must stop and wait until the last beast has gone by. With buffaloes, hippopotamuses, or even lions you can afford to be more casual, and in all cases—so the booklet said—you are perfectly safe if you remain in your car; the animals have become so accustomed to automobiles that they no longer associate them with danger. Finally, visitors are assigned to fenced-in camps within the park, to which they must return before darkness falls, remaining shut up until the gates are opened at first light of morning.

This was all very well in its way, and yet you wondered. What happened if your car broke down in the park before you got to the camp? Did you simply sit there all night? The booklet had nothing to say about this, nor did it indicate what you should do if you lost your way. What happened if, on turning a corner, you suddenly found yourself confronted by a herd of elephants not casually crossing the road but angrily bearing down on you? It was reassuring, of course, to know that ninety thousand people had made this trip the previous year with no reported casualties, but in the back of one's mind one remembered very vividly all the stories about big game in Africa—the ambushes by lions, the charges of wounded buffaloes. I don't think my wife and I were actually afraid, but after a while conversation lapsed, and we drove up to the entrance of the park very quietly in the late afternoon.

Here, at least, there was nothing alarming—just a pole across the road, a couple of African park attendants hanging about, a white game warden in a kiosk surrounded by colored postcards. We signed an agreement that we would do nothing to injure the animals, paid an entrance fee of a dollar forty apiece and the same amount for the car, and drove on. A gravelled roadway stretched directly before us into the bush, with high grass and shrubs on either side. Pretty soon, we turned a corner, the kiosk vanished

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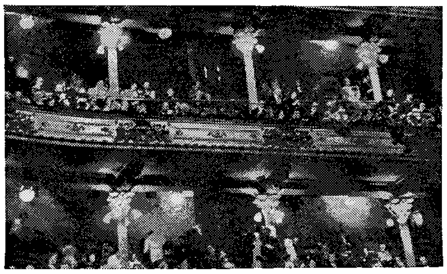

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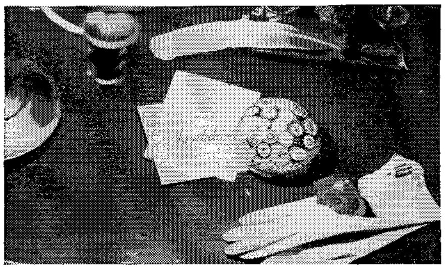

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from the rearview mirror, and we were on our own.

IT was astonishingly quiet. We kept looking ahead and to either side, but nothing moved—not even a bird—and there was no sound except the soft crunching of the tires on the gravel. We still had five miles to go before reaching Pretorius Kop, the camp we were to stay at, so after a bit I accelerated a little. Neither of us spoke. And then, all at once, we saw it. There, not fifteen yards away, under a group of low trees, stood a bull kudu—a large antelope with fine spiralling horns. He was casually reaching up to nibble the leaves on a branch, but he stopped when he saw the car, and, with his liquid eyes full on us, remained absolutely rigid. I, for my part, was so surprised that I stalled the engine. I nervously got it going again, and still the animal never moved. For perhaps three minutes, he stood there silently gazing at us, and then turned and walked away. At once, a female came out of the shadows under the trees and joined him, and now there were sounds of other animals in the bush beyond.

I am trying to describe this incident precisely as it happened, because the first sight of wild animals in their natural surroundings really is something of a revelation, and although a thousand livelier scenes may overtake the traveller in Africa later on, it is the initial impression that will probably stand out most clearly in his mind. The colors of the animals in such a setting are brighter, their outlines cleaner, and their eyes more sprightly than anything I had previously imagined. There is a kind of tense vitality in their movements, an element of challenge in their glance, that immediately diminishes you, the observer, to a much smaller stature. That sense of privilege and superiority with which human beings ordinarily regard all other species of life abruptly forsakes you, and you find yourself on the same level as the animals—or perhaps not quite that, even, since you are simply an intruder in the bush. And then you begin to comprehend the extent to which contact with human beings distorts wild creatures and destroys their true proportions. While the zoo-keeper forces on them an appearance that is much too soft and tame, the hunter (and, incidentally, the artist, the photographer, and the taxidermist) almost invariably makes them out to be too fierce and dramatic. Few animals under normal conditions spend their lives in a state of panic or rage, or in violent motion. They may be constantly on the alert, but you find most of them merely standing there under trees, like this kudu, quietly munching leaves—and as a spectacle it is superb.

To be sure, we were lucky in our first encounter, for the bull kudu is generally conceded to be one of the noblest sights in the African bush. But we felt much the same about a pair of impalas—small antelopes with lyre-shaped horns—that bounded across in front of us a little farther down the road, showing a marvellous grace and suppleness of movement, and even an unlovely baboon that we met near the gateway of the camp had a positively *soigné* air, for his fur looked as though it had been freshly cleaned and brushed.

Pretorius Kop has a queer atmosphere. You might be living in a motel if it were not that your cabin is a thatch-roofed circular hut called a rondavel, that the black boy who comes to cook your provisions addresses you as Bwana, and that you are deeply conscious of the fence separating you from the surrounding bush. There is a considerable amount of activity toward evening, as the visitors return from their outings, and presently you discover that here, just as at a skiing chalet or a country club, an expertise expressed in a special jargon prevails. Visitors exchange stories of the day's experiences, each tending to overplay his hand a little, though in a deprecatory way so as to heighten the effect.

"See anything?" a man calls across to the people in the next rondavel, who have just come in.

"Nothing much," a voice calls back. "Just a few wart hog and a couple of giraffe."

Wart hogs, as anyone familiar with the expertise knows, are pretty common, but giraffes are somewhat unusual at this end of the park. So the first man counters with "They say there's a pride of lion up on the Sabie River road. Fellow I met saw a kill up there today."

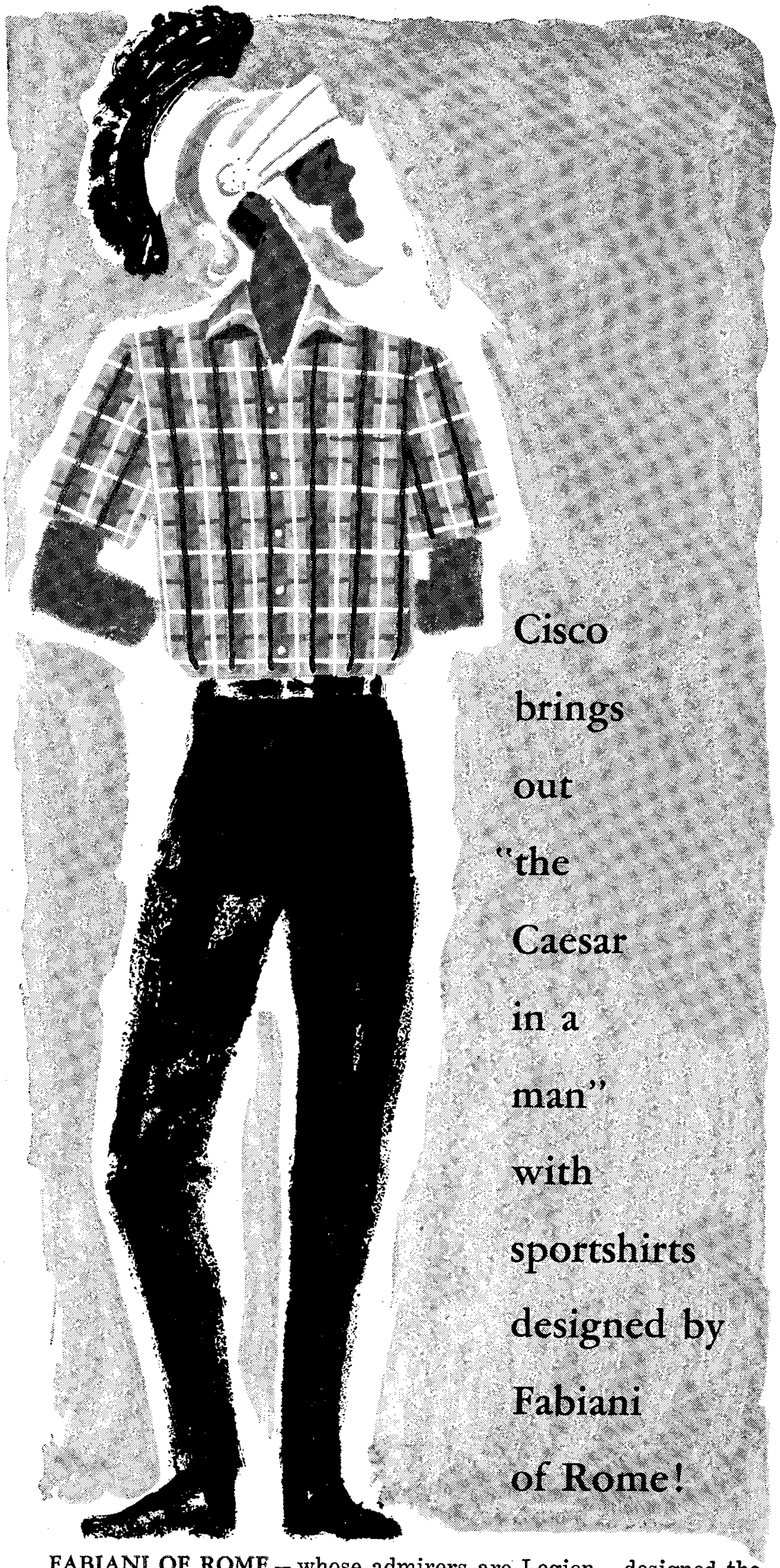
Since hardly anyone ever sees a lion making a kill in Kruger Park, the other man now has to think fast if he is to go this second-hand triumph one better. But after a barely perceptible pause he comes up with "Yes, I know about those lion. I got within ten yards of them yesterday." Or perhaps he shifts his line of attack to "You didn't miss the wildebeest and the zebra on the Skukuza track, did you? There must have been a hundred of them there this morning." And so on.

Then, too, we discovered that there is

a certain cachet in having visited other game parks—and usually any of the others is better than the one you happen to be in at the moment. "You can't see much here in the summer," a neighbor told us at the Kruger. "The grass is too high. If you want elephant—and they're the best of the lot—you have to go up to the Wankie, in Southern Rhodesia. I suppose we must have run into a couple of hundred of them up there last year. And, of course, if you haven't seen the white rhinos at Hluhluwe, you haven't seen anything. They're dangerous, too."

That's the point. By and large, it seems to be the element of danger, even if it is to some extent illusory, that gives a sparkle to the visitors' curiosity, and one gets the feeling they rather enjoy being constantly and officially reminded that despite the matter-of-fact way they are allowed to drive about on their own, a danger does exist. At Pretorius Kop, notices supplementing the rule book read, in Afrikaans: "*Bly in die pad. Bly in u kar. Snelheidgrens 25 m.p.u.*" ("Keep to the road. Stay in your car. Speed limit 25 m.p.h.") And, more explicitly: "*Olifante is gevaarlik. Pas op!*" ("Elephants are dangerous. Keep your distance!") Gladly, while at the Kruger, we did *pas op*. We were not comforted by picture postcards that showed lions crouching on the engine hoods of cars and peering placidly through the windshield at the occupants, or by the assurance that they are so tame they sometimes walk alongside the traffic on the roads, using it as a screen in approaching their quarry. And we had no use whatever for the fools we heard of who would drive up to a lioness resting beside the road with her cubs in the midday heat and throw beer bottles to stir her up.

At night, when all is quiet within the camp, you sit on the porch of your rondavel and hear—or think you hear—some distant roar in the jungle, and you are overtaken by a quite genuine sense of adventure and excitement. And in the morning, with the first white light of dawn, you drive out very cautiously to see what you can see. Often nothing happens for some time. You approach each turn hopefully, and, on rounding it, see the empty, silent scrub still stretching before you. But there is always another turn ahead to lure you on, and meanwhile you make a virtue out of at least having seen a lilac-breasted roller perched on a tree stump and the tracks of some large animal near a water hole. In this way, perhaps half an hour goes by, and, like a disappointed fisher-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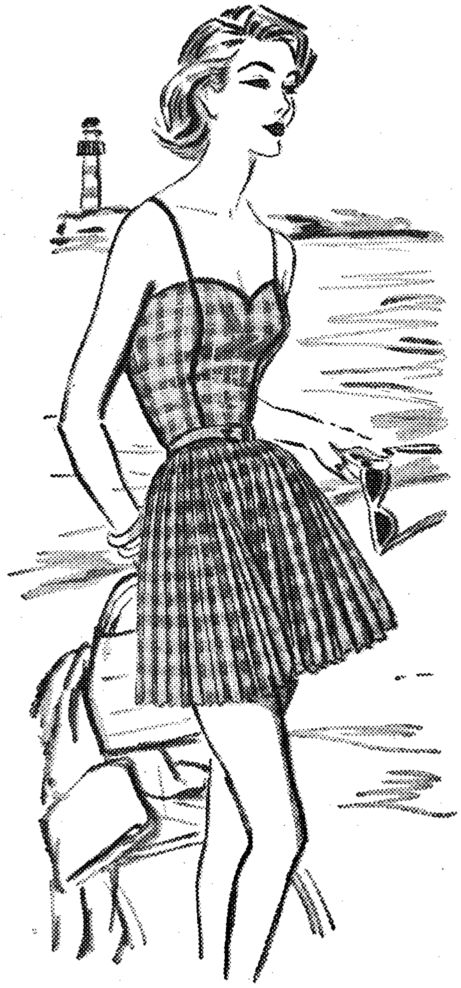

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man, you feel your expectancy slowly draining away. But then when the animals do finally appear—sometimes as many as half a dozen species feeding together and fairly crowding in upon you—you experience an almost childish glow of satisfaction. You stop the car, instinctively dropping your voice to a whisper as you get your field glasses into focus. Though the herd may be barely thirty or forty yards away, it is only gradually that you begin to distinguish the individual animals standing there among the patches of shade and sunlight, and it is not until you have scanned the scene a second or even a third time that you become aware of a group of waterbuck, say, over on the left, and a sprinkling of impala among the zebras, and, last of all, the bright eye of some small catlike animal surveying you from the branches overhead.

The animals encountered in this fashion somehow convey the impression that they have been peacefully grazing there for a long time, and it is clear that only the outlying members of the herd are even momentarily disturbed by your arrival. These look up sharply as you approach, then move off a little way into the scrub and begin grazing again, and, as a rule, nothing more dramatic than that occurs. But not always; occasionally something happens that spreads fear among the animals, and this makes you realize what a general watchfulness must prevail in their midst at all times. The warning signs that really alarm them—the hasty flight of a bird above their heads, perhaps, or, more urgent, the whiff of a hunting lion in the long grass—are usually too subtle for you to notice. All you are aware of is a sudden unnatural stillness in the bush. Every head has been jerked erect and turned in the same direction, every animal has frozen into the rigidity of a statue. For perhaps a minute or two the herd remains like this, and then, reassured, it relaxes again. Sometimes, however, there is no reassurance, and the herd is seized with an ungovernable panic, shattering the peaceful pattern in a wild commotion—zebras bolting in a pack, with their manes and tails flying, and antelopes making immense jumps into the air every ten yards or so in hope of catching a glimpse of the approaching enemy. In a moment, you are entirely alone.

After a day or two of this sort of thing, you begin to realize that your ingrained ideas about the wild animals of Africa need considerable revision. My wife and I, like so many others, had

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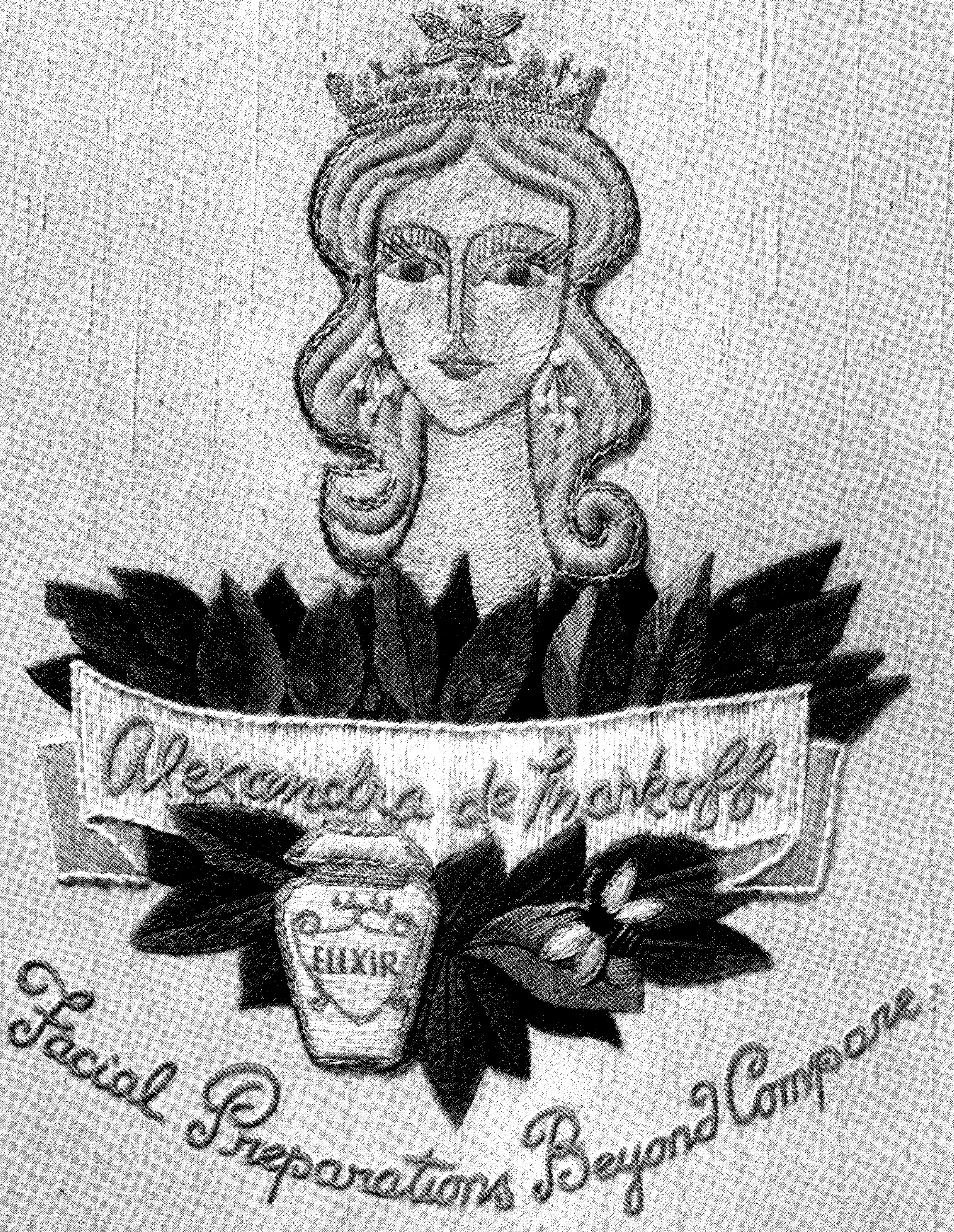
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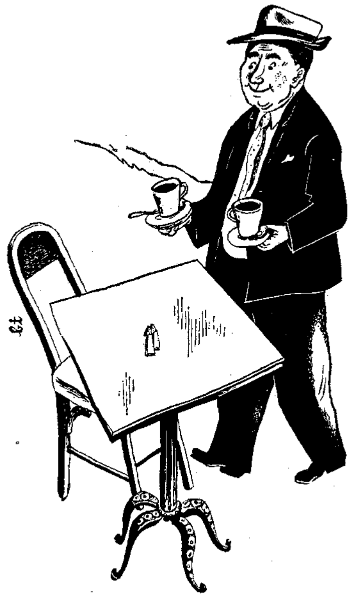
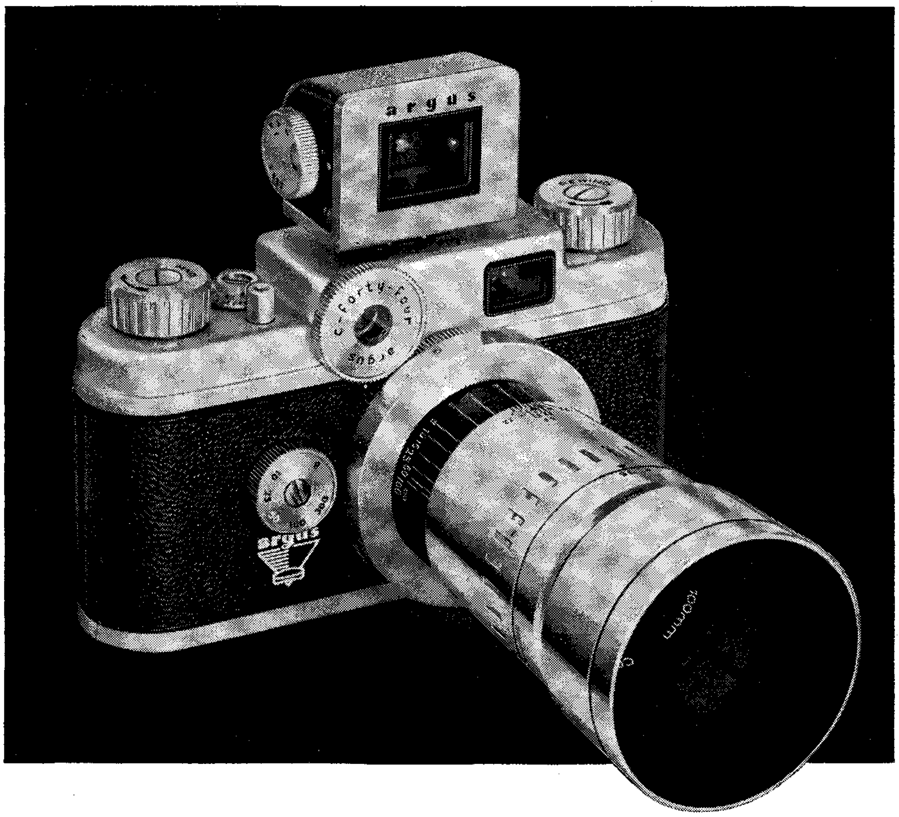
At the Kruger, I found myself especially attracted to some of the more insignificant species—mostly, I suppose, because nobody had ever taken the trouble to tell me about them. Who, for example, ever writes about the lowly wart hog? Yet you come across him constantly in that part of Africa; he has a small trotting-on part in almost every





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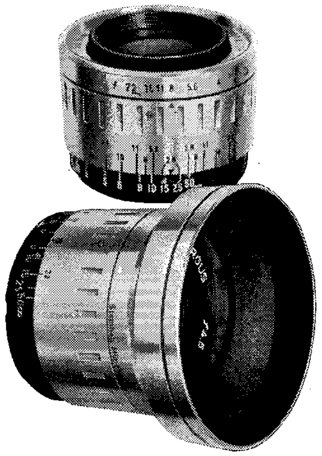

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scene. The wart hog is the clown of the jungle, and he possesses a certain awful charm. He is an extremely bothered animal, about the size of a boxer dog, and he is furnished with two enormous tusks, a lion's mane, and a tail and hindquarters that are quite uncompromisingly bare. He roots about the ground in family groups, and, if surprised, he stands still and stares for a moment with deep concern written all over his appalling face. Then the father of the group takes command of the situation and, with a flick of his head, makes for the scrub, his tail raised bolt upright, like a railway signal, behind him. The rest of the family follow in line—the biggest first and the smallest tagging along frantically in the rear. It happens sometimes that the burrows in which wart hogs take refuge for the night are too small for them to turn around once they are inside. In that case, they shunt themselves in backwards, so that they can emerge tusk-first in the morning. The wart hog is not really ugly—his countenance may be described by the French phrase "*une jolie laide*"—yet by his mere appearance he has been known to stampede a herd of buffalo. . .

There were a lot of wart hogs around Pretorious Kop while we were there, and we were told that they had a passion for little wild green apples of a variety called marula. These fall to the ground in summer, and the intense heat quickly ferments their juice, causing the wart hogs sometimes to become undeniably drunk. In this condition, instead of bolting at once in their usual way, they stand and gaze at the intruder with a bemused and careless eye. When, at last, the instinct for self-preservation dimly asserts itself, they turn and make a befuddled rush of a few yards, stop, change direction, and then plunge off again. Finally, they totter over and fall asleep, to awaken to heaven knows what sort of primeval hangover in the morning.

At the other end of the scale are the giraffes, much the tallest creatures in the bush, and with them all is different. The least communicative of mammals (they have no vocal cords and utter only the feeblest of sounds—a sort of sighing snort in the throat), they are at the same time certainly the most decorative living things in all Africa. We came on a family of them one day in Kruger Park—just the two parents and a half-grown youngster—and for a long time, with their heads thrown slightly back, they surveyed us across the tops of some acacia trees. Giraffes have a slightly affronted way about them when they are disturbed; sniffing the breeze disapprovingly, they contrive to make you feel as if you had just said something in particularly bad taste. The skins of this trio were superb—smooth and glossy and bright in their pattern of jagged brown squares. And then, abruptly, the three were off. No other creatures in the world run as spectacularly as giraffes. They move their legs in pairs—first the two on the right side, then the two on the left—and this imparts a singular undulating motion to the huge beasts. They flow across the countryside with the delayed rhythm of a slow-motion film, and they are perfectly wonderful to watch.

Later on, in other parts of Africa, we saw many more giraffes and heard a lot about them, and what we heard was always rather pleasant and outlandish. In some sections of Kenya, for example, it has been necessary to raise the telephone lines six feet above their customary level to allow the big bulls to pass under. And in the Hluhluwe preserve, we were told about a giraffe who simply cannot believe in himself. This bewildered creature was for some reason abandoned in infancy by his mother, and when he was only a few days old a farmer came upon him and took him to the home of the preserve's game warden, whose children adopted him as a pet. At first, he had the run of the house, but after a while he grew too big to get through the door, and it was ruled that he must remain outside. From then on, he would station himself at a dining-room window at mealtime and moon in at the members of the family as they sat at table, and when the hour came for the children to retire, he would wander around the garden and peer in at them through their bedroom window. After three and a half years, it was decided that the animal, now almost fully grown, should join his own kind, and he was led off to a herd of wild giraffes that had recently entered the preserve. But one look at them was all he needed. The small brain was quite unable to grasp the fact that such extraordinary animals could exist—let alone that he was one of them—and he turned and bolted. He was led back to the herd half a dozen times, with the same result, and in the end the warden gave up. A little lonely and reproachful, the tame giraffe is now living in a specially constructed paddock near the warden's house.

As the wild game in all the African parks goes about adapting itself to the ways of civilized man, a definite, if uneven, process of evolution may be ob-

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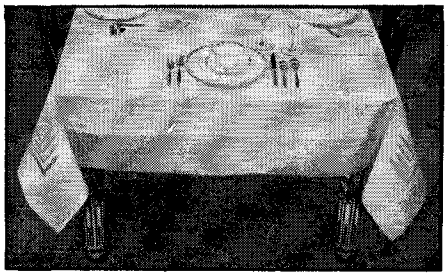

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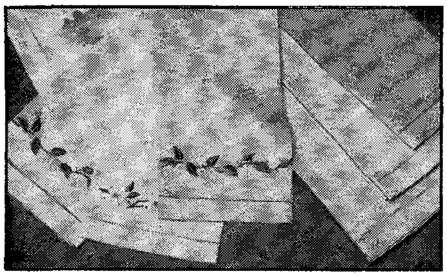

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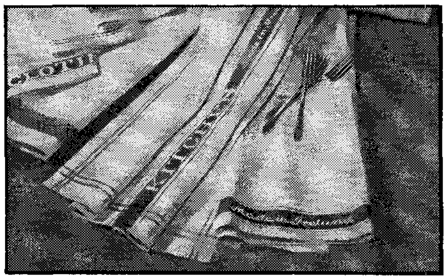

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served. Some birds still cannot accurately gauge the speed of approaching cars, and are occasionally smashed against windshields. Sometimes a herd of impalas (it is impossible to dissociate these charming creatures from Walt Disney's Bambi) is seized with the frantic desire to stampede at the sight of an automobile, even though the animals have docilely watched such vehicles go by many times before. One impala starts it, with a single mighty bound into the air, and the others follow. Very likely they will stampede right across the road, and in that case the leaders usually make it safely, but the others, coming on behind, their vision obscured by dust, may crash into the car. Giraffes, too, will now and then rush blindly forward in this way, and a kick from one of those tremendous hind legs can wreck your radiator. On the other hand, the elephants and some of the larger Carnivora seem to be better adjusted. They quickly get to know the limits of a preserve, and they realize that their best chance of escaping human interference lies within them. When they stray over the borders at night to forage on neighboring farms, they take good care to be back inside the park before morning breaks.

THERE is, in fact, a constant illicit nocturnal coming and going across the frontiers of every park—the animals venturing out and the poachers sneaking in. At Kruger Park, African game rangers, armed with rifles, are posted every quarter of a mile or so along the boundaries, and to a certain extent they succeed in keeping the poachers under control. But they have their weaknesses; it grows lonely when you're on your own out there in the bush, and there is an immense temptation for a man to

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try a bottle or two of home-brewed beer, and, after that, to sleep. And while he sleeps, the poachers come creeping in with their spears and wire snares.

For many years, it has been illegal to trap or shoot most species of wild animals in Africa except under license, but this restriction doesn't seem to have done much to deter the steady extermination of the great herds that once roamed the country. Hunters relentlessly pursue game for food on the unprotected plains, and poaching the big government-operated game preserves has become an organized business, in which, it is estimated, as many as a hundred rings, or gangs, of traders are engaged. I had heard about the poaching problem before we started out, and I spent some time trying to find out just how the poachers operate and why they are allowed to continue to flourish. At the outset, it seemed a simple enough matter, but as time went on I discovered that it was anything but simple. Nothing ever is in Africa; every issue is complicated by strong and conflicting local feelings, and the very primitiveness of the continent is the death of logical reasoning. The British officials in charge of game preservation to whom I talked were very gloomy. "If something isn't done soon, there won't be a wild animal larger than a rabbit left alive in all Africa," one of them told me. "Except, of course, in the game preserves. But the preserves themselves are in danger of being broken up. We haven't enough game rangers, and no money to employ more. At the same time, the law against poaching is ridiculously weak. You might wonder why it doesn't have teeth put into it, and the answer is that a lot of people aren't interested in that. They are the people who regard wild animals as vermin and say that they are bound to be exterminated anyway, because the land is needed for agriculture and domestic stock. The only thing that most of the settlers are concerned about is the fact that a herd of elephants came across their land last month and trampled their crops. As for the African natives, they have always hunted animals for food. It's the instinctive thing for them to do." He went on to say that the great majority of the African natives, however, have never so much as seen an elephant or a buffalo. Big-game animals as a rule keep well away from settled areas, so most African children—even those in remote tribal villages—are probably much more ignorant about wildlife than their counterparts in London and New York, and grow up to have very little interest in the local

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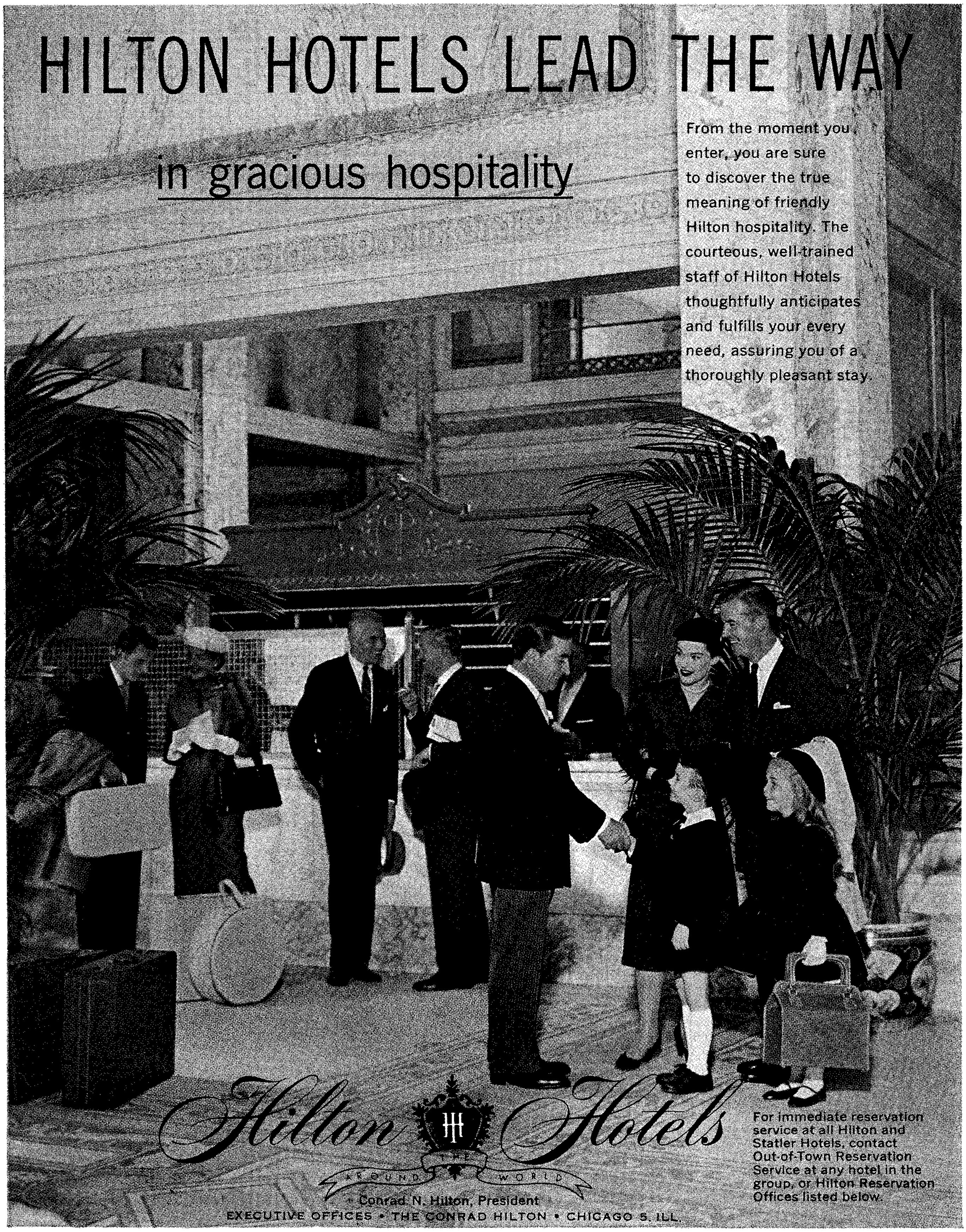

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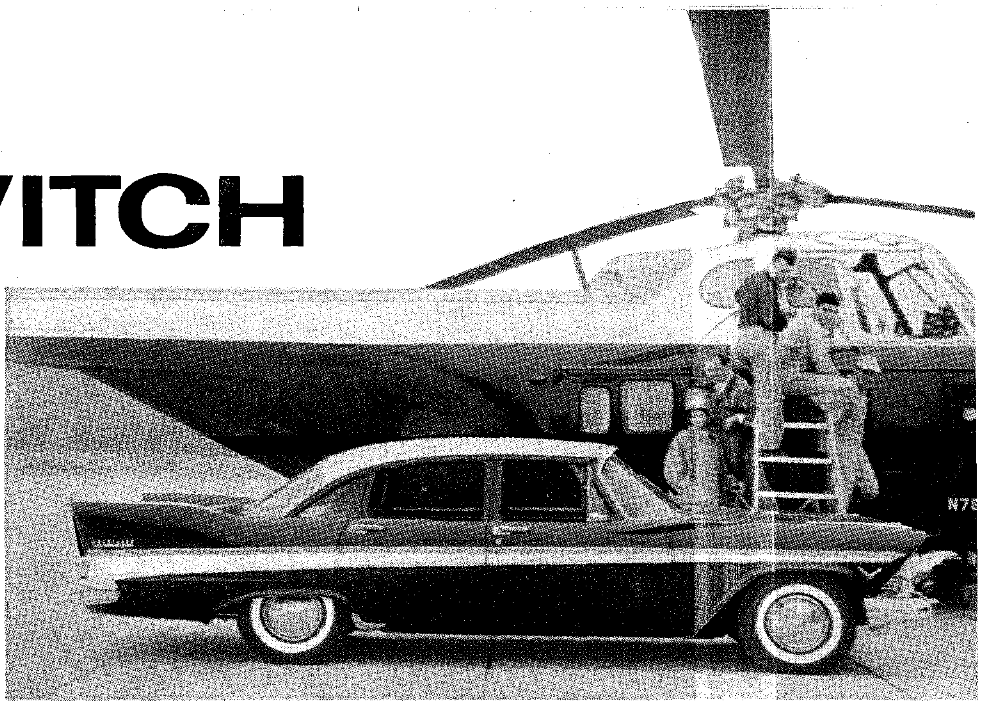

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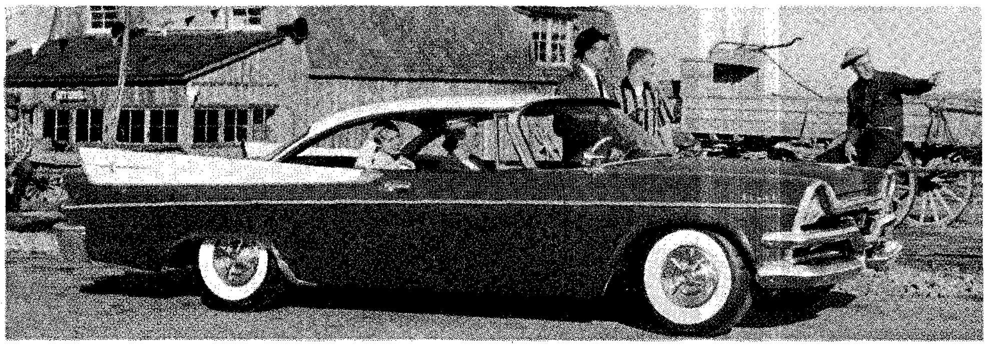

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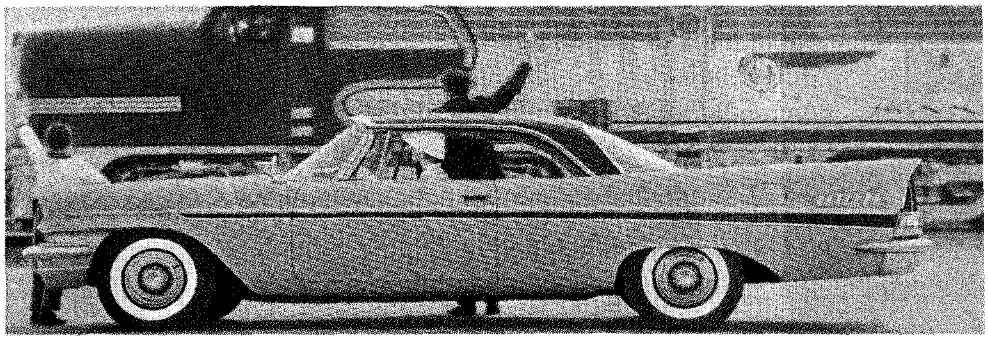

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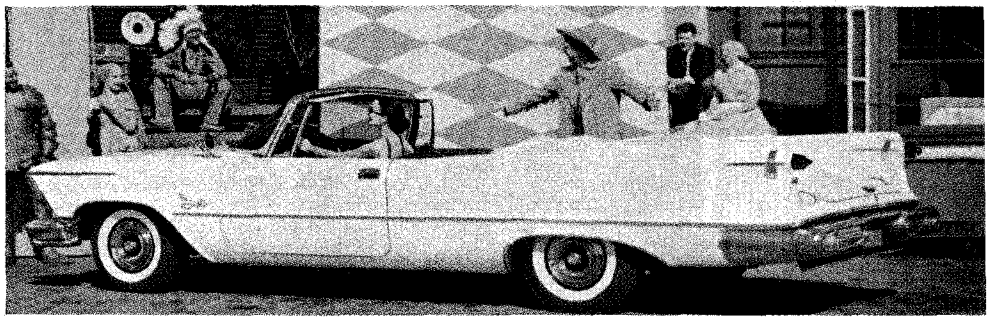

CHRYSLER CORPORATION > THE *FORWARD* LOOK

PLYMOUTH • DODGE • DE SOTO • CHRYSLER • IMPERIAL fauna. This is what makes British officials so despondent about the future of the game parks, since presumably these will all have to be handed over to purely African governments one day.

The scene of most of the illegal killing of wild animals seems to be the vast plains that sweep inland from the Indian Ocean near the border of Kenya and Tanganyika. This is wonderfully unspoiled country, mostly scrub or open grassland, and except for a few thatched-hut tribal villages it is uninhabited. It is the essence of Africa. The devices that the Africans employ for killing game include poisoned arrows, pits concealed by foliage and equipped with upright spikes that impale the unwary animal who stumbles into them, cheap, homemade guns that only wound and maim, and snares and nets. The snares are wire nooses—quite big nooses, big enough to strangle a wildebeest or a giraffe—that are hung from branches along paths used by the animals on their way to and from water holes; if the hunter can find no such paths, he erects a high brush fence with perhaps half a dozen gaps in it, and once the animals grazing in the vicinity have grown accustomed to using the gaps as they wander about, he hangs his nooses there. But it is the nets that are really devastating. Made of sisal and strung up on poles, they rise to a height of some six feet, and the bigger ones stretch for a mile or more across the open countryside. Herds of zebras, wildebeests, giraffes, and gazelles—in fact, any game that comes to hand—are driven into them, and in their fright the animals quickly become entangled, making it an easy matter to dispatch them with a spear or a knife.

The practices of the poachers lead to much waste. Giraffes and wildebeests, for example, are usually killed not for food or for their skins but simply for their tails; giraffe tails provide the material for making a tough twine that is used locally for binding arrow and spear tips to their shafts and for making ornamental bracelets, while the tails of wildebeests are considered rather more valuable, since they can be sold down in Mombasa as fly switches. Once the tail has been chopped off these animals, the rest of the carcass is abandoned. Then, too, a snare hunter is often interested merely in getting a meal for himself and his family, and as soon as he has trapped one edible animal he is content. Rarely does he bother to remove the four or five other snares he has probably rigged up, and each of these will eventually catch an animal, which will be left to die slowly and

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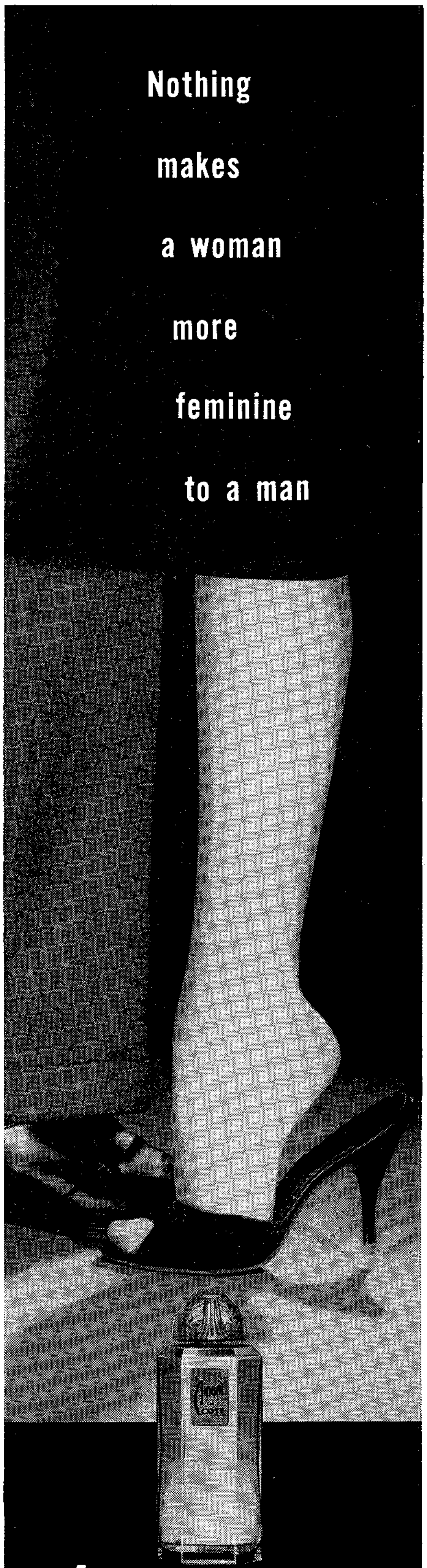

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then rot until the hyenas and vultures have done away with it. As for the net hunters, they make such big hauls that they are frequently faced with the problem of keeping the meat fresh until they have need of it, and their solution is to hamstring the surplus beasts by nicking a tendon in one of their hind legs. Recently, a Nairobi game ranger came across forty zebras that had been dealt with in this way; some had already died of thirst and hunger, some were lying on the ground and slowly dying, and others still had enough strength to hobble about on three legs.

The elephant offers the greatest incentive to poaching, as it always has; it is the animal that keeps the organized poaching gangs in business. One of the most profitable regions for illegal elephant killing is a government preserve called Tsavo National Park—eight thousand square miles of uninhabited bush that lies just inside Kenya's border with Tanganyika, to the east of Kilimanjaro—and one of the poachers' most implacable enemies is its game warden, David Sheldrick, whom we met at a later point in our trip. Sheldrick, who has made himself an expert on the subject of elephant poaching, told us that the Wakamba and the Waliangulu tribes are responsible for most of the killing, and that their principal weapons are poisoned arrows. The poison is extracted from a local tree—*Acocanthera frisiorum*—and in all Africa, a land celebrated for its venomous serpents and plants, there is nothing else quite so virulent. The mixture is prepared by boiling small twigs and leaves from the tree for eight or nine days, until the sap in them is reduced to a substance that smells like licorice and has the color and consistency of pitch. (It is rumored that sometimes a live shrew is thrown into the brew to give it extra pungency.) There is no known antidote to the poison—Sheldrick would not let me touch a pot of the stuff he had in his office—and it kills in ten or fifteen minutes. The *Acocanthera frisiorum* looks something like an olive tree, and it may often be identified in the bush by the many insects and small rodents lying dead on the ground around it.

Armed with arrows on which this poison has been smeared, the poachers set off in bands of anywhere up to fifty men into the depths of Tsavo Park. In dry weather, the main hunting grounds are around the water holes that the elephants visit during the midday hours in order to drink and bathe. There the poachers secrete themselves behind rocks, preferably high above the water, and when a herd of elephants appears, they shoot from a range of between twenty and thirty yards. At once, the animals are thrown into an immense commotion. The wounded elephant—there is usually only one, since the hunters tend to concentrate on the creature with the largest tusks—goes crashing off into the bush, with the rest of the herd stampeding around him. Soon he begins to weaken and lags behind, and then he falls and lies thrashing about on the ground. Seeing this, the other elephants turn back to try to help him, thrusting their trunks under his huge bulk in an effort to get him onto his feet. But then his struggles cease, and as he lies still, his companions stand around him uncertainly for a while, alternately sniffing at the blood on his hide and recoiling from it. At last, they seem to realize that there is nothing to be done for him, and turn hopelessly away. The poachers, of course, have been following their quarry, but not until he has been abandoned by his fellows will they approach him; poison or no poison, few archers dare come within range of an aroused herd.

Occasionally, a wounded elephant will have the strength to get so far into the forest that the pursuing poachers lose track of him, but death, of course, is bound to find him in the end. When it does, an extraordinary scene has been known to take place, in which the other elephants descend on the dead beast, tear out his tusks, and shatter them to pieces on nearby rocks. One popular explanation of this phenomenon, naturally, is that the elephants know they are being hunted for their tusks and are determined to deprive their tormentors of their booty. It is an explanation that Sheldrick, for lack of proof, hesitated to advance, but he could give no other.

When the poachers, burdened with all the ivory they can carry, return to their central camp, they send a messenger to one of the illegal ivory traders in Mombasa, arranging a rendezvous at some convenient but lonely spot on the Mombasa-Nairobi road. The trader, usually an Indian, drives up, examines the ivory, and sets a price on it. This is much lower than the market price in Mombasa, but the poachers are simple people about such matters—and they are not in a very good position to argue anyway—so the deal is quickly made, the tusks are thrown into the back of the waiting conveyance and covered with a tarpaulin, and a couple of hours later the trader is back in Mombasa. There he encounters very little difficulty in getting rid of his contraband. Much of the African ivory shipped out from the interior by licensed hunters is legally sold on the Mombasa market, and it is all but impossible for government inspectors to distinguish between a pair of tusks honestly come by and a pair bought from poachers—especially if, as often happens, the ivory has been cut up into short lengths. The fact is that the inspectors seldom catch anybody, and so the trade continues, with approximately six hundred elephants being illegally killed each year in Tsavo Park alone.

Sheldrick has organized a force of about thirty Africans to assist him in his fight against the poachers in the park. Most of his recruits are tough and disciplined natives of northern Kenya, who have no love for the Wakamba and Waliangulu tribesmen. Equipped with rifles, a supply of food, and a radio, and well acquainted with the habits of the poaching gangs and the areas in which they are most likely to operate, these deputies are sent out in patrols of six or eight to stalk their adversaries silently through the bush, sometimes for weeks on end. Now and then, Sheldrick receives information concerning the movements of a band of poachers, and when he does, he relays it to his agents over the radio, but for the most part the men rely on reading such signs of the bush as the wheeling of vultures above a single spot, which may mean that an elephant is dying there. They achieve their best results by hiding in ambush beside a water hole near which they have reason to believe a poaching gang will spend the night; after dark, at a given signal, they rush out from their hiding places, hoping to catch the poachers asleep on the ground. The poachers are usually spread out, each of them sleeping under a separate tree to make it more difficult to round them up, and this enables many of them to escape. Those

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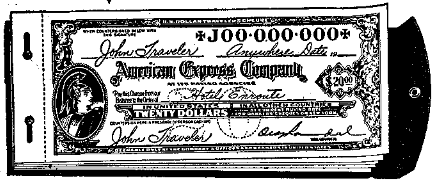

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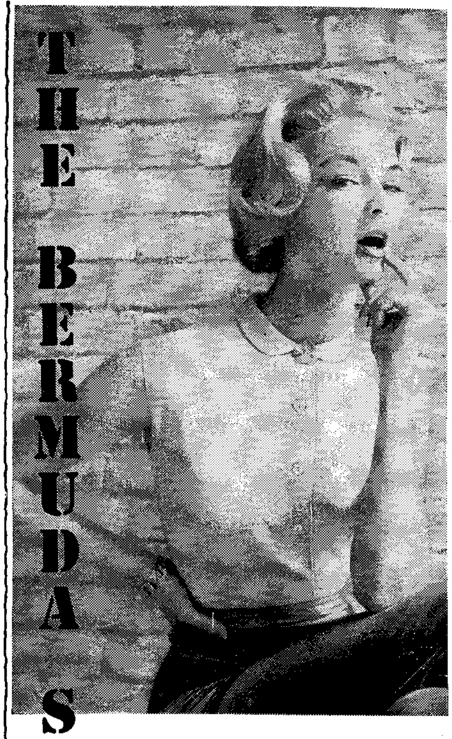
who are trapped rarely put up any show of resistance, but sometimes, quite unknown to the world outside Tsavo Park, there is a desperate and deadly skirmish—the rifle against the poisoned arrow—and it is not always the wardens who win; one of them had been killed by an arrow shortly before we arrived.

Over the past year, Sheldrick said, his patrols had made between thirty and forty arrests, but he knew that he was still a long way from getting the upper hand. The forests in the park are vast, and he hasn't nearly enough men to cover them all. I asked him why the use of poisoned arrows was not prohibited by the government, and he said the idea was being considered; the trouble was that some of the tribesmen had always used poisoned arrows as their means of obtaining food. Moreover, many of them were not poachers but hunted elephants quite legitimately outside the parks, and these would be wrongly deprived of their livelihood by a ban on poisoned arrows. Nor was it only a matter of ethics, I gathered; more important—perhaps even the deciding factor—was the feeling among the British that it was unwise to antagonize the tribes by forcing too many restrictions on them. The Mau Mau rebellion among the Kikuyus of Kenya is still of recent memory, and there is always the possibility that something like it will flare up among the other tribes of East Africa.

AFTER leaving Kruger Park, my wife and I moved on to Natal, where the Hluhluwe preserve is situated ("Slushloo-wee" is the nearest I can get to the correct pronunciation), in the hope of catching a glimpse of the rare and, by many accounts, dangerous white rhinoceros. This involved a journey of some three hundred miles through the British protectorate of Swaziland, a green and lovely region that is Rider Haggard country; across its hills trudged Allan Quatermain and his friends in search of King Solomon's mines. At Mbabane (another phonetic snare; "Imbabarn" is about the way it is pronounced locally), the proprietress of the hotel we stopped at took us out on the veranda one evening and nodded toward the western skyline. "Look," she said. "Queen Sheba's breasts." And there they were, two pointed peaks, just as Haggard described them, and the trail winding down through the pass between them was obviously the one that Quatermain followed.

We attempted to call on Sobhuza II, the reigning chief of Swaziland—a man



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who speaks English but lives in a kraal of native huts and on occasion receives visitors while mounted on the back of one of his warriors. He was unable to see us, though; a polite message was sent us saying that the country was suffering from drought and that he was busy making rain. And, indeed, rain fell that night—four inches of it. It turned the countryside into a quagmire of black mud, through which we drove to the shores of the Indian Ocean and thence to the Hluhluwe preserve.

The next day, we went to have a look at some of the huge and malefic white rhinos. It developed, however, that they are hardly dangerous at all—not, at any rate, as rhinoceroses go. An African ranger was with us, and he calmly got out of the car and walked up to a group of half a dozen of them. We followed gingerly, choosing a path near a row of easily climbable trees, until we were no more than twenty yards away. As far as I could see, they were like any other rhinoceros except that the color of their hides was dirty gray. They moseyed about through the bush with a fine antediluvian deliberation, and although our guide assured us that they were well aware of our presence—a rhinoceros has very bad eyesight, but its sense of smell is acute—they seemed to be neither annoyed nor surprised nor otherwise affected by it. It is the ordinary black rhinoceros that is dangerous, as our guide made clear the following day when we came on a large female, with young. He would by no means allow us to get out of the car, and, moreover, told me to keep the engine running and be ready to move off at high speed. The black species (as often as not, it is light orange in color, from rolling in the mud) is the most unpredictable of African animals. It is quite likely to charge a car, and it will nearly always go for a pedestrian who attempts to get close to it. With something like two tons coming at him at twenty miles an hour, the pedestrian doesn't stand much of a chance. Black rhinoceroses, females included, are constantly fighting among themselves. Contrary to what one might expect, it is not the two horns on a rhinoceros's snout that do the damage but, rather, the terrific lunging blows the animal delivers with its shoulder, causing internal injuries in its opponent.

At Hluhluwe, we heard much argument about how these and other large wild animals, which in the past were always regarded as the special province of the hunter, can best be preserved. Once they are in a park, should

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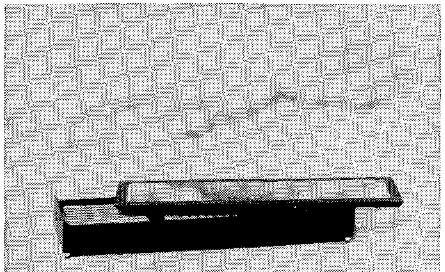

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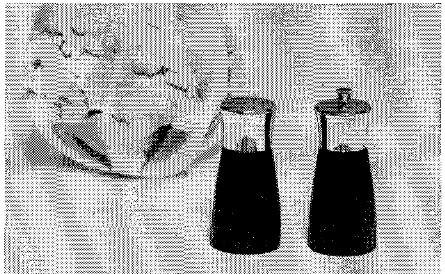

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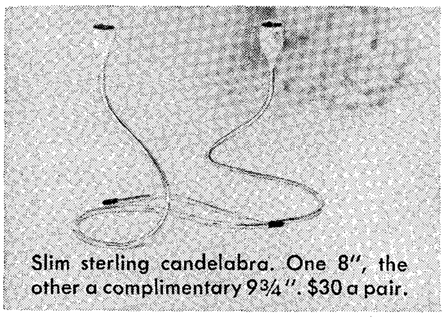

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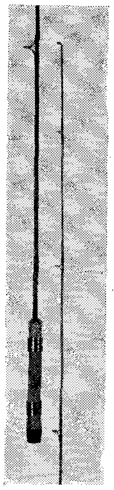

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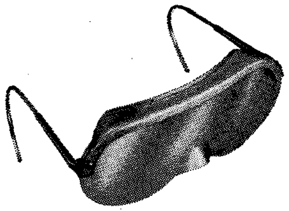

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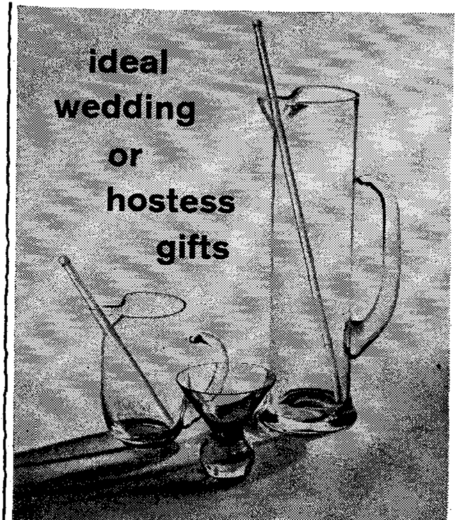
nature be allowed to take its course and maintain its own balance? Or when lions, leopards, and cheetahs become so numerous that lesser game begins to diminish, should a few of them be shot? Should the grass be burned off each year to bring on a strong new spring growth, or should it be left alone? These questions, we discovered, are being debated all up and down East Africa, and since there is no general agreement on the answers, each park makes its own rules. But the really dominant question is that of disease. Wild animals, although not themselves usually prey to the parasite carried by the tsetse fly, serve as hosts for the parasite, which produces a disease, called nagana, that is disastrous to domestic cattle. (A related parasite, also carried by the tsetse fly, causes the equally disastrous sleeping sickness among human beings.) And there are other plagues the animals help to spread, too. Until recently, when an outbreak of a disease was traced to wild animals, the remedy was simple: exterminate them. The slaughter was fantastic, and was not confined to Africa; in 1924, to give just one example, some twenty-two thousand deer were shot in Stanislaus National Forest, in California, to combat an epidemic of foot-and-mouth disease. In Zululand, close to the Hluhluwe, during the forties, an epidemic of nagana brought on much more drastic action—a systematic eight-year program of destruction of all kinds of wild animals, in the course of which 138,329 head of big game were shot. And still the disease was not stamped out.

Nowadays, more enlightened methods of fighting the tsetse fly and allied pests are being tried, among them spraying from the air. But scientific preventive measures are almost prohibitively expensive over large areas, so whenever disease threatens a populated region, it is still the general government practice in Africa to order the destruction of vast quantities of game in the surrounding countryside. Only in such remote places as the Kalahari Desert, in Bechuanaland, is African wildlife still safe. In the Kalahari, where there are no roads other than the dried-up courses of rivers that flow just once or twice a century, lions, kudus, springbok, and extensive herds of gemsbok (an antelope with a white blazed face and two horns like spears) have things pretty much their own way, and will probably not be exterminated to prevent the spread of disease among the region's only human inhabitants—those forty lamentable Bushmen who do



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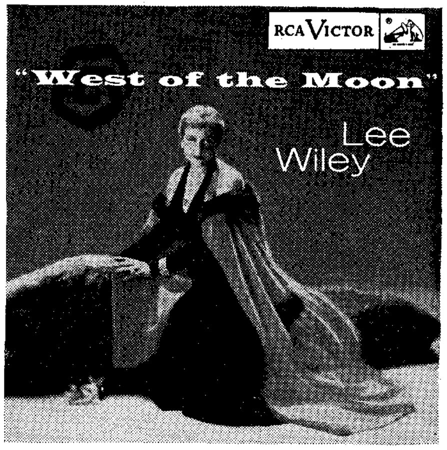

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HLUHLUWE is spared some of the troubles that afflict other preserves. For one thing, there are no big predators to eat the smaller beasts, and, for another, there are no elephants to trample the neighboring farms. Hluhluwe is also the prettiest preserve in Africa. It blooms with flowering trees—flamboyants, frangipani, mimosa, and so on—and there is a refreshing greenness everywhere. Unlike Kruger Park, where, for the most part, you drive along roads that are on a level with the grazing animals, Hluhluwe has roads that run along the ridges of small hills; looking down on the game in valleys, you get a better picture of the size of the herds. In the course of one short early-morning drive, we saw rhinoceroses, buffaloes, wildebeests, nyalas (antelopes that are distinguished, in the male, by a coat of gunmetal blue with a startlingly bright white stripe down the back), wart hogs, impalas, baboons, monkeys, zebras, and a solitary ostrich—quite a bag to mention casually to our neighbors in the next rondavel when we got back to the camp. An ostrich seen in the bush looks like nothing so much as a preposterously enlarged chicken, and there is something a little indecent about the creature's huge bare legs. I had been told that ostriches sometimes swallow stones and pebbles as an aid to digestion, and unless I am much mistaken, our specimen was doing precisely that; he was pecking at a patch of gravel when we first saw him, and as we drew near, he raised his tiny head and gulped awkwardly a couple of times before pacing away. Incidentally, it is untrue that ostriches bury their heads in the sand at the approach of danger. When apprehensive, they may bend their necks until their heads touch the ground, but they do this, sensibly

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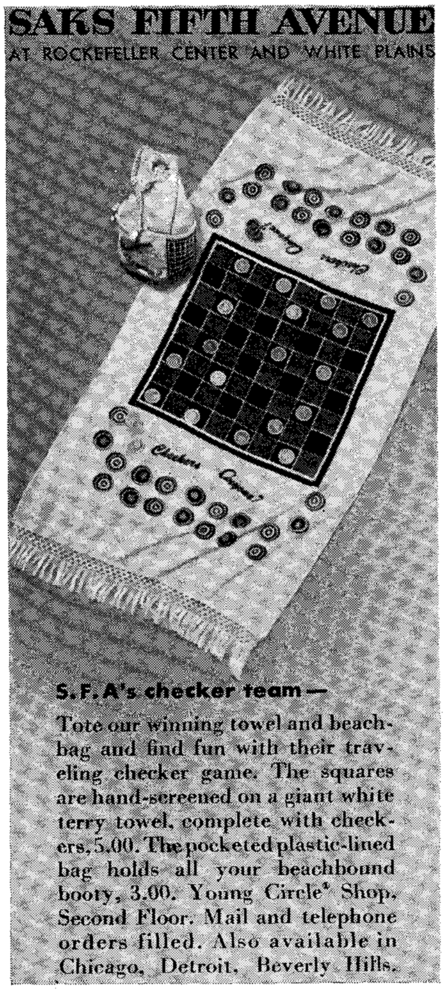
enough, only to make themselves less conspicuous from a distance.

At Hluhluwe, we saw the storks begin their annual spring migration. Each fall, great flocks of these birds fly down from Europe, arriving in the vicinity of the Cape of Good Hope in October or thereabouts, and then, toward the end of February, they gradually assemble for the six-thousand-mile trip back north. These preliminaries are a delightful thing to witness. One morning, a few early starters will appear in the sky, circling slowly, and from then on, hour by hour, newcomers join them. The next day, and the next, still more storks enter the languidly moving circle overhead, and the gradual swelling of the ranks may continue for over a week. Finally, all the members of this particular flock are apparently considered present or accounted for, and then, by some mysterious means, the signal for the start is given, and in mass formation the birds wheel away to the north. By April or May, they will be repairing their crude nests of sticks on the chimney pots of Alsace-Lorraine and Holland. A few of the older storks don't feel equal to the journey, and I was told that they are often to be seen loitering about in swamps and marshes during the South African winter, like elderly vacationists lingering on in half-deserted resort hotels long after the season is over.

I had imagined that it might be an exciting experience to drive about the park at night, when—or so I supposed—the bush became alive with staring eyes, and all sorts of horrendous shrieks and cries rose from the undergrowth, but a Hluhluwe game ranger told me it was not a bit like that. At night, one rarely sees or hears anything at all, he said; some of the smaller beasts may dart across the road once in a while, or an antelope of some kind may be transfixed by the headlights. Impalas, he added, are very easy to catch in this way; they simply stand there, staring into the lights, utterly demoralized, and you can walk up and grab them by the horns.

Actually, my wife and I felt very little desire to break the rules in order to corroborate the ranger's statements. More than once, when we were returning at sunset from some outlying part of the park, we debated what we would do in the event that the car broke down. We were inclined to feel that if it was only a matter of a mile or two back to camp, we would risk walking; farther than that, no—we would wait until the morning. It was absurd, of course. In Africa, pythons don't strangle you in the



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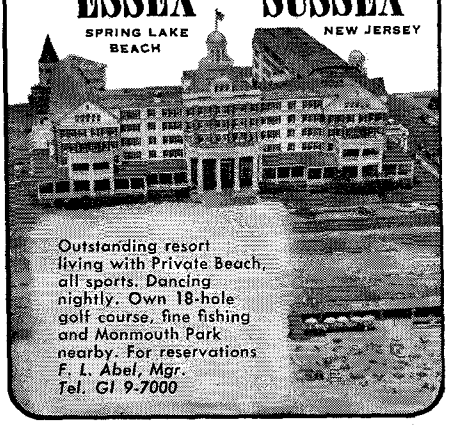

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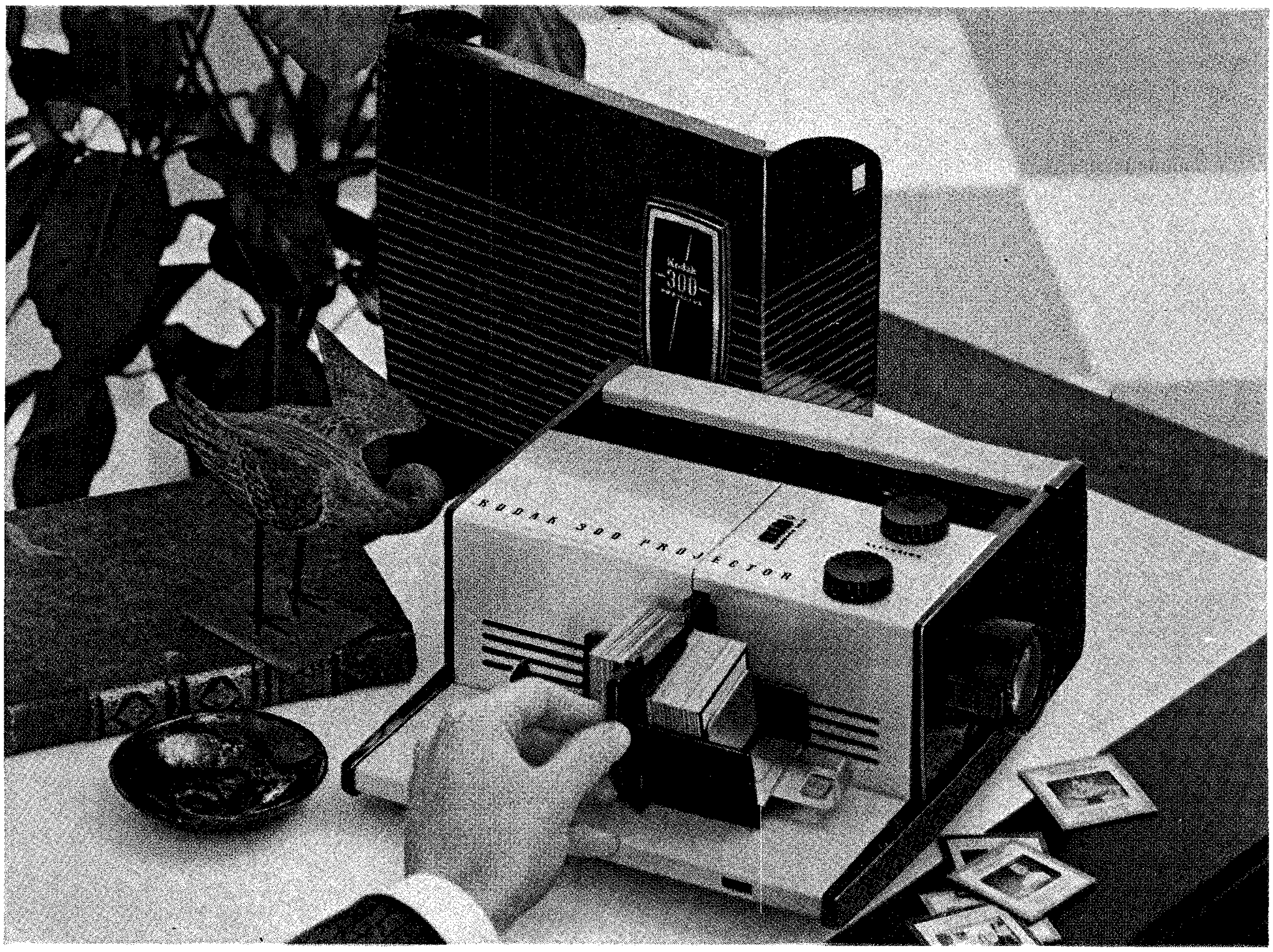

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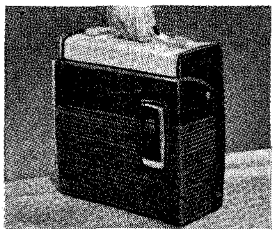

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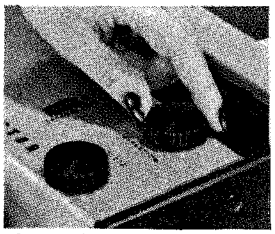

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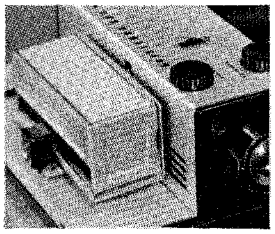

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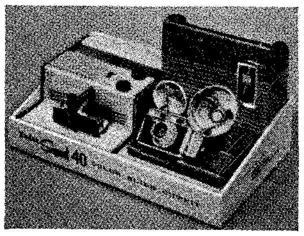

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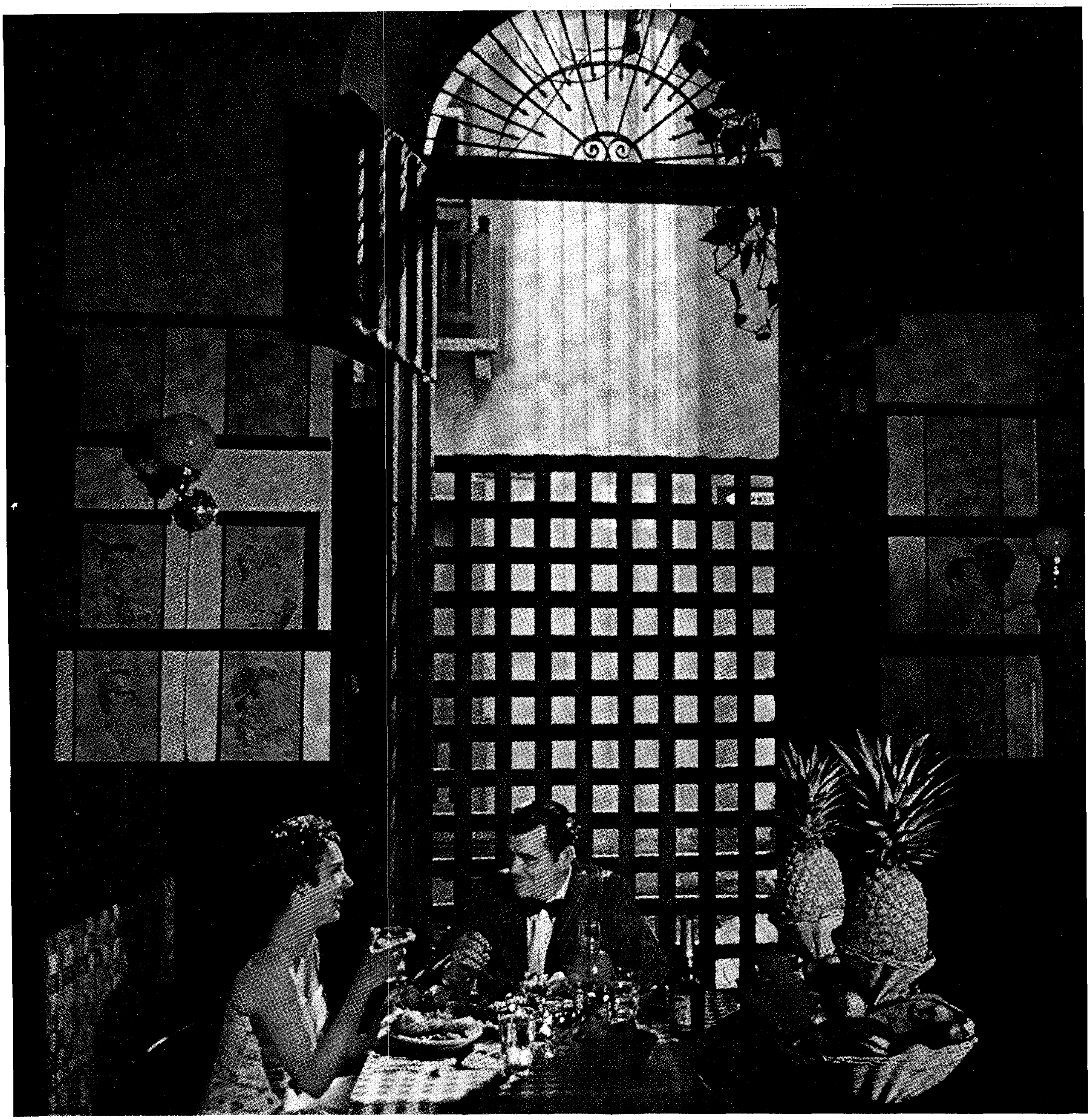

Verney's Restaurant, Old San Juan. Photograph by Elliott Erwitt.

Table for two—in old San Juan

PUERTO RICO'S old Spanish capital has been called "the most romantic city west of Verona." When the shadows lengthen you will feel the spell. This is the time of the epicure.

Dining out can be as cosmopolitan as you please. You can go Spanish, French, American, Italian or Chinese. But don't overlook the interesting *local* dishes.

Taste *Paella,* a potpourri of shellfish, rice, pork and peppers. *Asopao*—a subtle fricassee of chicken, rice and asparagus. And be sure not to miss the famous *Lechón Asado*—whole charcoal-roasted suckling pig.

Try fresh pineapple as an aperitif. Sample all the wonderful *rum* drinks—as dry as sunshine. And always order Puerto Rican coffee. It is incomparable.

Puerto Rico has a nice old toast—"Salud, amor y pesetas, y tiempo para gastarlas." *Health, love and money—and the time to enjoy them.*

For many a U. S. family in Puerto Rico, this wish has already come true.

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dark, and it is only by the most random accident that a man is trampled by an elephant or attacked by a lion at night. But nothing can curb the imagination. As the night closes in, you look at these endless rolling hills of scrub and picture yourself lost out there in the blackness, and at such times it is not difficult to identify the characters in the Ancient Mariner's vision:

Like one, that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round walks on
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows, a fearful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

The man on the lonesome road is you, lost in the park, and the fearful fiend is a leopard lying in wait in the branches above your head.

—Alan Moorehead

(*This is the first of a series of articles on the interior of present-day Africa.*)

•

Q. What will enable a juror to determine what testimony is believable and credible?

A. There are several ways. One is observing the manner in which a witness testifies to decide whether he or she is evasive or straightforward. Another is determining whether the witness had the opportunity to know that which he or she says he or she knows, by being where he or she could have known or where he or she had a good opportunity to see or hear that which he or she says he or she saw or heard. Another is considering whether the witness was sufficiently observant to have seen or heard that which he or she says he or she saw or heard, or is of a sufficient degree of intelligence to be able to recollect or remember that which he or she says he or she saw or heard. Another is whether it would be reasonably probable that he or she would or would not have seen or heard that which he or she says he or she saw or heard. All these things help jurors to decide whether testimony is believable and credible.—*From "Helpful Advice to Jurors," booklet distributed by the Clerk of Bronx County.*

Or sometimes a juror can catch the mumps from his or her son or daughter and get excused from duty.

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SOCIAL NOTES OF ONE SYLLABLE

[*From the Mount Kisco (N.Y.) Patent Trader*]

Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Rountree of Charleston, S. C. and their three children, Roland, Roselle, and Rhoda Ann, returned to their home Friday after an extended visit with their uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Peter L. Blandish of Hardscrabble Road. They came to spend a weekend and stayed five weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter L. Blandish of Hardscrabble Road were off in their car Monday for an undetermined destination.

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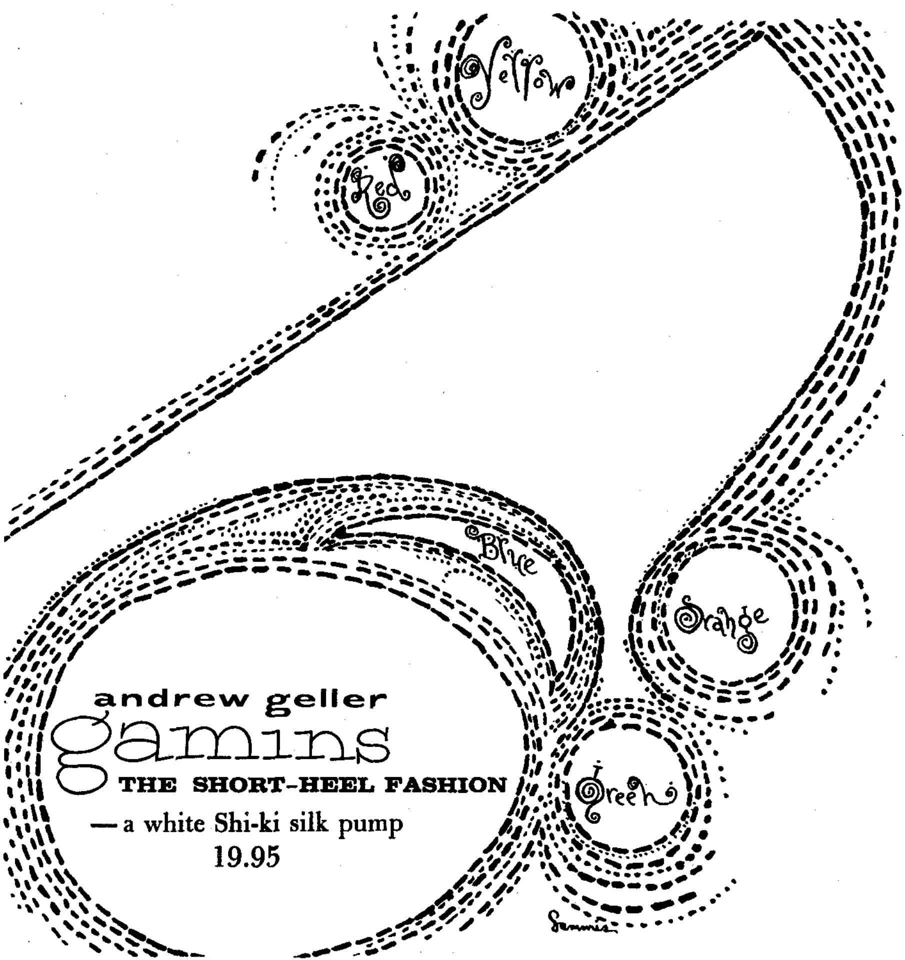

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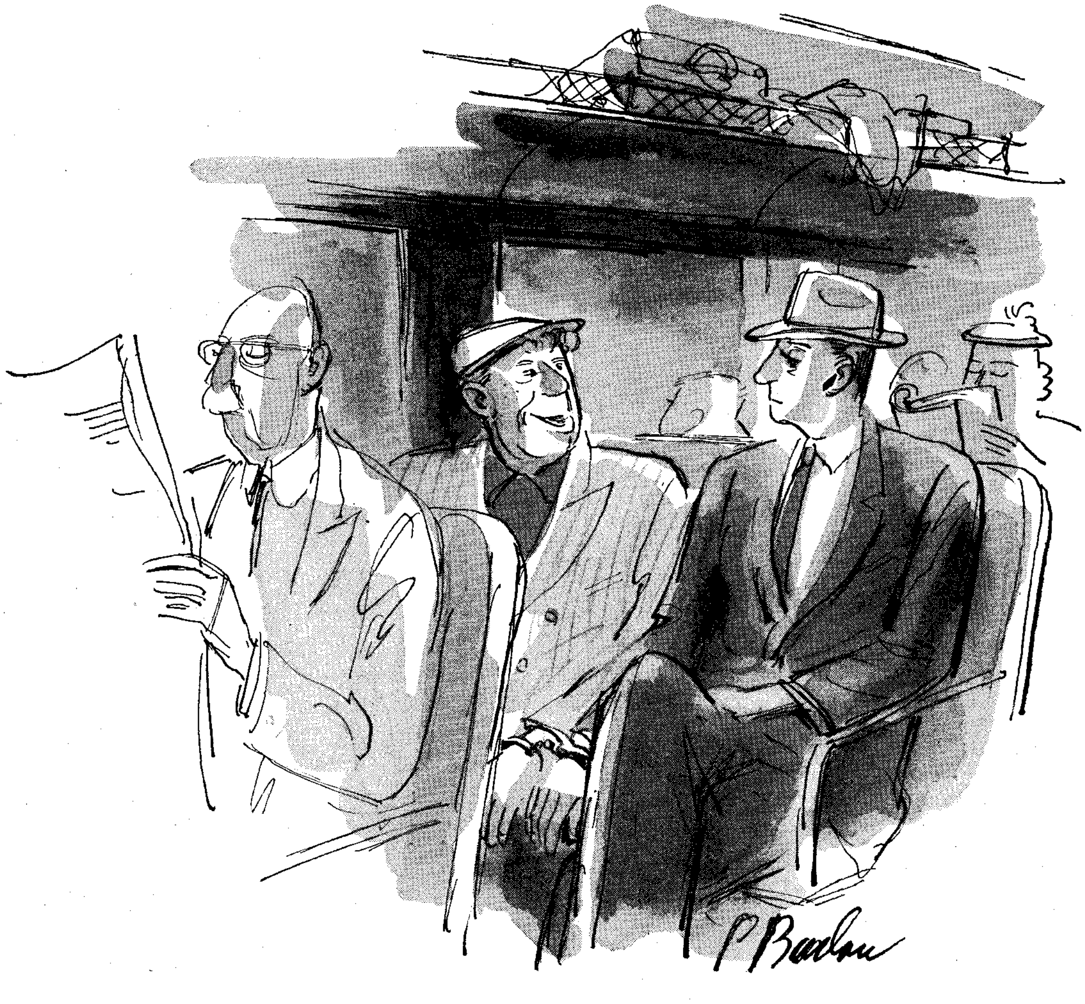
THE THEATRE

ABBOTT AND O'NEILL

IT is rather hard to say what anybody not familiar with Eugene O'Neill's "Anna Christie" would make of the plot of "New Girl in Town," a musical based on it, which opened last week at the Forty-sixth Street Theatre. This hypothetical illiterate would probably have little trouble with the heroine's father, who is clearly and explicitly a Scandinavian barge captain—an old soak with a practically impenetrable accent, who for years has been hanging around the New York waterfront with a jocular bundle of rags named Marthy. Their relationship is odd, in that it appears to amuse her to get herself up in his castoff sweaters and boots, and it isn't easy to think of sex in connection with a lady quite so passionately grotesque, but the authors' intention is still obvious enough. His daughter, Anna, however, is a much more complicated problem. This young woman turns up in a bar early in the first act, and though she has described herself as a nurse in a letter to her father, it is instantly plain to even the most inexperienced eye that this is not what she is. She is, in fact, a prostitute, and a remarkably unsuccessful one, since her life in the trade seems to have been just one damn raid after another—a situation that has, naturally, somewhat unbalanced her mind. In response to a question as to how she got into a business for which she has such slight aptitude or enthusiasm, Anna replies with a lengthy and curiously facetious song about her girlhood on the family farm in Minnesota, where her male relatives seduced her frequently and in an offensively boisterous manner. The step from these intramural goings on to the wholesale trade was, of course, a short one, though it cannot be said that Anna found her cash customers much more agreeable than her uncles and cousins. As a matter of fact, she remarks indignantly, she has come to the point where she loathes all men.

With this explanation out of the way, Anna embarks on a trip on the barge with her father, who remains conveniently dense about her past, and the combination of sea air and true love, in the shape of a shipwrecked mariner, makes her almost immediately quite a different girl. Everything, indeed, seems lovely until the night of the great annual dance down on the docks, when Anna's behavior is so chaste, regal, and generally exasperating that Marthy, who is soused, according to her merry habit, can put up with it no longer and gives the girl's admirer some hint of the dreadful truth. It is more than enough, and before the night is over, he has called her a slut, knocked her down, and signed up for a passage to China. For a moment, it looks as if this experience might drive Anna right back to her old ways (a nightmare ballet is provided to suggest the horrors of this), but, happily, she goes to work on a potato farm in Staten Island, instead—an occupation so bizarre for a beautiful young woman that her returning fiancé can hardly fail to see that she is actually a very modest girl at heart, and consequently a most desirable mate.



"Funny how you can misjudge a person. I was all set to dislike you."

This is admittedly a slightly malignant synopsis of what is going on at the Forty-sixth Street, but I think it will serve to demonstrate the just about impossible problem confronting the authors of "New Girl in Town," which was that of rearranging a work that dealt with nearly absolute degradation into cheerful popular entertainment. George Abbott, who wrote the book, and Bob Merrill, who turned out the music and lyrics, have done their best to say that incest, prostitution, and terrible despair are simultaneously the stuff of high tragedy and also somehow of low

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comedy, but it is uphill work, and its success seems extremely debatable to me. I wouldn't describe their Anna as exactly a dull girl, but she is certainly a fairly baffling one, with a most peculiar sense of humor—at least as far as those Minnesota farmhands are concerned.

In spite of their difficulties with their central character, Mr. Abbott and Mr. Merrill have by no means failed altogether. There are some fine, rowdy comic scenes, usually only very remotely suggested by anything in the original text, and many of the songs are first-rate—notably something called "Sunshine Girl" ("My sunshine girl has raindrops in her eyes"), which contains several almost unbearably lovely barbershop harmonies. In addition to these delights, Bob Fosse has staged a number of the season's most spirited dances, and Rouben Ter-Arutunian has designed just the right sort of 1900 sets and costumes. As Anna, Gwen Verdon sings prettily and dances with enormous zest, and if the manic-depressive aspects of her role appear a little beyond her range, that is something that could easily happen to any girl. She is assisted chiefly by Thelma Ritter, who is triumphantly funny as a Marthy who seems to belong to "Guys and Dolls" far more than to "Anna Christie;" Cameron Prud'homme, who is engaging enough as Anna's father; and George Wallace, who plays her fiancé with really overpowering virility.

—Wolcott Gibbs

•

The Tabernacle was dedicated on April 1. Twenty-thousand persons turned out for the event. That day's papers announced that President Wilson was thinking of setting up a draft for the Army; the Maxwell Six, a seven-passenger, forty-eight horsepower auto, boasted dashton and Baltimore, Buffalo, Pittsburgh, Trenton, Syracuse, Wheeling, McKeesport, Kansas City and points East and West, and brought more than 500,000 converts into the fold.

New York was the greatest of his challenges. His appearance was two years in the making. One of his supporters was John D. Rockefeller jr., who saw in the Rev. Dr. William A. Sunday a "consecrated man doing God's work."

To handle the meeting, the William A. Sunday Evangeboard engine primer and reversible headlights at $1,460; and U-boat raids continued.

—*The Herald Tribune.*

And there was sawdust everywhere.

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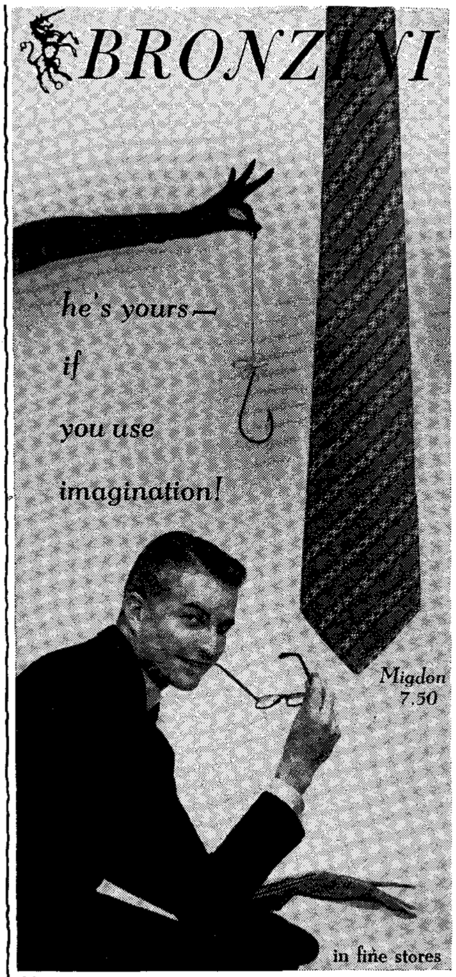

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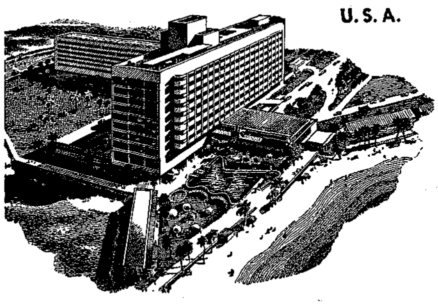

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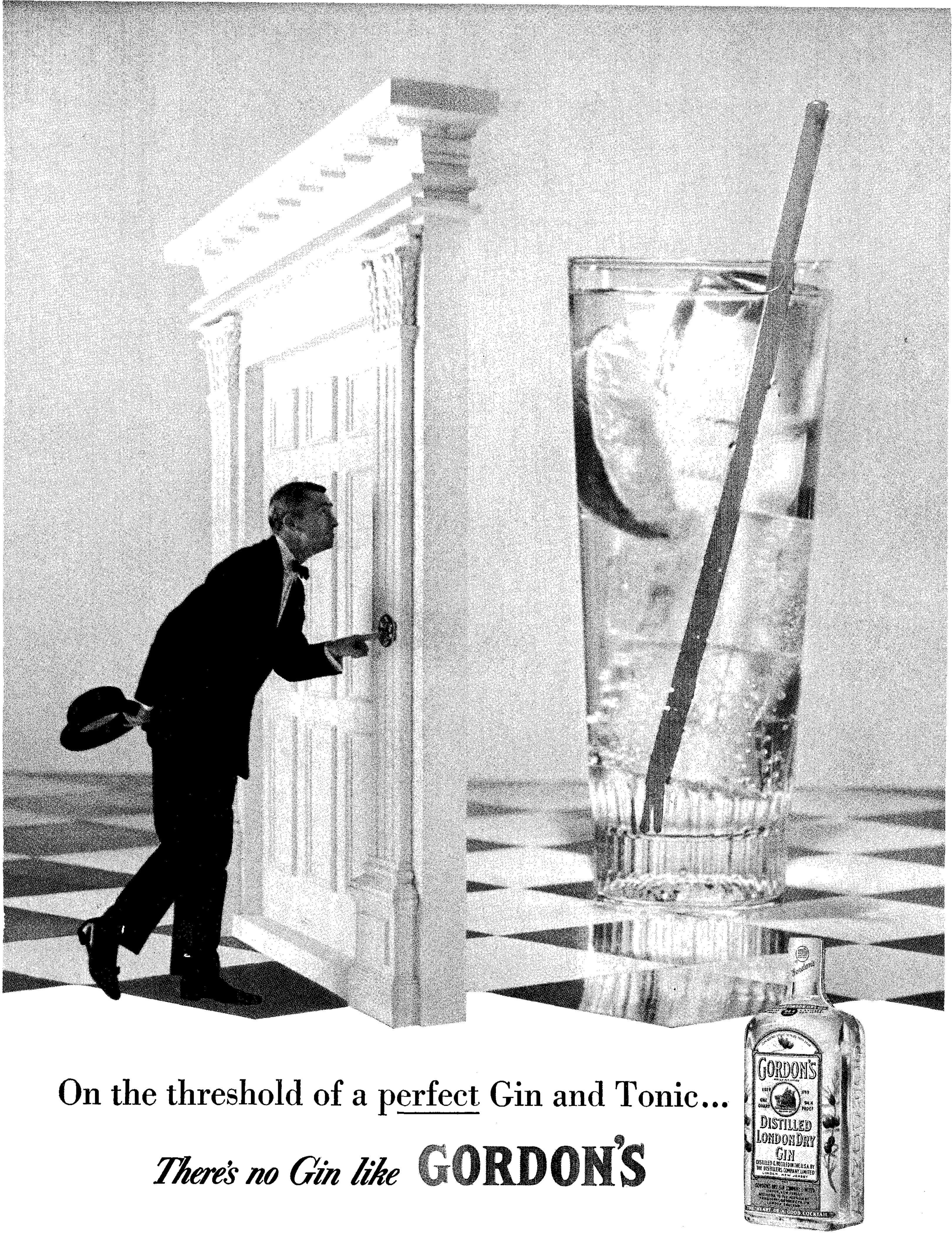
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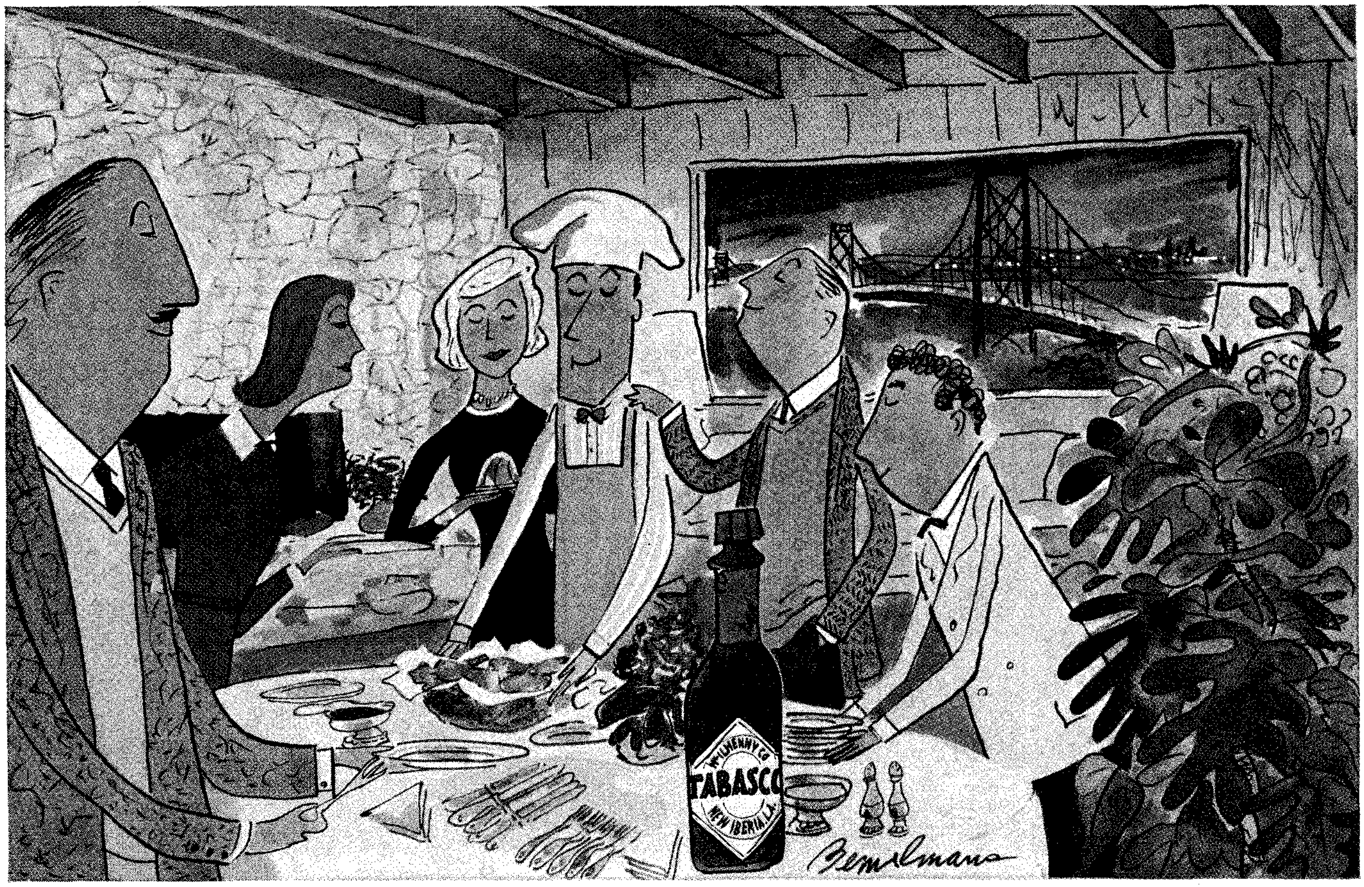
A well-seasoned traveler's guide to Tabasco



San Francisco

WHERE CHICKEN ATTAINS NEW GLORY IN A CHICK-N-QUE

When a friend invited me to his estate in Marin County, I discovered the city's good eating is not confined to its world-famous restaurants.

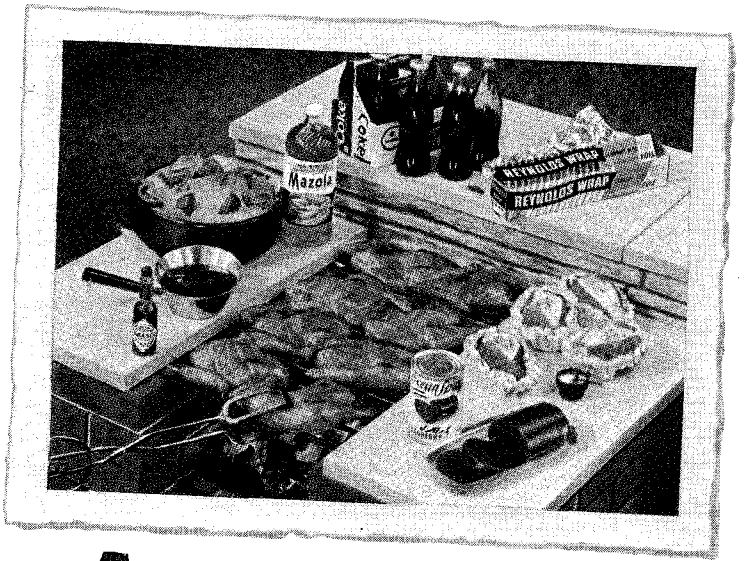
The occasion was a Chick-N-Que. Unlike ordinary barbecued chicken, the *piece de resistance* had a sauce of such unusual and palatable flavor that I asked my host about it.

"You should be ashamed," he said jokingly. "A man who has dined on exotic dishes all over the world should surely recognize the piquant taste of Tabasco*."

I had to admit he was right. From France to Tahiti, I've tasted dishes made delicious by Tabasco pepper sauce. And, in Avery Island, Louisiana, I've seen the bright red peppers aged to the liquid perfection of Tabasco.

To thank my host, I photographed the Chick-N-Que and later sent him a painting of the occasion. In turn, he mailed me this prized recipe:

**TABASCO is the registered trademark for the pepper sauce made by the McIlhenny Company, Avery Island, Louisiana.*



- **CHICK-N-QUE**

½ cup Mazola Oil
¾ cup lemon juice or cider vinegar
¼ cup water
1½ teaspoons salt
3 tablespoons sugar
1½ teaspoons Tabasco
2 to 3 broiler-fryer chickens, quartered

Heat to boil Mazola Oil, lemon juice, water, salt, sugar and Tabasco; keep hot. Brush chicken with sauce. Place on grate 12 in. from heat, skin side up. Cook slowly about 1 hour, until tender. Turn and baste often with well mixed barbecue sauce. Serve extra sauce with chicken.

If you prefer a highly seasoned sauce increase Tabasco and add mustard and Worcestershire sauce.

ABOUT JESSIE MAE

"I don't visit Jessie Mae's any more, because of her untidiness," Myrtle said to Mrs. Hemlock as the two women walked through the garden, where they had been talking, toward Mrs. Hemlock's kitchen, where Myrtle was going to copy down her recipe for Bavarian cookies for Mrs. Hemlock. It was a warm spring day—warm even for St. Augustine, Florida—and a certain languor in the air hinted at an early summer.

"But I didn't know it had gone so far," Mrs. Hemlock said.

"Nothing is under any order or control at all."

"That I can believe," Mrs. Hemlock said.

"Jessie Mae's never had to do anything for herself," Myrtle said.

Mrs. Hemlock stared at her, the desire for more written on her heavily powdered face.

"You know, Jessie Mae was *twice* an heiress," Myrtle said.

"I knew she had everything, of course," Mrs. Hemlock said, in somewhat hushed tones, as though a matter of considerable delicacy had been disclosed.

Myrtle glanced at Mrs. Hemlock's apron and said, "That's cunning."

"It's Portuguese or Spanish or something," Mrs. Hemlock said, opening the screen door to the kitchen.

"You have beautiful things, Mrs. Hemlock," Myrtle said.

Mrs. Hemlock laughed pleasantly.

"I love to come to *your* house," Myrtle told her. Twenty-odd years ago, before she married and had children, as a child herself she had visited Mrs. Hemlock, and had enjoyed her cookies and cakes, her homemade ices and tarts.

"But I can't understand Jessie Mae's being that *untidy*," Mrs. Hemlock said. She pointed to a large easy chair that she had brought into her kitchen for visitors.

Myrtle sat down with a great sigh of pleasure. "This *chair!*" she exclaimed. And then, having fingered the spotless imported linen cloth on the kitchen table, she said, "I'm Jessie Mae's distant cousin, you know."

"I remember," Mrs. Hemlock said. Moving swiftly for such a large woman, she opened the refrigerator and took out two tall, thickly frosted glasses of fruit punch.

"You jewel!" Myrtle squealed. "You think of everything. And you *have* everything!"

"I'm alone," Mrs. Hemlock explained, "and I have to keep busy at something."

"But most women wouldn't bother," Myrtle said.

"Well," Mrs. Hemlock said, and drank some of her own fruit punch, hoping Myrtle would get back to Jessie Mae.

"It's wonderful," Myrtle said, referring to the drink. "And I suppose the recipe is a secret?"

"No, no," Mrs. Hemlock said, and then: "I didn't know you *were* Jessie Mae's distant cousin. I'd forgotten, that is."

Myrtle put her glass of fruit punch on the kitchen table. "I'm really one of the last of her *real* family." Myrtle spoke indifferently but with a certain emphasis that implied that the relationship might be important for others to remember.

"Jessie Mae is, of course, basically a fine person," Mrs. Hemlock stated, fearful now that she had perhaps stressed the untidiness too much, even though it was Myrtle who had brought the whole subject up.

"Mrs. Hemlock, Jessie Mae's in terrible shape!" Myrtle exclaimed, and she stared at her drink as though she were not going to touch it again now.

Mrs. Hemlock moistened her lips. "Is she *worried* or something?" she asked.

"Worried, my foot." Myrtle picked up her glass again and took a sip of the punch. "She lives to worry other people, if you want to know. Too much money and not enough to do . . . Do you know, she has a maid to *dress* her now!"

"She doesn't!" Mrs. Hemlock had stood until now, in her capacity of hostess. She decided to sit down. She sat directly in front of Myrtle and said again, "She doesn't!"

"I don't think Jessie Mae does a thing for herself any more," Myrtle said. "She has eight servants."

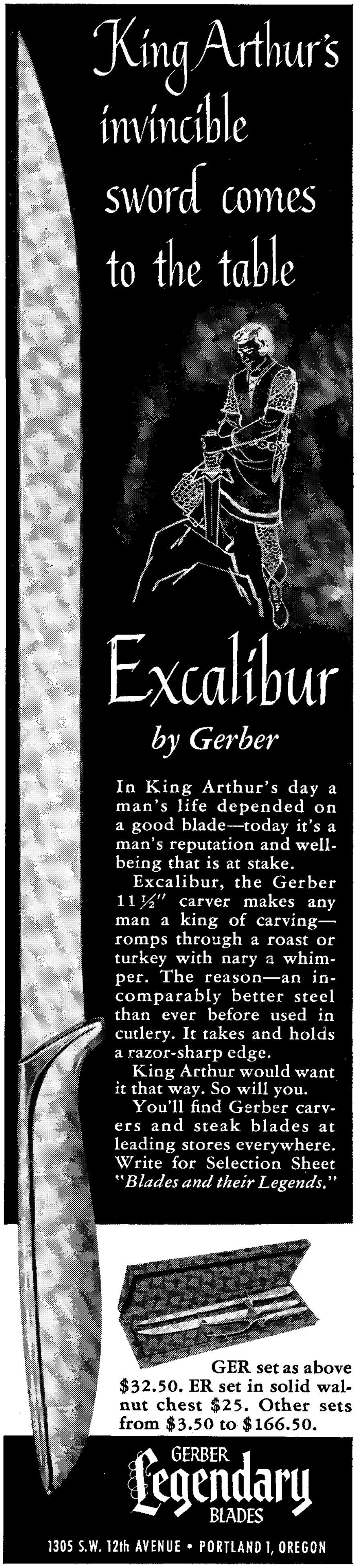
"And yet her house is so—"

"And she keeps those eight servants busy, let me tell you," Myrtle interrupted. "There must be twenty rooms in her house if there's one, and they're all in *use!*"

"I was only at her house in the old days, when she entertained General Waite so much," Mrs. Hemlock said. "Jessie Mae's brother was more or less head of the house then."

"Well, he liked to act like he was," Myrtle said. "But Jessie Mae was running the whole place even then, and running him, too. He died of her bossing, many people think."

"Then, of course, I've been there several times to tea, and to her con-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certs," Mrs. Hemlock put in, rather firmly, before stepping down altogether.

"Oh, those are nothing. You have to spend the night there to know how it really is!"

For just a second, Mrs. Hemlock looked at her large red recipe book, lying open to the page where Myrtle was to write out the recipe for Bavarian cookies.

"Jessie Mae's trouble is she doesn't know what she wants until the moment she wants it! You can't get her to plan anything ahead of time."

"More punch?" Mrs. Hemlock said. "And some of my icebox fudge bars with it?"

"I'd love a fudge bar," Myrtle said.

Mrs. Hemlock went to the refrigerator again and brought out the fudge bars, neatly stacked on a dessert plate. Myrtle took one and allowed Mrs. Hemlock to refill her glass.

"As I say," Mrs. Hemlock said in her matter-of-fact voice, as though to summarize the discussion so far, "as I say, I was never a *friend* of Jessie Mae's, but I've known her for twenty-five years."

"I could eat these all day," Myrtle said, chewing softly. "I wonder you don't win prizes with your culinary genius, Mrs. Hemlock. You should be famous." She finished the fudge bar, and then said abruptly, "I know everything about her." It was almost as though Jessie Mae herself were there before them on the TV screen, helpless and exposed to all their comments. "I lived with her for a month!" Myrtle said. "In 1952. A month, mind you!"

"Then of course you do know," Mrs. Hemlock said in a voice close to awe.

"I was afraid every minute," Myrtle said.

Mrs. Hemlock showed a slight lack of comprehension.

"You spoke of her untidiness, Mrs. Hemlock. Well—" Myrtle laughed. "You wouldn't think that anybody would be untidy with their jewels, would you? Jewels around everywhere. She left thousands and thousands of dollars' worth of diamonds in my room."

Mrs. Hemlock closed her eyes.

"Then one evening I discovered a ruby pin and some rings in my top bureau drawer." Mrs. Hemlock started to say something, but Myrtle was too quick for her. "I couldn't stand that kind of untidiness," she said. "And besides I'm not so sure it wasn't purposeful!"

"Well!" Mrs. Hemlock managed to cry.

"It's part of her way of getting even!"

"But what would she want to get

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DULUTH, MINN.—Harry Allenfall
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ROANOKE, VA.—John Norman, Inc.
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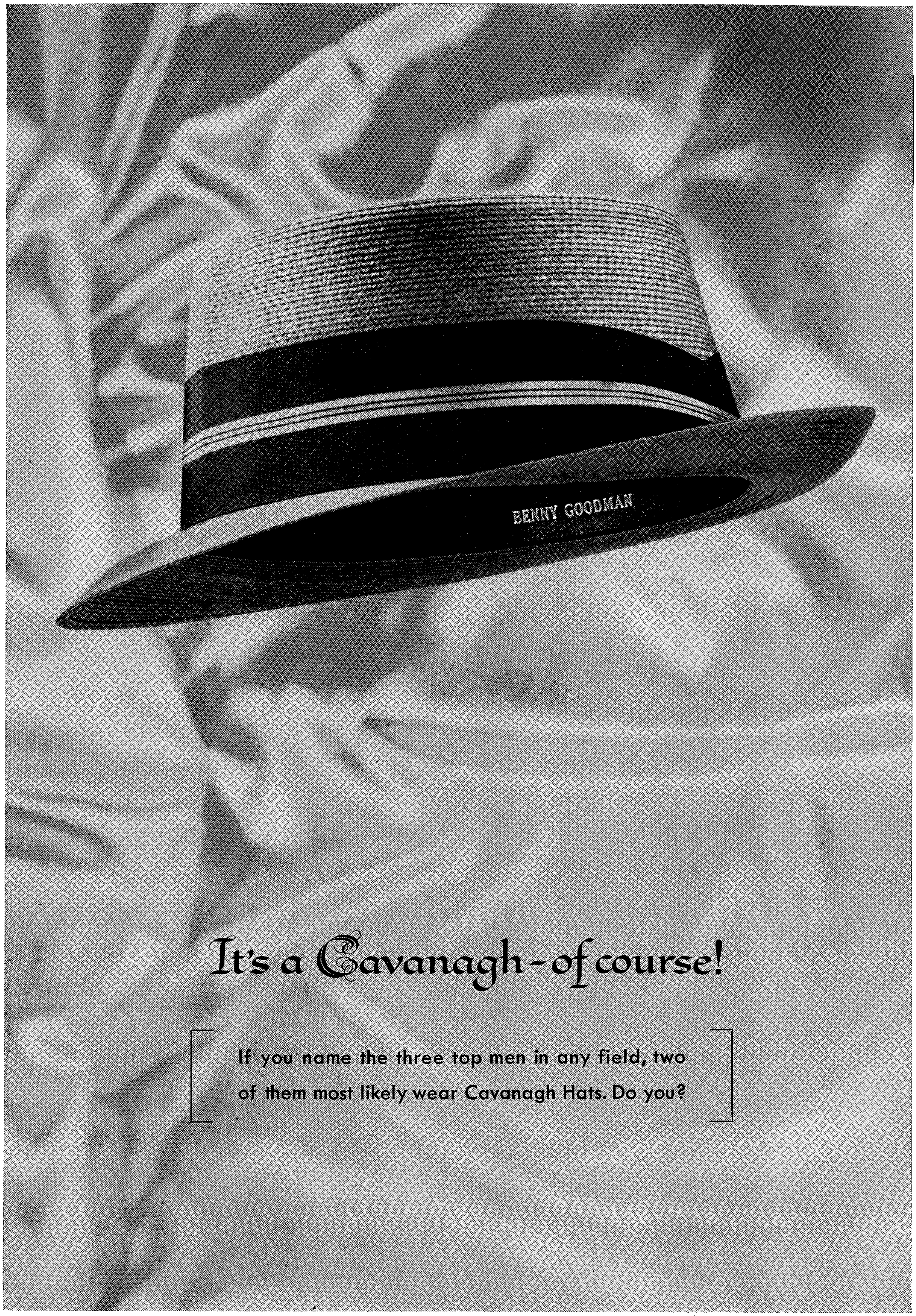

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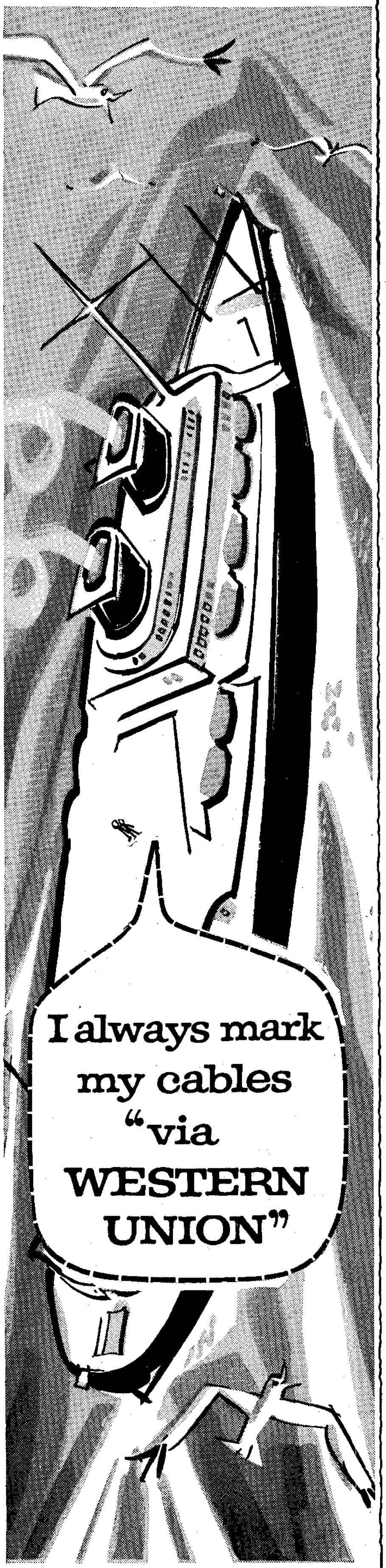
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even for when she's got everything?" Mrs. Hemlock demanded.

"She hates men." Myrtle said. "She hates women even more. And she's not only untidy. You started to use the right word a minute ago—she's *dirty!*"

Mrs. Hemlock let out a small gasp.

"I could tell you things," Myrtle said, "but we're here in a beautiful tidy house with such wonderful things to eat I won't." She lay back in her chair, leaving Mrs. Hemlock with a look of complete and unexpected emptiness on her face.

Then, sitting up straight again, Myrtle said, "Her whole life is to get back at everybody. Hence the servants. Hence the parties at which nothing is quite right. Hence the jewels strewn everywhere to make everybody feel he is suspected of stealing. And don't think she doesn't accuse people of taking them. And not just the servants!"

"Why, she sounds . . . *gone!*" Mrs. Hemlock said, groping for the word.

"No," Myrtle corrected her politely, smiling briefly. "Jessie Mae is just hateful. She's not *gone*, as you say. A man—a strong old-fashioned type over her would go a long way toward getting the house tidied up and the jewels either sold or put in a vault. She hasn't had a strong hand over her since the day her old father died. She's done just as she pleased every second. But the thing nobody seems to know, and nobody can believe even when you tell them, is that the whole house is nothing but a haven for dogs! Jessie Mae has thirty pedigreed dogs if she has one!"

"Well, I never!" Mrs. Hemlock said.

"She sleeps downstairs. The dogs live upstairs. When I stayed there that month, she let me see the whole performance. After all the visitors leave, she lets the dogs out of their rooms, and they romp and tear and romp and tear, and that old woman runs and romps right along with them, laughing and shouting at them, and the dogs all yelping and carrying on like wild animals after her until you wouldn't know which acted the nuttier, her or the dogs."

"Good God!" Mrs. Hemlock exclaimed.

"I usually never talk about Jessie Mae to anybody," Myrtle said.

"Of course."

"But you've been so kind and all—to all of us neighbors, but especially to me—that I think of you as a confidante."

"Thank you, Myrtle," Mrs. Hemlock said.

"It's the truth. You've been an an-

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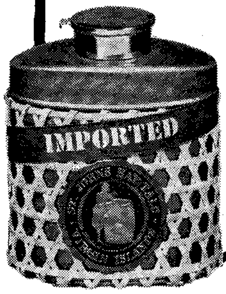

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gel. Why, you've baked for us and sent us things as though this was another Delmonico's. I've never tasted such cooking. And the comparison between your wonderful generosity and neatness and normal life always comes as such a distinct contrast with Jessie Mae, who is, after all, my cousin, but she never does anything for anybody, and she just isn't the kind of person you want to visit."

"But the poor old thing," Mrs. Hemlock ventured.

"Well, with all her wealth why doesn't she try to straighten herself out? She could help so many people if she cared about anybody but herself."

Myrtle waited for Mrs. Hemlock to speak, but the older woman sat there quietly, a fudge bar still untasted in her hand, thinking about Jessie Mae's running and romping with the dogs.

"Shouldn't I copy out that recipe for you," Myrtle said, finally, and she took out of her apron pocket a piece of paper on which was written her recipe for Bavarian cookies.

—JAMES PURDY

•

ON LISTENING TO MUSIC WITH TWO MINDS

The music is cool and rejoices,
The kettledrum fitfully groans,
But a hundred harmonious voices
Sing out in the overtones.

The cello is rum and romantic,
The basses are glum and unglued,
The oboes go off in an antic
More ruggedly rustic than rude.

The triangle taps out the Pleiads,
The clarinet mimics the moon,
The twittering flutes are the dryads
Pursued by the gurgling bassoon.

The piccolo apes Pipistrella
And squeaks with a slither of wings
As I open my spirit's umbrella
To the delicate downpour of strings.

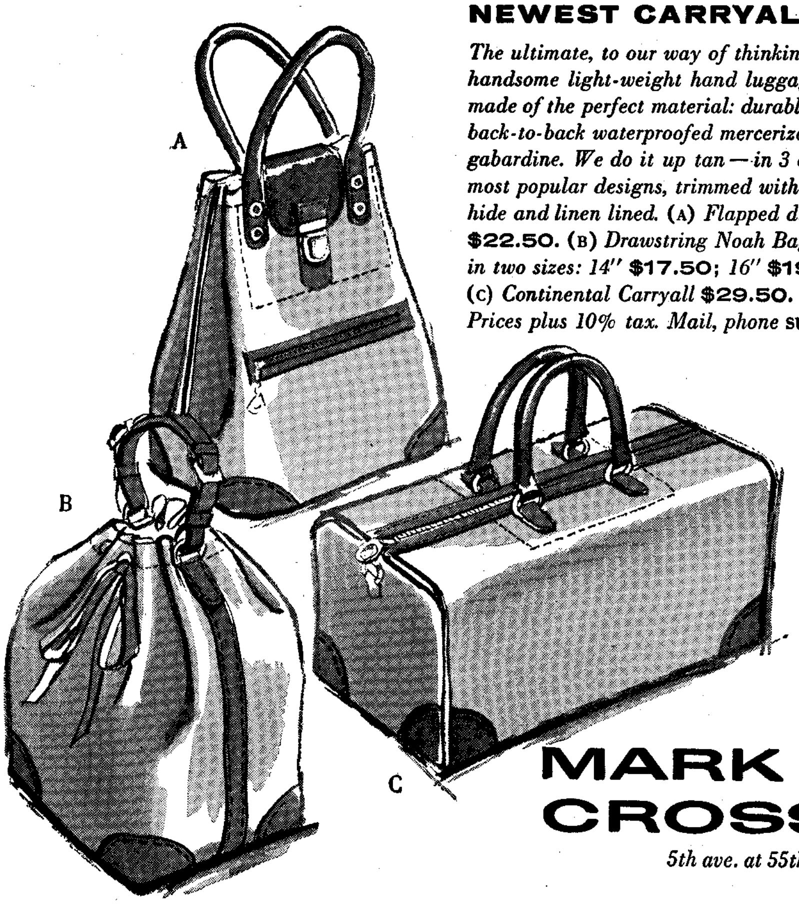
Emotion has suffered a sea-change.
Cool reason recovers her sway
As I note a most exquisite key-change
From D to the dominant A.

—R. P. LISTER

•

Williams singled home a run in the first and was walked three times in a row—twice intentionally—before blasting a two-run ninth inning homer to seal Brewer's third triumph against two defeats. Williams' mother, his sixth of the season, proved to be the big blow.—*The Times.*

At least he's not in a rut.



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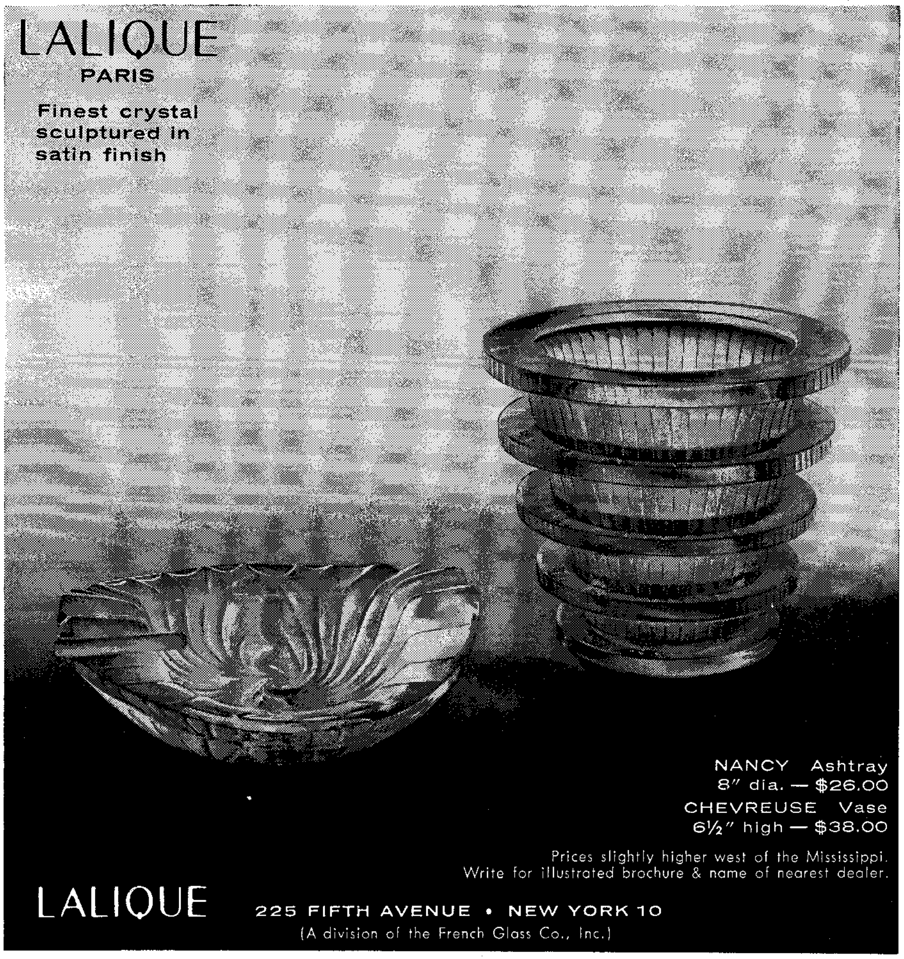

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THE WAYWARD PRESS

HAVING ONE WONDERFUL TIME

BECAUSE this country has become so enamored of holidays that our calendar, like many of our schools, has had to go into double sessions, Sunday, April 21st, was not only Easter this year but also the first day of Honey for Breakfast Week, International Buttermilk Bread for Flavor Week, and several other Weeks, including Press Week, which was celebrated locally in deference to the seventy-first annual convention of the American Newspaper Publishers Association and to the fact that the publishers always convene here. They came to New York thirteen hundred strong this time, representing eight hundred and seventeen daily papers in the continental United States, Puerto Rico, Hawaii, and Canada, with a total circulation of over fifty-two million, or slightly more than half the audience claimed for the Rodgers and Hammerstein television version of "Cinderella."

As has become a custom with the A.N.P.A., an outfit not much given to radical innovations, all its sessions were held at the Waldorf-Astoria, and were interwoven with a considerable number of ancillary functions, both business and social, like the annual meetings of the Associated Press, the United Press, the International News Service, and the annual luncheon of the Banshees, a King Features shebang. Inasmuch as publishers converge on the city in such quantitative and qualitative abundance during no other week of the year, their visitation was naturally covered by the local papers. It was covered, for the most part, much as a high-school athletic coaches' meeting might be by a sophomore hoping to earn his letter.

This respectful, if not downright awe-struck, attitude toward the bosses' conclave was maintained despite a cheerful first-day abdication of inviolability by Wright Bryan, editor of the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* and one of its delegates to the convention, who was quoted in the *Times* as saying, "A little needling is good for all of us." (Of course, he is an editor, and therefore conceivably more needleproof than an out-and-out publisher.) Anyway, of all the reporters who eavesdropped on the high-level get-together, the only one who seemed to take Mr. Bryan's invitation anywhere near literally was Murray Kempton, of the *Post*, who described the assemblage—rather uncharitably, considering that his own publisher is a lady from an eminent banking family—as "feed, hay, and dry-goods merchants." A far more typical reaction was that of the *News*, which, in a welcoming editorial headed "Red Carpet for the A.N.P.A.," hailed the group as "guardians of a free press," and said that if they "enjoy their visit half as much as New York enjoys having them here, they'll have one wonderful time." However wonderful a time the guardians may have had, the solemn accounts of their activities published during Press Week contained little to indicate that anyone concerned was aware of the fact that this particular period coincided with that of still another jewel of the heavily bestudded national calendar—American Comedy Week.

If the papers' estimate of the A.N.P.A. convention had to be distilled into a single sentence, it might well go: "There is no one more important than a publisher, and no journalistic problem more important than a publisher's problems." This would probably have to be qualified by a footnote: "There is no publisher more important than *our* publisher, and no news-gathering agency more important than the one we have a stake in." (It is the way a journalistic shot-putter would handle the track coach.) Thus, the *World-Telegram & Sun*, in its coverage of A.N.P.A. conventions, habitually plays up any statement, however soporific, issued by any U.P. or Scripps-Howard executive, while the *Mirror* and the *Journal-American* make both the A.P. and the U.P. seem like flotsam in the thundering wake of the I.N.S. A good example of this sort of thing appeared the day the A.N.P.A. broke into the society pages, when Nancy Randolph, the social arbiter of the *News*, wrote up "that vast and exciting Springtime fête, the annual Chicago *Tribune*-New York *News* Syndicate cocktail party." The guest list comprised "an animated *Who's Who*," she said, but the principal male animations she identified were

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Why not offer this same lordly choice tonight? The gesture will not go unnoticed.

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the president, treasurer, and editor of the *Tribune*, one of whom isn't even in *Who's Who*, and Arthur Schmon, president of the Ontario Paper Company, Ltd., whose inclusion in that select quartet, I deduce from consulting *Who's Who*, may have had something to do with the fact that he has a son named Robert McCormick Schmon.

This gang-up of celebrities was only one of many parties on what must have been a gruelling social schedule, especially for publishers, most of whom are well beyond the most lenient definition of middle age. According to the *Herald Tribune*, which printed a convenient social calendar for the delegates as their powwow was getting under way, there were two cocktail parties slated for Monday afternoon, April 22nd (Bell Syndicate and *Newsweek*); a calypso party (*American Weekly* and *Puck*) that wouldn't even begin until ten-thirty that evening; and, the following morning at eight-fifteen, a champagne breakfast, courtesy of *Family Weekly*. There must have been some family men among the delegates who felt at that remarkable hour that they would rather try to choke down a breakfast of buttermilk bread and honey than face a glass of the bubbly.

ASIDE from the hail-fellow welcome in the *News*, the publishers were greeted with few editorial trumpet blasts. The *Mirror*, on Monday, relegated the opening of the convention to page 17, beneath a "Dear Abby" department in which Abby, a counsellor of the lovelorn, was counselling a married woman who had fallen for another man during a kissing game at a party to "Try Kissing Game with Mate." The *Journal-American*, with an eye to its own shot-put letter, said, "A highlight of the convention will be the Banshees annual luncheon tomorrow for some 2,000 editors and publishers attending the convention." This was nearly twice the number of delegates registered, and while an old Banshee once confessed to me that after one of their annual luncheons damn near everybody in the room is seeing double, I didn't know that coming events ever cast such a potent shadow. The *Times*, as always, gave the proceedings the fullest, and staidest, coverage, beginning on Monday with a page-one story that was headed:

PUBLISHERS URGE
REDUCED BUDGET

The budget that the headline referred to was the federal budget, but as the

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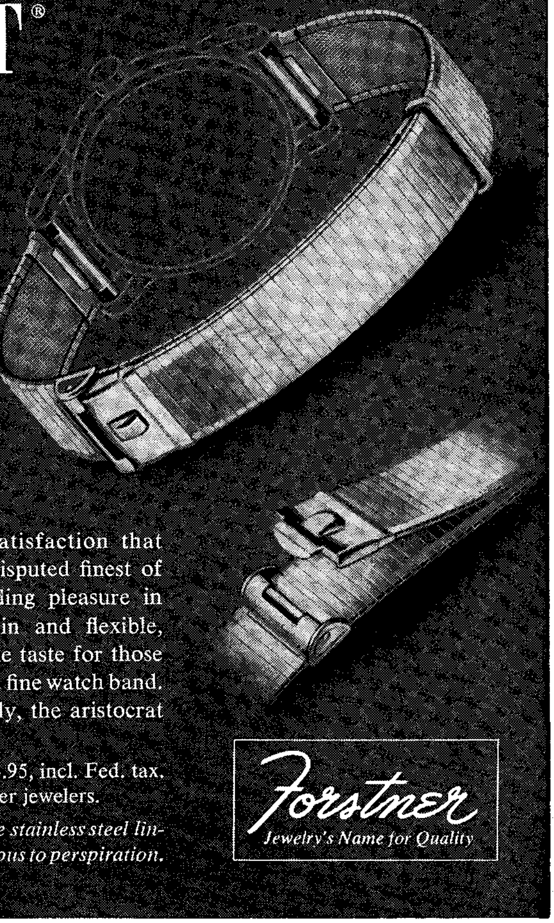

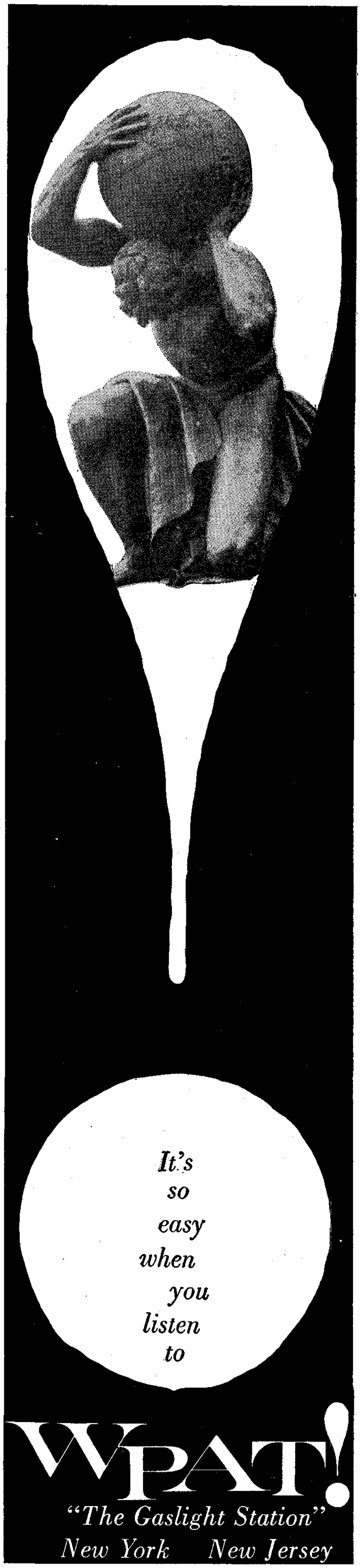

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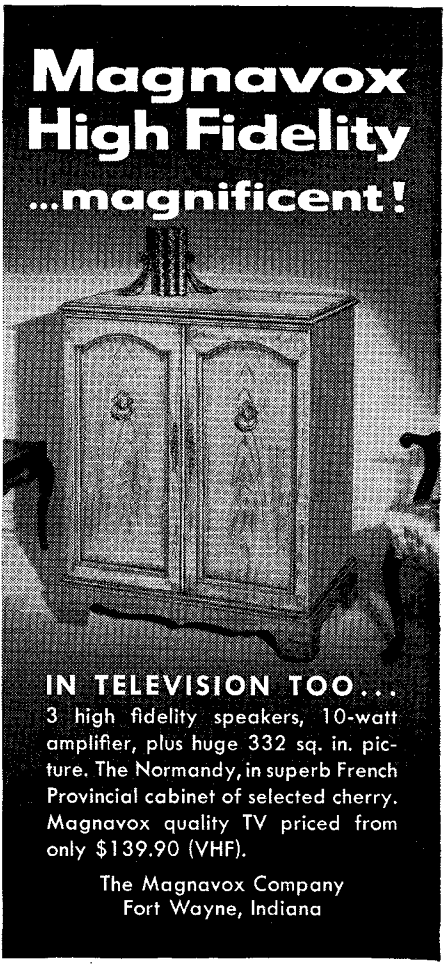
New York New Jersey

convention moved along, the publishers demonstrated that they were equally concerned about their own budgets. In fact, there were long stretches when they seemed concerned about hardly anything else.

The Monday activities included the annual luncheon of the A.P., and, for the second straight year, Secretary Dulles was the main speaker. There had been a lot of grumbling in the papers about the State Department's refusal to sanction the entry of reporters into Communist China, and before Mr. Dulles delivered his address, one delegate, J. Donald Ferguson, editor of the Milwaukee *Journal*, declared, "It is time to stop burying our heads in the sand like ostriches." When the Secretary showed up at the luncheon, however, he fell to chatting with Miss Virginia Gibson, the attractive ingénue of "Happy Hunting" (I know this because the *News* had an exclusive photograph of their tête-à-tête the next morning), and none of the publishers were impolite enough to interrupt with rude questions. When Mr. Dulles got around to his address, not only did he fail to mention the ticklish situation himself but, unless he was the victim of some sotto-voce heckling that no reporter present was sharp-eared enough to catch, the delegates raised their heads from the sand only to eat. After he'd left town, though, they issued a statement deploring his stand.

On Tuesday, the *Times* ran an editorial reminding anyone who happened to be listening that "the publication of newspapers and the distribution of information in other ways has to be a business in order to survive, but it is also an art and a responsibility." The *Tribune* echoed this business-first sentiment in an editorial that said, in one sentence, "Although their meetings are strictly for the trade, the topics they will discuss will be of interest to the millions of newspaper readers in this country," and, in the next (presumably the first topic of interest to millions that cropped up), "Rising costs of newsprint and labor affect the price which the individual pays for his newspaper." There was no allusion to art—or, for that matter, to responsibility.

In the same issue, the *Tribune*, having put four identical questions to nineteen delegates, devoted almost a full page to the answers it received. The questions were: "What do you consider the most important concern of your readers today?" "How do the people of your area stand on the budget controversy?" "Are your people more or



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less troubled today than a year ago over the threat of Soviet expansion?" "Is desegregation working in your city?" Possibly because the questions were thus conjoined, several of the publishers reported that their readers' most important concern today was the national budget, although William Block, publisher of the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette*, noted that one of the big concerns of *his* parishioners was the performance of the Pittsburgh Pirates. A New Orleans editor confided to the *Tribune* that desegregation was not working in his city.

The *News* budgeted its space on page 22 that Tuesday to accommodate a half-column story about the convention, under the heading:

PROTECT FREE
ENTERPRISE,
ANPA IS TOLD

This warning turned out to have been issued to the Association's labor-relations committee by John S. Coleman, president of the United States Chamber of Commerce, which had set up the rival Honey for Breakfast Week. The *Mirror*—belatedly but no less sincerely for that—welcomed the delegates to town with an editorial that said New York has "better restaurants than Paris, better theatres than London, prettier women than Rome, and worse traffic conditions than anywhere." Since publishers get around a good deal, this couldn't have been startling to them. Indeed, it may have been addressed to the *Mirror's* regular lay readers, a few of whom must have been startled, or at least baffled, to see their New York further described in the editorial as a "cosmogony."

THE afternoon papers got the breaks on most of the news that grew out of the convention. They had Mr. Dulles's speech first, and, the day after he made it, they had the first accounts of a press conference he held when he returned to Washington, during which he said, according to a U.P. story in the *World-Telegram*, that newspaper executives were bankrupt of workable ideas when it came to solving the correspondents-to-China question. (Whether he was going on what he had heard, or hadn't heard, at the A.P. luncheon or on his general knowledge of newspaper executives the story didn't make clear, and it wasn't until I read the full transcript of his press conference in the *Times* the following morning that I learned he had said he was equally bankrupt himself.) The *World-Telegram* got a collateral break that

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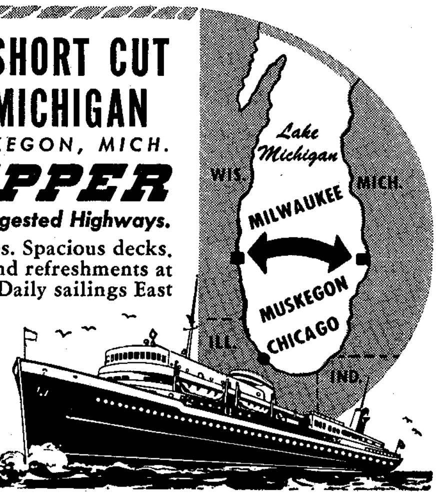

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same Tuesday by being able to reveal before the *Herald Tribune* could that a *Tribune* correspondent, Barrett McGurn, had been expelled from Egypt. Still, the *Telegram* gave this freedom-of-the-press incident nowhere near as prominent a display as a story that (Hi, Coach!) was headed:

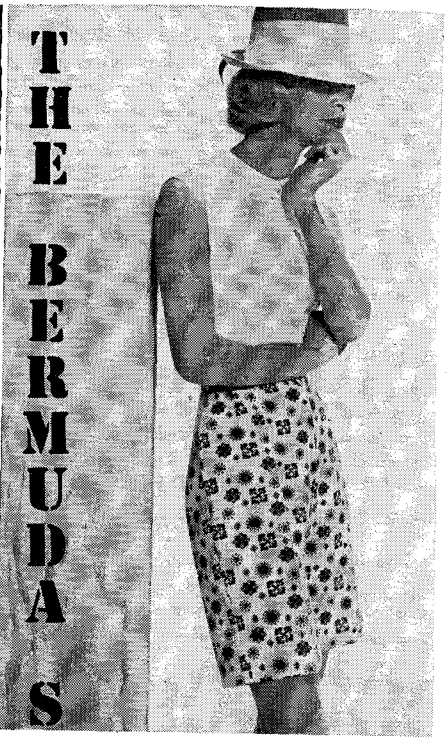
U.P. EXECS LOOK AHEAD
AFTER YEAR OF TRIUMPH

Or as one that was headed:

PUBLISHING PROFITS TRAIL
CIRCULATION, SCRIPPS-HOWARD
EXEC TELLS ANPA

In the *Journal,* Bob Considine, in his syndicated column, was paying tribute to the greatness of newspapers for the second straight day, and George E. Sokolsky, in his, was saying that newsmen make good ambassadors. He singled out Clare Boothe Luce (she qualified as a newsman, or newswoman, he said, because she was once managing editor of *Vanity Fair*) and the correspondent and author Henry J. Taylor, recently posted to Switzerland, who, according to Sokolsky, will make an A No. 1 envoy because, unlike most career diplomats, he can read a balance sheet. Sokolsky overlooked the fact that most newsmen can't read balance sheets, either. Whether Mrs. Luce can read one, and whether it makes any difference if she can or she can't, he didn't say.

To return to the breaks the afternoon papers were getting while the publishers were in town, the *Journal* scored a triumph not entirely unrelated to the fourth estate on Tuesday, when it ran a front-page revelation by Igor Cassini, its Cholly Knickerbocker, that the Duchess of Windsor, the author, and Elsa Maxwell, the syndicated writer, had buried a long-standing hatchet. Miss Maxwell had sent him the news by transatlantic cable, Cassini said, and he had called her to verify it and to thank her for giving him "this terrific 'social scoop.'" The scoop wasn't so terrific after all, though, because Miss Maxwell had sent a similar cable to Charles Ventura, Cassini's peer on the *Telegram.* Ventura, who claimed no scoop, ran the story the same day Cassini did, but without calling her back—perhaps because he didn't think her message warranted further checking, or perhaps because his budget is leaner than Cassini's. There was no evidence in the *Post* that Miss Maxwell, who used to write for it, had sent it any word whatever. The *Post,* for its part, had sent Kempton to the Waldorf, where, he observed bitterly, the publishers were even more undistractibly enmeshed in money matters than the National As-



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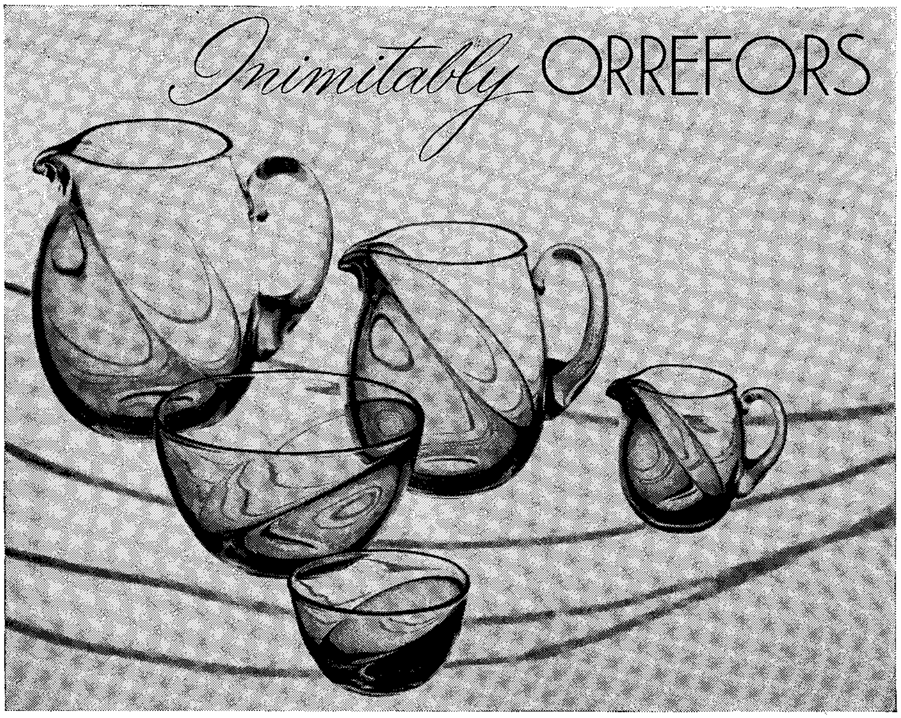
sociation of Manufacturers had been at *its* convention. At least, Kempton said, the N.A.M. had had Siobhan McKenna in to read Yeats to the members. Maybe Virginia Gibson isn't Kempton's type.

ON Wednesday, April 24th, the *Tribune* caught up with the *Telegram* by spreading the news of McGurn's ouster from Egypt all over its front page, but I sought in vain for a bristling condemnation of Colonel Nasser's highhandedness by the A.N.P.A. One might have expected the *Tribune* to elicit some kind of comment on the case from the publishers, but the paper merely gave an account of the convention proceedings—notably, the publishers' determination to attract more teenage readers (the Monrovia, California, *News-Post* had turned the trick by giving its local high-school seniors a full page on which to run political ads for candidates in a class election) and their equal determination to induce more readers of any age to read their editorial pages. The editor of the Athens, Ohio, *Messenger* said he had accomplished this by "picking out topics of the widest controversy in the community and deliberately taking a provocative stand on them." I had been under the impression that this was what an editorial page did, or ought to do, all the time—not just when a circulation drive was on.

The *Times*, that same day, quoted William Dwight, publisher of the Holyoke, Massachusetts, *Transcript-Telegram* and president of the A.N.P.A., as advocating the use, to fight inflation, of the phrase "people's capitalism" (a combination of words that, uttered under a less unimpeachable banner, might well sound as if it had been borrowed from a people's democracy), and David B. Lindsay, Jr., publisher of the Sarasota, Florida, *Herald-Tribune* and *Journal*, as complaining that, in many instances, the price of a newspaper has deflated to half that of a telephone call. (I wasn't quite sure what Mr. Lindsay meant, because that ratio doesn't seem unusually deflationary; in the days when you could make a phone call for a nickel, you could buy a newspaper for two or three cents.) Meanwhile, I learned from further perusal of the *Times*, the guardians of a free press were coming hotly to grips with an issue that really stirred them up. The A.N.P.A. hierarchy wanted its members to standardize the width of their columns at eleven picas, as a convenience to advertisers, who don't like to prepare their ads in various sizes, but many of the delegates were determined not to yield an inch,



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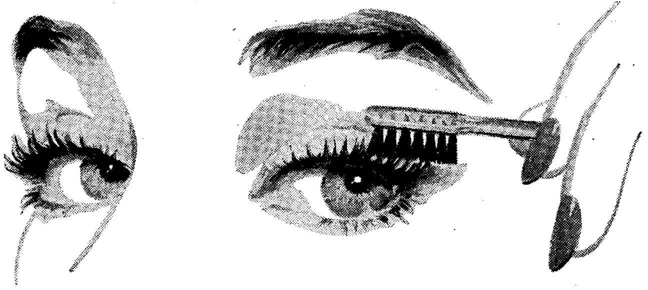
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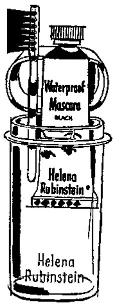

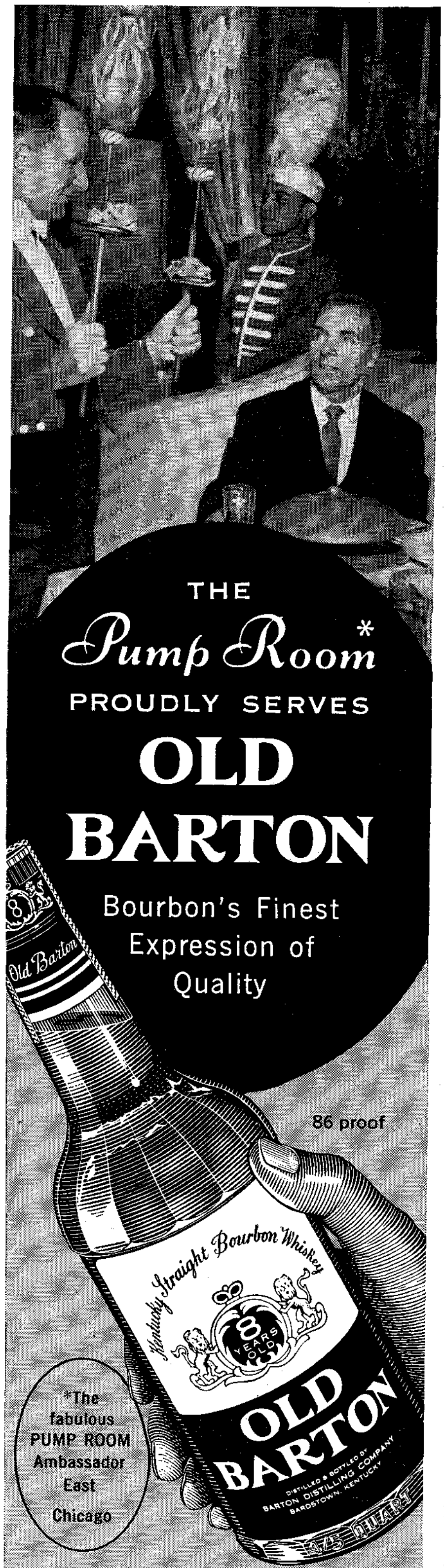
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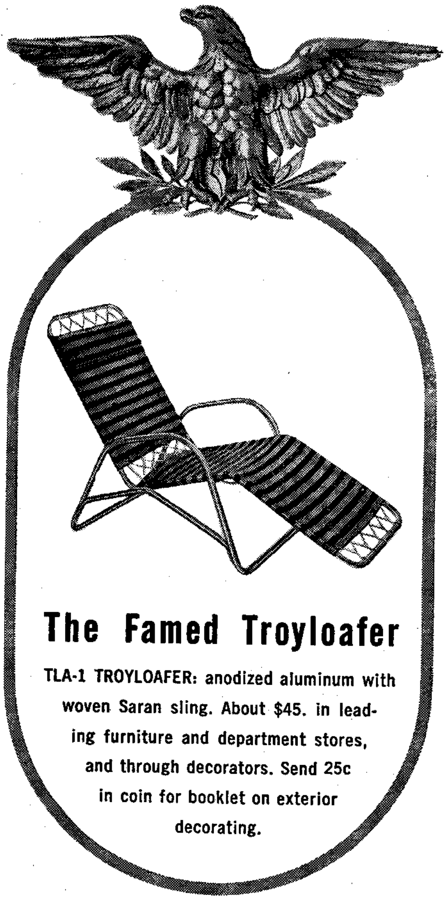
or a pica, in their battle to keep their column width intact and independent. (I subsequently learned from *Editor & Publisher* that William L. Fanning, executive vice-president of the Macy chain of newspapers in Westchester, had fearlessly declared at the height of this tempest, "I'll not reduce my column width with a gun at my head!" This ringing declaration was not memorialized in the New York papers—or, come to that, in the Westchester papers.)

The *Times* also chose Wednesday, the twenty-fourth, as the occasion for divulging some top-level changes in its own hierarchy—principally, that Arthur Hays Sulzberger had moved on from president to chairman of the board, and Orvil E. Dryfoos from vice-president to president. Amory H. Bradford became vice-president and business manager, and Harding F. Bancroft became secretary. The *Times*, out of motives obscure to me, ran the story on its financial page. The *Tribune*, perhaps motivated by archness, ran the same story on its amusement page. In any event, the changes at the *Times* did nothing to justify Murray Kempton's crack about feed, hay, and dry-goods merchants. The new president, vice-president, and secretary were revealed in the biographies that both papers ran on them to have as their respective backgrounds a seat on the Stock Exchange; a position with the law firm of Davis, Polk, Wardwell, Sunderland & Kiendl; and various posts in the State Department. Not a feed merchant in the lot, unless Mr. Dryfoos, the Wall Street alumnus, used to trade in grain futures.

That afternoon, the *Journal* and the *Post*, which do not often see eye to eye, made newspaper history of a sort by both running editorials that sarcastically acclaimed the reunion of Elsa Maxwell and Wallis Windsor as a historic occasion. The *Post* was the only afternoon paper to carry the news that its editorial-page cartoonist, Herbert L. Block, had been named Cartoonist of the Year the night before by the National Cartoonists Society. The *Telegram* gave a three-column headline to a staff-written story:

> U.P. PRESIDENT PLEDGES ENTERPRISE FOR STILL BETTER
> WORLD COVERAGE

Perhaps accidentally, it sandwiched a brief account of a speech by the general manager of the I.N.S. between an advertisement for television sets and a photograph of a man who had admitted braining a girl with a brick concealed in



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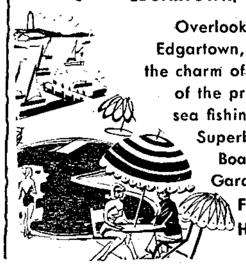

a paper bag. The *Telegram* also quoted President Dwight of the A.N.P.A. as saying that while newspapers were engaged in an endless battle to sustain the people's right to know, they were being pushed to the limit of their economic endurance by the cost of newsprint.

BY Thursday morning, to judge from the accounts of their convention in the papers, the publishers were running out of steam. They were still as firm as ever about the right of reporters to go to China, the *Times* recorded; they had got nowhere in their debate on column widths (the issue was finally tabled); and they had acclaimed the Cadillac division of General Motors as the "National Newspaper Advertiser of the Year" (largely, it seemed, because more than seventy per cent of Cadillac's advertising budget goes into newspaper space). The *Tribune* had little to offer from the convention except assertions by its own vice-president and treasurer that wage payments should be reported to the Social Security Administration annually, instead of quarterly, to save money; the *News* had a brief story, on page 6; the *Post* was preoccupied with what it evidently deemed an intolerable violation of freedom of the press at Brooklyn College (three student editors of the campus paper had been suspended for refusing to submit an editorial to the faculty adviser); and in the *Mirror* Walter Winchell, possibly annoyed that the other Hearst columnists had got into the act ahead of him, devoted his entire column to anecdotes about great newspaper editors, closing with a bygone Chicago hero's "classic admonition: 'Raise hell and sell newspapers!' " Winchell's opening clause—"While U. S. editors are holding their annual get-together . . . "—was perhaps less successful, since the American Society of Newspaper Editors wasn't in session during Press Week. It meets in July, during National Hot Dog Month. The *World-Telegram*, in a story that was comprehensively summed up by its headline, said:

HOMETOWN NEWS
GETS U.P. ATTENTION

Friday was mop-up day in most of the papers. (It was also National Fun Day of American Comedy Week.) The A.N.P.A. convention had adjourned the night before, following a banquet tendered by its Bureau of Advertising, at which Mrs. Luce and Senator John L. McClellan were the principal speakers. (Herbert Hoover was also a speak-

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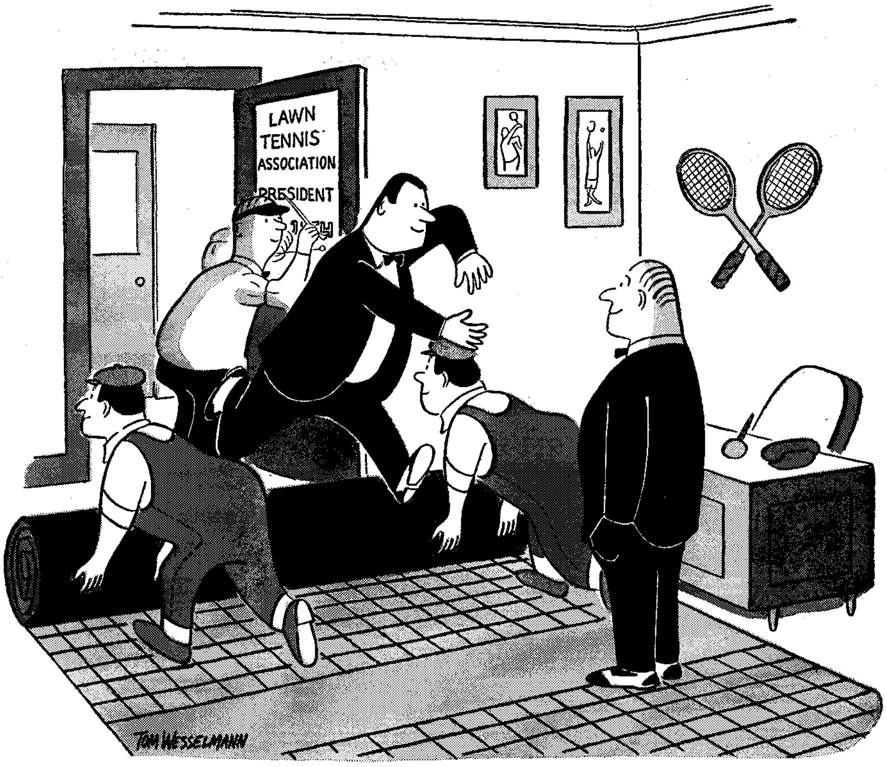

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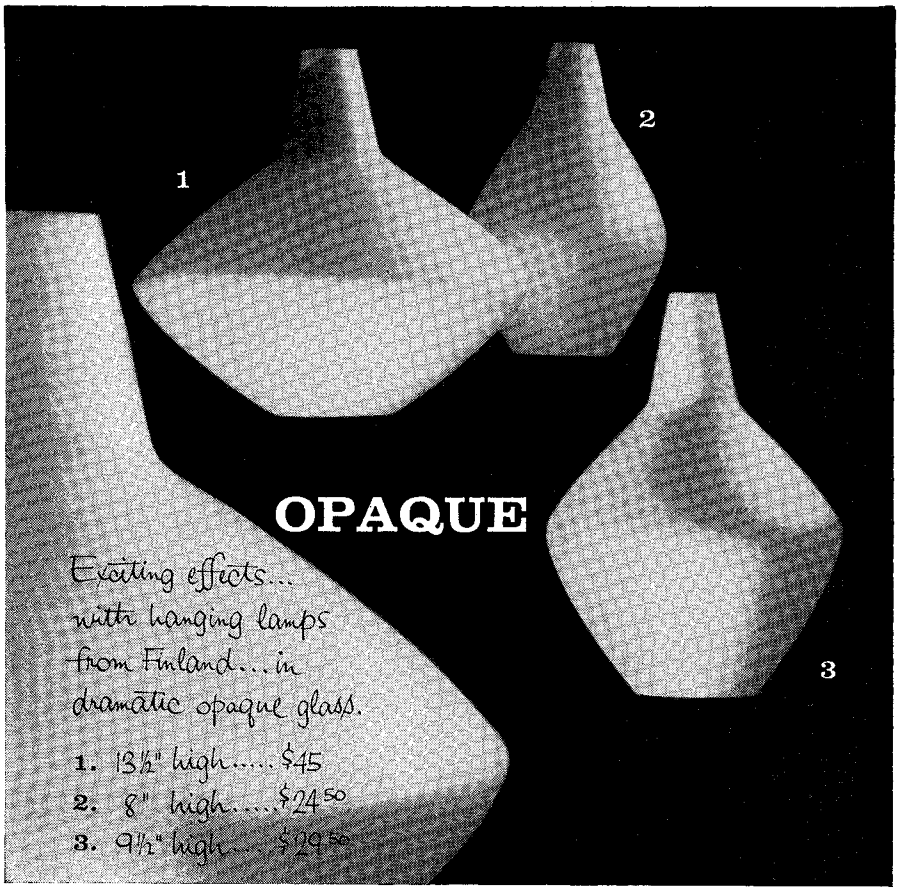

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Note: Phonetic English can only approximate Parisian French!

Beaujolais	*Bow Joe lay*
Chablis	*Shah blee*
Chateau Yquem	*Shot-oh Ee-Kem*
Chateauneuf du Pape	*Shot-oh Neff du Pop*
Chambertin	*Sham bear tan*
Graves	*Grahv*
Haut Sauternes	*Oh So tairn*
Macon	*Mah kon*
Medoc	*May dock*
Montrachet	*Mawn Rah Shay*
Pommard	*Poe mahr*
Pontet-Canet	*Pon tay Kan nay*
Pouilly Fuissé	*Poo yee Fweesay*
Prince Blanc	*Prance Blahn*
Prince Noir	*Prance Nwahr*
Sauternes	*So tairn*
St. Emilion	*Sant Ay mee lee on*
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er, but none of the papers bothered to report much of what he said.) The Senator discussed labor-union racketeering, inspiring the *Journal* to the headline:

UNION THUGS
PERIL U.S.,
ANPA TOLD

Mrs. Luce asked the publishers to support the Foreign Service, which she thought was declining in public esteem because insufficient attention was paid to it in the press. (Two days earlier, Secretary Dulles, upon being asked at his press conference how he felt about the dyspeptic reaction of the Irish press to the appointment of Scott McLeod as ambassador to Ireland, had said he knew nothing about it. This would appear to make another of the Foreign Service's headaches the lack of attention the State Department pays to the press.)

The *Journal* waited for the weekend to run its summary of the A.N.P.A. doings, and no less a personage than its own publisher, William Randolph Hearst, Jr., tackled the assignment. "Because of the nature of the audience and cognizant of the fact that what they have to say is going to get a lot of publicity, the speakers at the principal functions generally come forth with some very interesting observations, and this year was no exception," he wrote. He didn't disclose any particularly interesting observations, but by then it probably didn't matter, for Mayor Wagner had already issued a proclamation that cut the ground out from under Press Week, and into the Waldorf, which can convert from one bunch of guests to another as swiftly and handily as Madison Square Garden can switch from the circus to Billy Graham, the Amalgamated Lithographers of America had already come a-marching, in celebration of Lithographic Week.

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

•

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[*From "The Golden Ham," by Jim Bishop*]

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The more television opens its opaque mouth, the more material it chews and digests. The more channels, the more stations. The more stations, the more programs. The more programs, the more writers.

Gleason has five. They average about $1,250 a week apiece. —*Page 31.*

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UNCLE RUSSELL'S WEEKENDS

MY Uncle Russell had always said that when he retired from the Royal Navy, he intended to settle inland—that if one lived on the coast, one had only three directions in which to take walks. His relatives had assumed from this that he was thinking of walks in the country, so we were all surprised when, on his retirement, he took a small apartment in a South Kensington hotel. He explained that there were several perfectly good parks handy to go walking in and that by living in London he would see something of his nieces; three of my cousins and I were students there at the time.

Getting to know Uncle Russell (he was my father's youngest brother) was a new and pleasant experience for me. During my childhood, he and I had met only at long intervals, when, on his leaves, he visited my parents, at our house in Derbyshire. He was suspicious of small girls, and thought that the way to keep them in order was to shout at them. ("In the Navy, my child, we don't say, 'I don't know.' We say, '*I'll find out*'!") While I was growing up, I was away at boarding school, and my vacations and Uncle Russell's did not coincide, so we had not met for several years when I received the first dinner invitation he sent me after we had both gone to live in London. I went, and had a very good time. Each of us felt, I think, that age had improved the other.

Uncle Russell, as I found then and on later meetings, had an appropriate awareness of a bachelor uncle's duties. He was in his middle fifties, tall and heavily built, and had a jovial manner. He hadn't retired quite as early as he'd originally expected to. When he reached retirement age, the Navy had offered him command of an old black-and-white wooden warship anchored in the Thames, which the government used as a boys' reformatory. My uncle liked the job, and stayed in it for several years.

One might have supposed that his retirement would be a disappointment to him after he had looked forward to it for so long, but I think it exceeded his hopes, if anything. Though he wasn't rich, he had enough money to live the way he wanted to live, and to travel when he felt so inclined. He had a great many friends, with whom he dined, played bridge, sailed boats, and went to the theatre, and his interests were varied enough so that he wasn't dependent on other people for enjoyment. He liked

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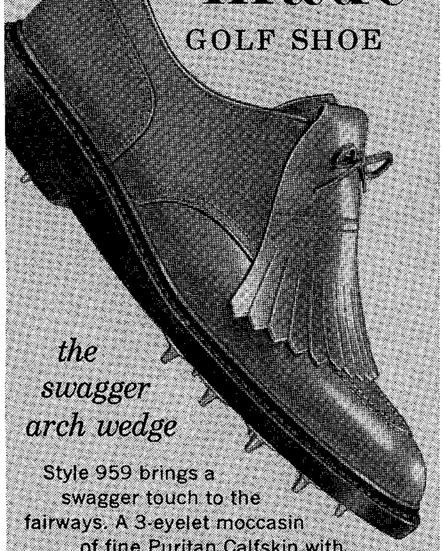

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company, but he didn't mind being alone.

My cousins and I, living in student hostels and bed-sitting rooms, came to look upon Uncle Russell's Kensington flat as an anchor. It consisted of two connecting rooms and a tiny bathroom, and what we liked best about it was its atmosphere of permanence. In all the years I knew the place, its rather forbidding dowdiness was never relieved by new slipcovers or a fresh coat of paint. Sometimes Uncle Russell bought a bunch of flowers and dumped them in a big yellow pitcher the hotel supplied. The flowers would add a touch of warmth and color, and the maid would always leave them just as they were until they died.

There was an air of permanence about Uncle Russell, too, though certainly no dowdiness. He was fussy about his appearance. Like many other naval officers released from uniform, he always wore navy-blue suits. He had a whole wardrobe of them. Every weekday morning when Uncle Russell was in London (he travelled a good deal during the spring and summer months, but only then), he walked a couple of miles through Kensington Gardens and Hyde Park to his club, in Piccadilly, where he read the newspapers and answered his mail. In the afternoon, he sailed, or perhaps took another walk. Evenings, he played bridge or went to the theatre, usually selecting a musical or a revue.

On one occasion—it was my birthday, and I chose the play—he took me to see "A Doll's House." It was playing at a theatre that backs onto the same lane that Wyndham's Theatre backs on. During the intermission, Uncle Russell left me to go out for a smoke. Afterward he went, by mistake, into the stalls of Wyndham's. Once there, he did not try to return to our play. The curtain had already risen at Wyndham's, revealing, he told me later, a very pretty girl in a large, pink-quilted bed, and it pleased him to discover how much more cheerful everything was at Wyndham's. I didn't see Uncle Russell again until after "A Doll's House" was over, when he met me in the foyer. He remarked that my taste in plays needed shaking up.

UNCLE RUSSELL was very generous with his hospitality. My cousins and I were encouraged to visit him whenever we cared to, and to bring our friends with us. We sought his advice on all sorts of topics, and took it more often than I think we would have been

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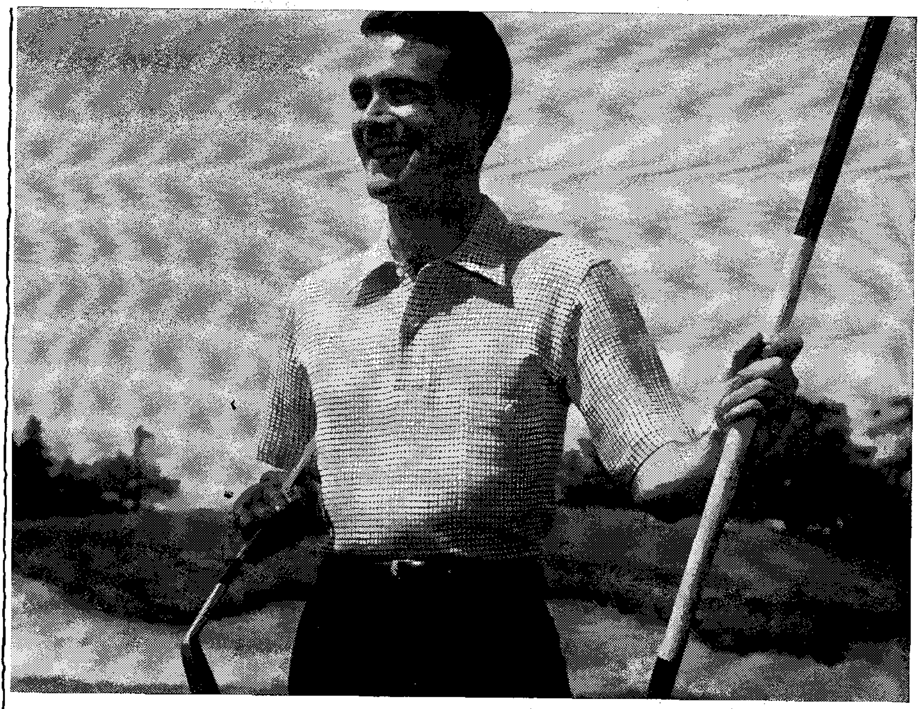
prepared to admit. Uncle Russell always said exactly what he thought. ("That was a pompous chap you brought here last night. His intentions honorable?" "Good heavens, Uncle Russell! Yes, of course." "I thought as much.")

In return for Uncle Russell's criticism, we felt free to criticize him. It shocked us that a man who had served his country faithfully for most of his life should now live solely for pleasure; we were, I'm afraid, rather pompous ourselves. We noticed that Uncle Russell, unlike other old people we knew, devoted none of his time to good works. He contributed to his favorite seamen's charities, but he didn't serve on committees, help in fund-raising drives, or belong to a church. We sometimes told him that we thought he ought to employ himself more usefully than he did, and he entirely disagreed. He said that a great deal of careful planning lay behind his present schedule, and that to waste all those planning hours by making changes would be extravagant. (Uncle Russell's ideas about time were quite odd. One cold, wet afternoon, he telephoned and invited me to go walking with him in Kew Gardens. I said, "I'd love to, but I haven't time." "If you don't want to come, say so," he retorted. "You've got twenty-four hours a day, just like the rest of us.")

I seem to remember best the occasions when Uncle Russell was annoyed with me, though I don't know why I should. Mostly, he was approving and encouraging, and I think he genuinely enjoyed showing his nieces off. When our allowances from home failed to meet the dress bills we somehow acquired, Uncle Russell helped us out, and he was always sending us presents of plum cake and fruit, in the belief, probably correct, that when we cooked for ourselves, we didn't eat enough. He liked to know what interested us, even when our interests bored him. One time, we all invited him to a rally at London University to hear a well-known preacher we admired. Afterward, over tea, crumpets, and strawberry jam in South Kensington, Uncle Russell made fun of our idol, roaring with laughter at the idea he had propounded—that a public confession of one's sins was beneficial. We began to argue, but we were no match for Uncle Russell. He supported all his arguments with Biblical quotations, and he knew the Bible much better than we did.

His teasing didn't offend us, though. He was careful never to hurt anyone's



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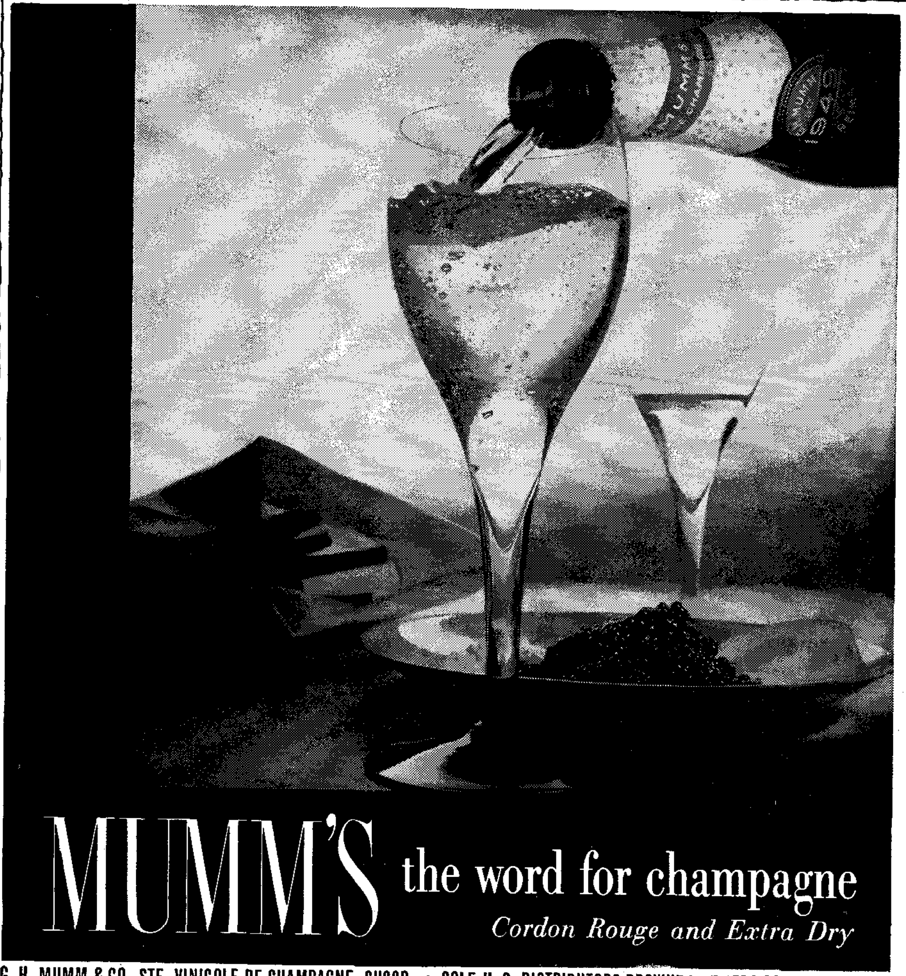

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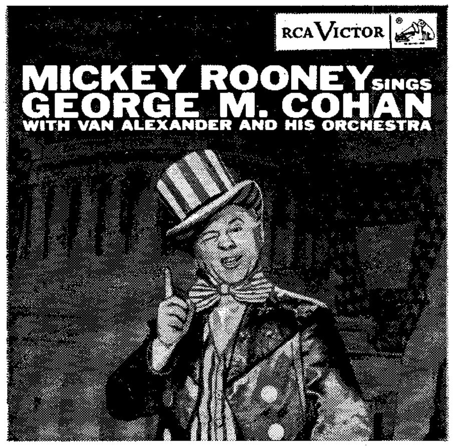

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feelings. He once became quite angry with one of my cousins because he thought she had been careless in this respect when she refused an invitation to spend a week on a friend's yacht. My cousin said she hadn't got the right clothes, and my uncle replied that from what he had seen of her clothes, he thought it unlikely that she had been invited because of them. She should remember, he said, that rich people needed friends, too, and that to be willing to mix only with persons of humble bank deposit was discourteous as well as snobbish.

It was, I suppose, Uncle Russell's kindliness that made him so attentive to various widowed ladies who wanted to marry him. He used to meet them at the bridge clubs he belonged to, and at the houses of his friends, and he would invite them to lunch, and escort them to matinées and flower shows. As far as I am aware, he never became engaged to any of them, but I don't believe they thought any the less of him for that.

UNCLE RUSSELL seemed to my cousins and me the most uncomplex of men until we discovered he had a secret that nothing would persuade him to divulge. It concerned the first weekend of every month, when he went away, out of town. He always caught the same early-Saturday-morning train from Charing Cross Station, wearing a freshly pressed blue suit and carrying a raincoat and an overnight bag. He returned after dinner the following evening. Whatever the reason for the rendezvous, it was extremely important to him; nothing—not even a vacation trip on the Continent—was allowed to interfere with it.

My cousins and I supposed that Uncle Russell's weekends were connected with one of the widows—one more successful than the others. We pictured her as calm, equable, and undemanding; an aura of peace always enveloped Uncle Russell on these monthly departures and returns. On the other hand, it was quite unlike him to keep a widow stashed away in the country—or, for that matter, anywhere else. He simply didn't approve of such things. And yet, we wondered, if he hadn't anything to hide, why didn't he tell us where he went each month and what he did when he got there?

We never actually asked Uncle Russell about his weekends. It wouldn't have got us anywhere if we had. In England, at that time, it was considered ill-mannered to ask direct ques-

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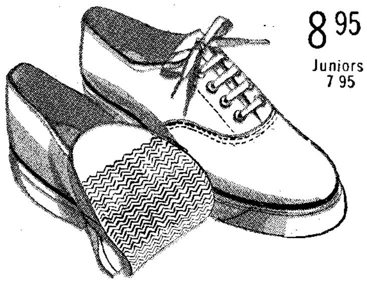
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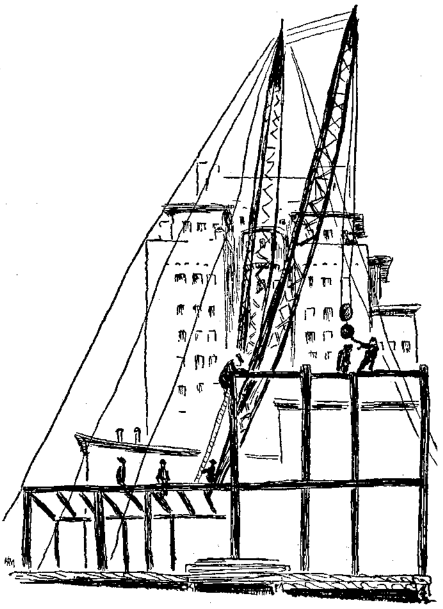
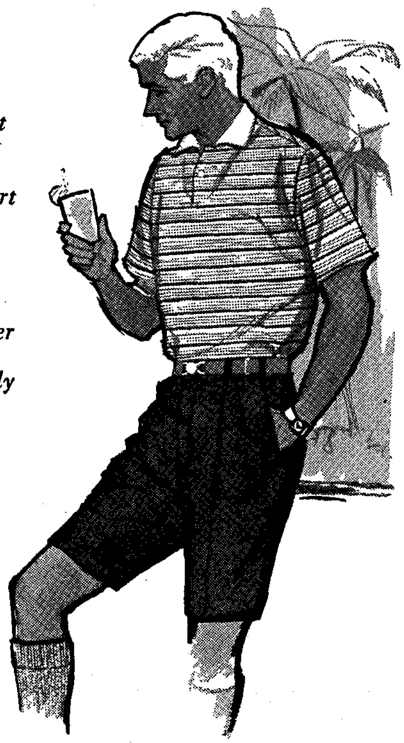
tions. We could, however, ask circuitously, and set those little conversational traps by means of which the English are so clever at eliciting information. With anybody as forthright and open as Uncle Russell, it should have been easy to find out what we wanted to know, but it was not. He sidestepped all our questioning and every one of our traps, and he did it in such a way that we couldn't tell whether he had more subtlety than we gave him credit for or whether he genuinely didn't understand the questions we implied.

We *could* ask our parents about Uncle Russell, and this we did. My mother expressed surprise that I should suppose she knew how her brother-in-law spent his weekends; my father didn't care. My cousins' parents, apparently no better informed than mine, suggested that we find out from Uncle Russell; they said we saw more of him than they did.

During the winter months, we did see a lot of him. In the spring and summer, he went abroad on short trips (short because he had to be back in London in time for the first weekend of the following month), and we hardly saw him at all, unless it was the turn of one of us to accompany him; he liked to take a niece or a godson along on his travels.

Uncle Russell's godsons were either the sons of brother-officers or, later, the children of the delinquent boys who had served under him on the old black-and-white ship. He kept up with many of the boys he had known there. The godsons received about twice as many invitations as we nieces did, but this did not create any ill feeling; we knew that the discrimination was purely one of sex. I think Uncle Russell felt about





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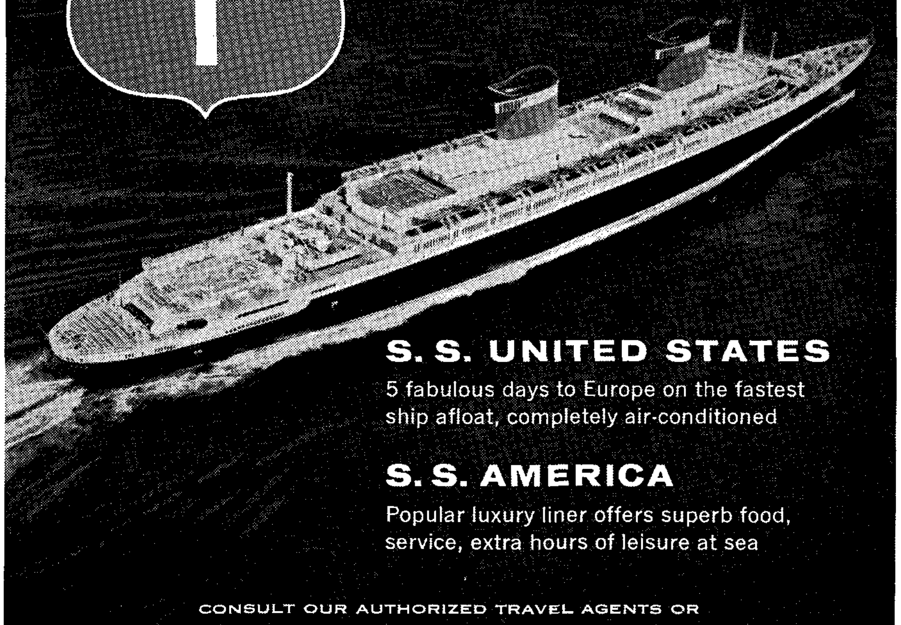

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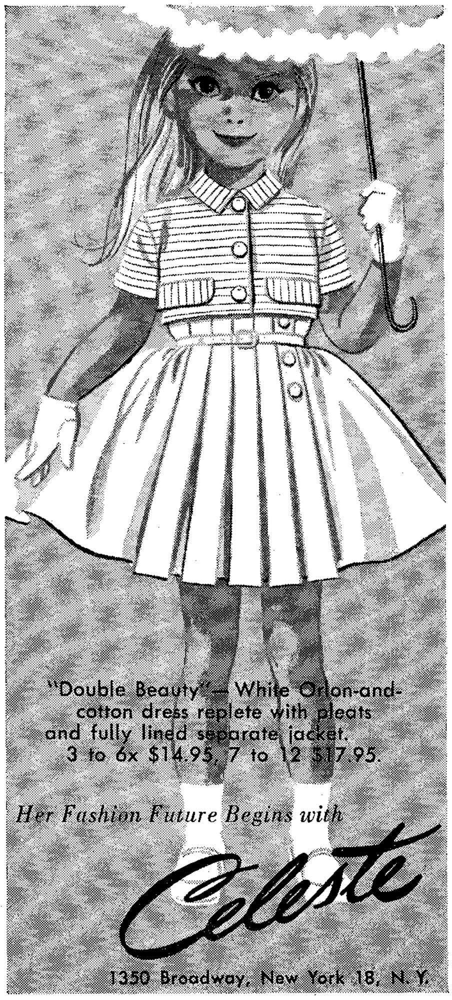

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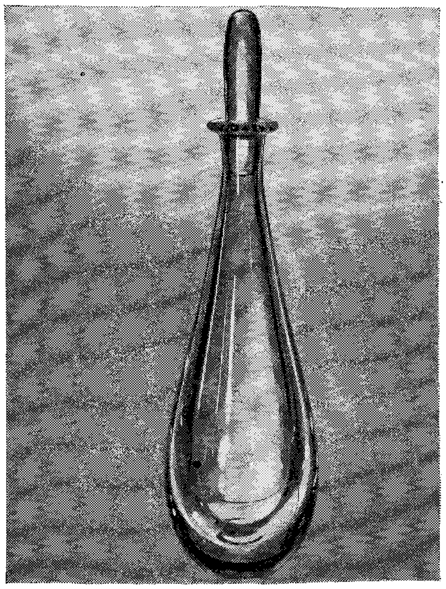
travelling with one of us the way many people feel about buying a puppy—the female may have more charm, but the male is less bother.

Taking a trip abroad with Uncle Russell was quite an exhausting experience. He preferred to visit places where English was not understood, thus giving himself an opportunity to use his smatterings of French, German, and Italian, all three of which he spoke loudly and without shame. This method of communication was apt to be slow as well as noisy. One problem that sometimes arose in the smaller places in France concerned the hotels' interpretation of Uncle Russell's request for rooms. Uncle Russell liked to make reservations ahead, and occasionally we would find that one bedroom had been reserved, instead of the two he had ordered. This would throw Uncle Russell into a panic. While the accompanying niece, who realized that the confusion was owing solely to the host's wish to be coöperative, tried to explain what was wanted, Uncle Russell would bang on the registration desk, shouting "*Non, non! Ma nièce!*" over and over at the agreeable, smiling *aubergiste*. We always got our two rooms in the end, of course (perhaps as a compromise, they usually had a connecting door), but sorting out the problem was tiring for everyone.

Apart from such incidents, holidays with Uncle Russell were calm. He enjoyed looking at views and visiting gardens, but he didn't care about picture galleries and cathedrals. He was firm, however, about exposing us to them. There can't be many people who have walked farther alone indoors in Europe than I.

By the time my cousins and I had completed our studies in London, we were no nearer solving the mystery of Uncle Russell's weekends, and although I suppose we should have outgrown our curiosity, we had not. Even after the start of the Second World War, when he had a job as a Civil Defense worker, his schedule, as far as his monthly weekend was concerned, remained the same. He saved up all his leave periods, and changed dates around with the other men on the post, so that he could get away when he wanted to.

UNCLE RUSSELL died suddenly, of a heart attack, in the fall of 1944. His brothers were already dead and his sisters too old to get about, so there were few people at the funeral, though several of his friends from the reformatory



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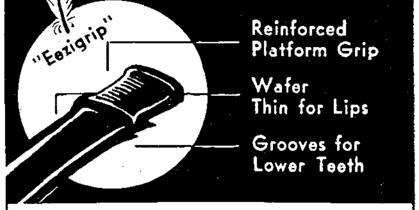

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ship came, and a couple of godsons who were still too young to be away in the Navy. After the service, a middle-aged, pleasant-looking man walked up to me and introduced himself. He was, he told me, the superintendent of the hospital where my uncle had for a long time spent the first weekend of every month, visiting the patients, reporting to them about their families, and, if they wished, helping them with their business affairs. The patients were going to miss him terribly, the superintendent said. All those he had visited were lepers. —JOYCE WARREN

•

EXORCISM

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There's more than boards loose in the floor—
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three seeds of the fern
and a leaf of the willow.

Be gone, ogre of the Candle,
djinn of the grinning Fire;
be gone, harpy of the Lintel,
worm of the winding Wire.

Cerberus of the Threshold,
run howling through the town;
imp of the Ingle, shrivel;
nymph of the Mirror, drown.

Die, demon of the Cupboard;
fly, spectre of the Stairs;
and die, you lean Clock's warden
who whispers in my ears.

—ROBERT FRIEND

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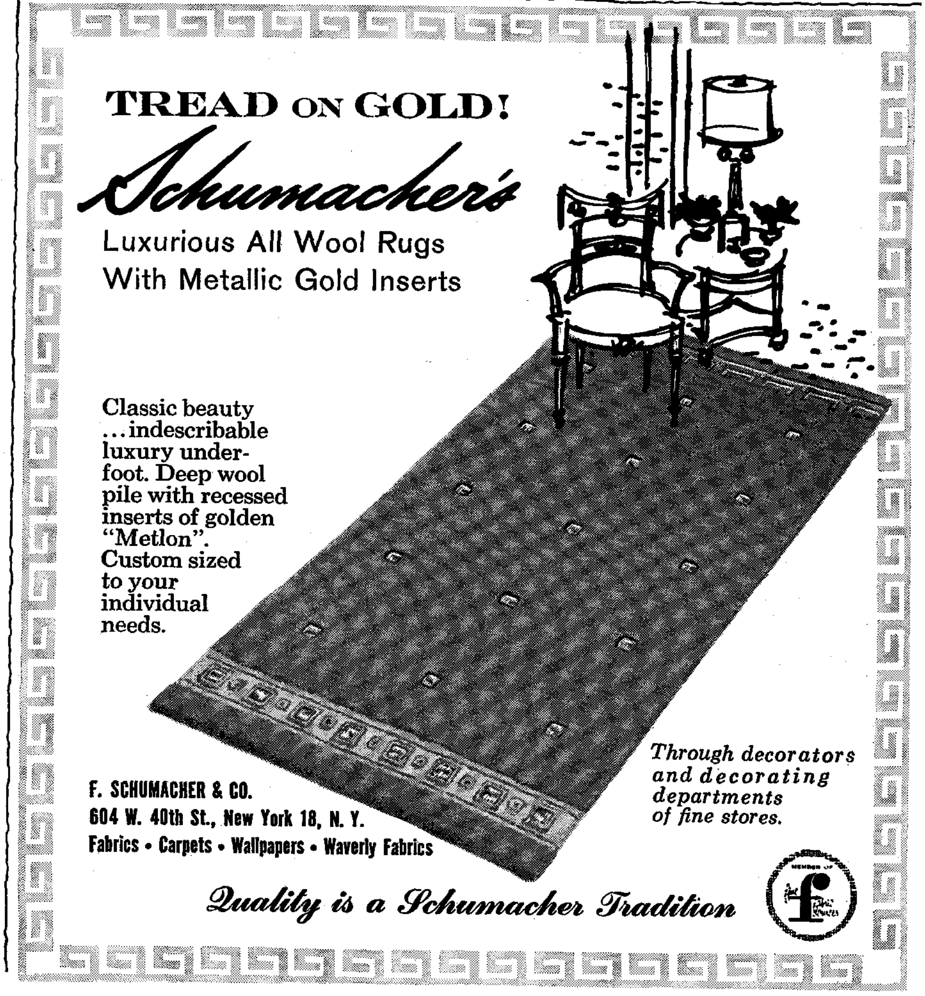
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MUSICAL EVENTS

Jazz Records

JIMMY GIUFFRE, the gifted clarinettist, arranger, and composer, has made a new recording, "The Jimmy Giuffre 3" (Atlantic 1254), that is a delightful and fascinating jelling of many of his recent bold experiments with jazz rhythms and jazz themes. Although revolutionary, these experiments have had far less than an electric effect on modern jazz. For Giuffre's dulcet style of playing and the subtle, leafy structure of his writing have a deceptively timid, almost insulated quality, which is often ignored or shrugged off by the exponents of the beefier jazz experimentalism of such men as Charlie Mingus and Teo Macero. Giuffre's work is also elusive because of a characteristic he shares with an increasing number of his colleagues: he comes in two different parts—the highly inventive arranger-composer, and the accomplished instrumentalist. (Although he also plays the tenor and baritone saxophones, he has been concentrating in the past couple of years on a unique clarinet style. It is notable for its delicate vibrato, its simple legato phrasing, and the exclusive use of the lower and middle registers of the instrument, all of which produce a limpid, mahogany-colored sound.) This duality is, in some respects, even more marked in Giuffre than it is in other musicians; his instrumental style frequently seems a direct organic outgrowth of his compositions, and vice versa.

Giuffre, who is thirty-six years old and holds a degree in music, was one of the founders of the now declining West Coast school of modern jazz, a suave splinter movement that got started five years ago around Los Angeles and San Francisco. It produced, in the main, a glazed, dainty small-band jazz, which nevertheless brought to the fore excellent musicians like Giuffre, Shorty Rogers, Gerry Mulligan, and Shelly Manne. The movement developed, in addition to a rather sleek compositional approach—smooth unison ensembles, hushed dynamics, and sliding rhythm—an instrumental style very close to that of the cool school. At first, Giuffre's work seems the epitome of the West Coast method. Yet his playing has an urgent, if constantly veiled, lyric quality that suggests, rather than the bland variations of Shorty Rogers, the liquid but muscular work of such men as Jimmy Noone, Irving Fazola, and Pee Wee Russell. His arranging and composing have been equally independent of the West Coast school. In, for example, "Tangents in Jazz: The Jimmy Giuffre Four" (Capitol T 634), a remarkable recording produced two years ago, Giuffre—in company with Jack Sheldon, trumpet; Ralph Peña, bass; and Artie Anton, drums—dropped the customary steady sounded beat completely and employed the rhythm instruments as semi-melodic, almost harmonic devices that both underscore and liberate the melody instruments. As Giuffre says, in his notes for this record:

> I've come to feel increasingly inhibited and frustrated by the insistent pounding of the rhythm section. With it, it's impossible for the listener or the soloist to hear the horn's true sound . . . or fully concentrate on the solo line. . . . The essence of jazz is in the phrasing and notes, and these needn't change when the beat is silent. Since the beat is implicit, this music retains traditional feeling; not having it explicit allows freer thinking.

The over-all effect is that of loping freedom; the horns seem to coast effortlessly in and out of both the written and improvised passages, which are frequently broken by rests that are filled by the bass and drums with contrasting or imitative figures. (Giuffre often breaks up the standard thirty-two-bar chorus this way, and sometimes he abandons it for his own forms, of whatever length.) Although the implied beat occasionally seems—like a poised billy—more compelling than the steady thump of a bass drum, these rhythmic dalliances create a magic, free-ballooning setting for a second but equally important quality: the injection into much of the music of an elusive pastoral dimension. Two of the tunes, "The Leprechaun" and "Chirpin' Time," which are blues and folk in origin, have, because of Giuffre's clarinet and Sheldon's soft trumpet, a kind of evening, piper-in-the-meadow quality, a bucolic element that disappeared almost entirely from jazz in the twenties, when it became so brassily urbanized.

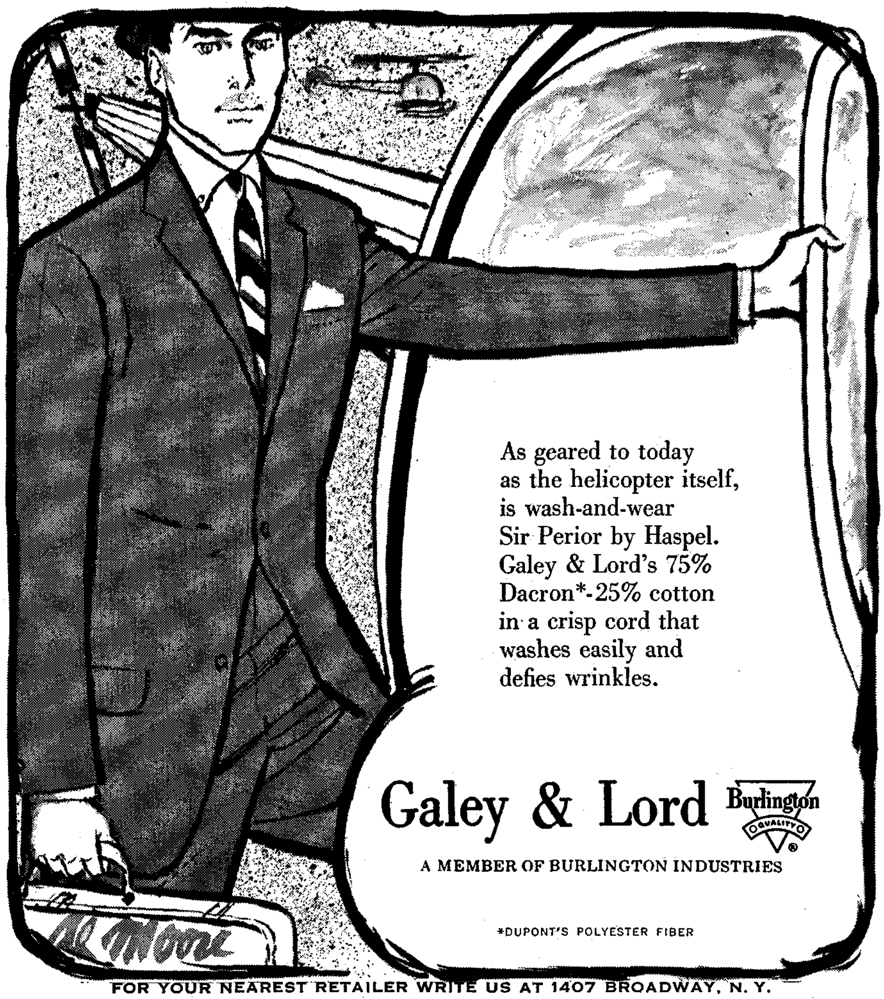
All this is buoyantly and intricately present in "The Jimmy Giuffre 3." Giuffre is accompanied by Jim Hall, guitar, and again by Ralph Peña. There are nine selections, seven of them by Giuffre. These are, nearly without exception, either unadorned blues or derived from blues. They are effectively broadened by the addition, here and there, of folk-song and spiritual elements that appear both in the arranged passages, notably in "That's the Way It Is," and in the ad-lib playing, notably in "The Crawdad Suite," a tune in which Hall lets loose clusters of ringing chords that could easily have come from the late Leadbelly. "The Crawdad Suite" is a seven-minute composition built around two themes—an ingratiating blues and a haunting minor figure. The blues is played in a slow, steady rhythm, while the minor theme—which is stated sotto-voce from time to time by the various players, as in a series of asides—has no rhythm at all. Both the blues and the minor theme are improvised upon (about half of the entire recording is written, though), and they are connected by short, lyrical passages, usually played by the guitar, that allow the two to follow one another like perfectly logical extensions. "The Train and the River" is a little descriptive piece, a refreshing idea that—except for rarities like Ellington's "Harlem Air-Shaft" and Meade Lux Lewis's "Honky Tonk Train Blues"—has largely been ignored in jazz. He embellishes the lively melody successively on the clarinet and the two saxophones, while Peña and Hall work out galloping train rhythms, which add to Giuffre's suggestion, on his tenor saxophone, of the melancholy wail of the steam whistle. Although there are, of course, never more than three instruments at work simultaneously, Giuffre manages—through the deft use of such devices as the constant varying of instrumental combinations (clarinet with bass, baritone saxophone with guitar, and so on), a fragile, intense counterpoint, and the occasional insertion of bits of fugue—to develop a multiplicity of sounds that would do credit to a ten-piece group. The playing is faultless. Hall is a young, no-nonsense guitarist who has much of the spare deliberation of Charlie Christian, and Peña is a forceful, big-toned performer. Giuffre matches their combined strengths with gentlemanly ease.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

Friebert, an associate professor of art at UWM, has received much recognition for his work. A year's fellowship from the Ford Foundation for the Advancement of Education in Art took Friebert and his family to New York where he observed educational procedure in art and painted the city.—*Glendale-Brown Deer (Wis.) News.*

Red?



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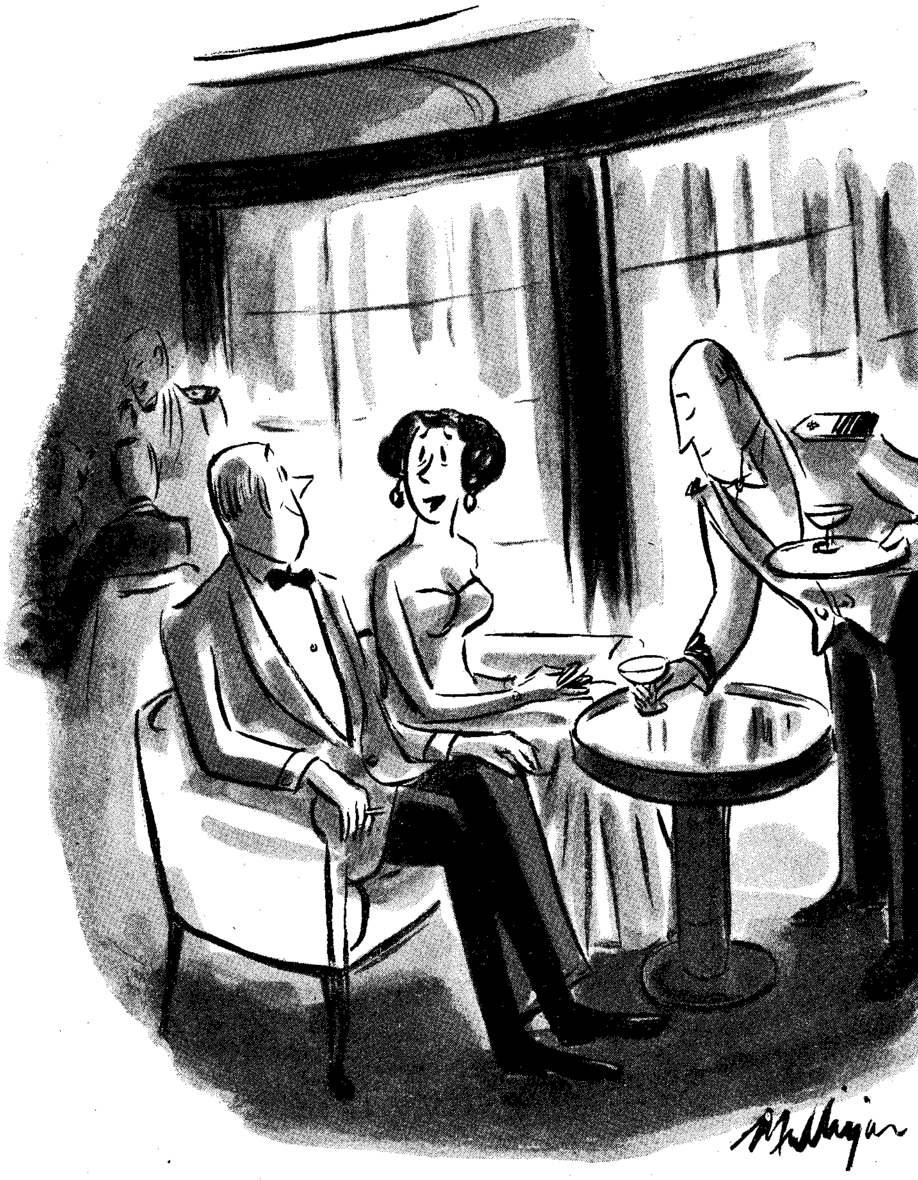
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

MAY 16

DAVE BECK, the rich and uncommunicative teamster from Seattle, is once more in the Senate Caucus Room declining comment before Senator McClellan's Select Committee on Improper Activities in the Labor or Management Field, and Robert F. Kennedy, the rich and self-righteous young lawyer from Boston, is hard at work propounding questions he knows Beck will not answer. Never has the Socratic method been put to odder use. Kennedy, bringing to near-perfection a technique developed by the late Senator McCarthy—a patron of Kennedy's and a member of the Select Committee at the time of his death—does not ask questions to which he either wants or expects a direct and informative reply. From his point of view, it could even be a tactical error to frame a question that would draw a straight answer. Last week, Beck was asked if he knew his own son. Beck took the Fifth Amendment. If Kennedy had brought together half a dozen busy senators to hear Dave Beck say that of course he knew his own son, the press would ask why the time of statesmen was being spent on such silliness. Television viewers would switch to "Tic Tac Dough" if all they were getting from the Senate Caucus Room was Dave Beck, Sr., being asked if he knew Dave Beck, Jr., and answering "Yes" or "Sure" or perhaps "Pardon me, Senators, but are you certain you're all feeling well today?" However, the spectacle of Beck invoking his Constitutional rights on such a matter as this is an absorbing one, and Senator McClellan and his chief counsel are much admired for staging it. When Beck is in the witness chair not talking, he draws the biggest crowds Washington has seen in years. The impresarios are unfailingly obliging. "It is anticipated that we will get the same kind of response that we have been getting," Senator McClellan said from the chair toward the end of a long day. "But just so that the public will know that there is more, and yet more, I am going to indulge this session a little longer so that counsel may ask some of these very pertinent questions and let the witness continue to take the Fifth Amendment." It is a triumph of modern investigation to turn up a witness who will provide no information—especially when everyone already has the information he will not provide.

When Dave Beck leans on the Constitution, he leans on it heavily. In his earlier appearances, when his attorney was former Senator James Duff, of Pennsylvania, he was at pains to base his refusal to testify on something more than his right to avoid self-incrimination. "I must decline to answer because this committee lacks jurisdiction or authority under Article I, II, or III of the Constitution," he would say. "Further, I decline to answer because I refuse to give testimony against myself, and invoke the Fourth and Fifth Amendments; and, further, because the question is not relevant or pertinent to this investigation." Articles I, II, and III, of course, are the very heart of the Constitution, exclusive of amendments, and the Fourth Amendment provides for "the right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects against unreasonable searches and seizures." Sometimes Beck would vary and broaden his grounds to take in "all of its amendments, the Bill of Rights in its entirety, and the entire Constitution." In his most recent appearance, with his new attorney, Edward Bennett Williams, he shortened his antiphonies to a mere assertion of his right to maintain silence under the Fifth Amendment, which is the only right that Congress and, thus far, the courts will respect for witnesses in Beck's predicaments. (To date, Beck has invoked the Fifth Amendment, alone or in tandem, a hundred and fifty times, which is believed to establish him as the all-time champion. Shortening his responses has also enabled him to set a speed record. On a fast track one day last week, he was timed at better than one self-incrimination claim a minute.) In the event, though, that the



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Beck case should reach the higher tribunals—which is more than a mere possibility, since he is already under federal indictment on several claims of tax evasion, and since other indictments are likely to grow out of the present proceedings—his assertion of additional grounds may be given close scrutiny. There are many people here who find Beck a most unsympathetic character but who still think there are grave issues raised by the way the McClellan committee has handled him and who think he might well maintain that not one but several of his Constitutional rights have been violated. The Fifth Amendment, as a case in point, does more than give a citizen the right to refuse to testify against himself; it has a double-jeopardy provision, and it might be held, in a not too broad interpretation, that this Congressional proceeding has once put Beck "in jeopardy of life or limb." The language of the Constitution is frequently hyperbolic—or at least it has often been read by the courts as hyperbolic—and the time may soon arrive when the assertion that an individual has been tried once by being exposed to a proceeding such as this one will seem only common sense. "I do not conceive," Beck's lawyer said in the Senate Caucus Room last week, "that the Committee has the power of exposition or degradation or humiliation or castigation." The Committee, as an arm of Congress, certainly does have the power. Whether it has or should have the right is another question, and whether exercise of the power may be regarded as a trial—on the ground that it constitutes a judgment and an exposure to jeopardy—is still another.

The Beck case is unique in several respects. There have been witnesses before other committees who could make a stronger claim than Beck to having been badly used, for it may be said in behalf of the Committee in this instance that Beck is being pilloried not on the basis of rumor or speculation but on the basis of what appear to be fully documented charges; in other words, it seems to be the truth that is catching up with him. Nevertheless, in the majority of prior instances, the real or supposed offenses of the witnesses were against public, as opposed to private, morality. Most of Senator McCarthy's witnesses were accused, rightly or wrongly, of being Communists or of in some way aiding Communism. Communism is distinctly a public and political question; if a Communist sins, it is against the established

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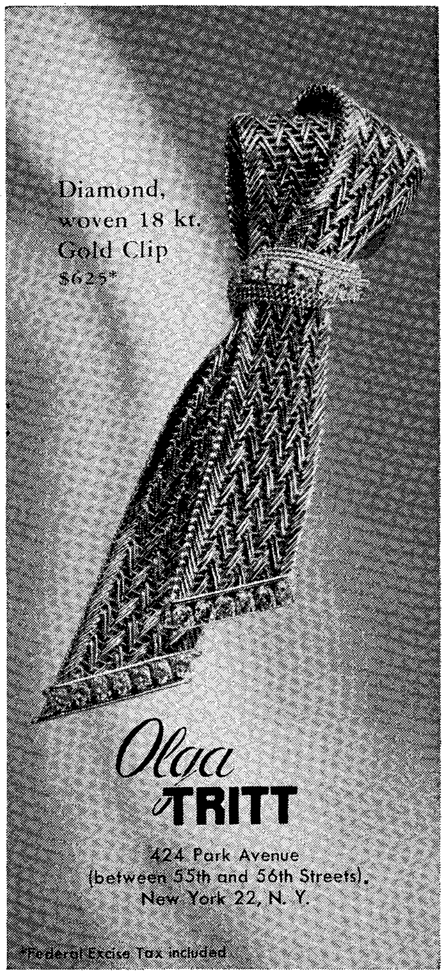
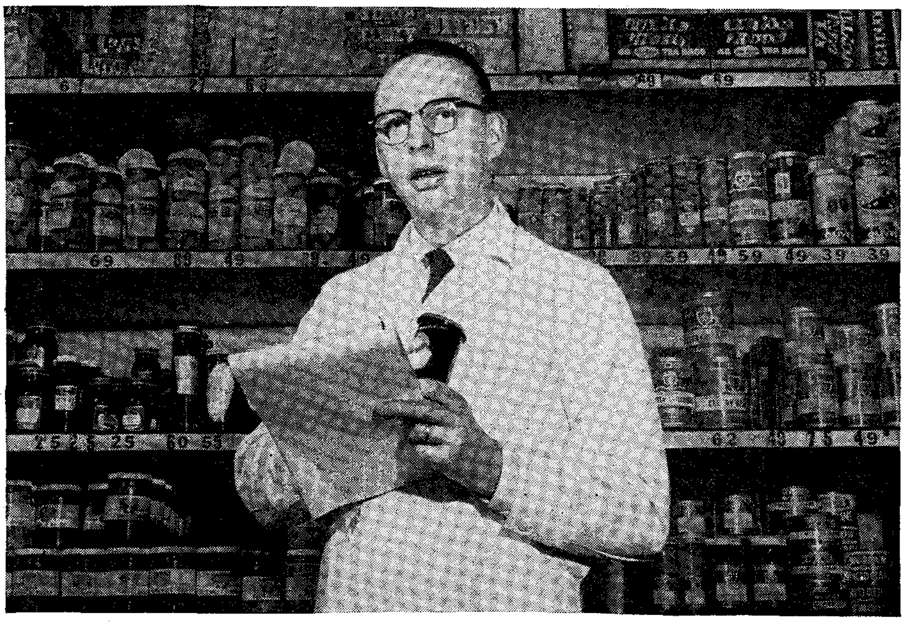


order of society and against the security of his nation. Dave Beck, being led on by the McClellan committee "so that the public will know that there is more, and yet more," is exposed to contumely partly because of offenses against public morality—the misappropriation of union welfare funds, for example—but also, and very largely, because of his apparent weakness for the purely personal sin of avarice. He is being held up before the country as a man of monumental greed and cupidity.

Beck is probably the first witness ever to take the Fifth Amendment on a question involving his personal views about the meaning and significance of the Fifth Amendment. At one point, Senator McClellan asked him if he regarded his "rights and privileges under the Fifth Amendment as transcending any duty or obligation that you owe to your union." Beck gave a rather fuzzy answer, but Senator McClellan would not let it go at that, and he put the question again. Beck's counsel interposed an objection, saying that he felt that "Mr. Beck has expressed his views on the subject that you have dealt with, and I submit that your question is entirely irrelevant to the proceedings." Senator McClellan overruled the counsel and made a little speech on what *he* felt about the Amendment. He then insisted upon a still further display of Beck's unresponsiveness. The transcript reads:

> THE CHAIRMAN: . . . I just want to get his views about it. I want to give him this opportunity to tell his union members and tell the country, the people who are interested in this proceeding, and its objectives, whether he so regards it.
>
> The Chair repeats the question, Mr. Beck, and you will answer it. [Actually, there was no question cast in an interrogatory form. Beck was being asked to respond to the Chair's statement of its wish to get Beck's "views about it."]
>
> (The witness consulted with his counsel.)
>
> MR. BECK: What was the last statement, please?
>
> THE CHAIRMAN: The Chair repeats the question, and you are directed to answer it.
>
> MR. BECK: I must decline to answer the question because . . .

It may well be that Beck had no right to invoke the Fifth Amendment at this point. It would be difficult to establish any possibility of self-incrimination arising from a man's reflections on the meaning and value of the law that allows him to avoid self-incrimination. If, however, the First, or free-speech, Amendment has any application in a Congressional hearing, the Department of Justice would have a hard time con-



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victing a man of contempt of Congress on the ground that he had failed to give an adequate response to the Committee after Senator McClellan had said, "I just want to get his views about it." We will have reached a new plateau in these quizzes if anyone is obliged to favor Senator McClellan with his lucubrations on Constitutional matters, or if anyone must seize the "opportunity" provided by the Committee "to tell his union members and tell the country" what he thinks.

IF the Select Committee's handling of Beck raises any serious issues of public policy, it is necessary, in considering them, to separate the investigation of Beck from the investigation of his union; it is also necessary to separate the part of the Beck investigation in which he is treated as an offender against private morality from the part in which he is treated as a man with large public responsibilities. These separations are more easily talked about than made, and a fair-minded judge might very well rule that they are altogether impossible to make. At the very least, it would have to be conceded that the McClellan committee, unlike certain others, has not been set up as a mere engine of denunciation. The greater share of its work to date on the International Brotherhood of Teamsters has consisted of exploring, carefully and patiently, what appear on the surface to be highly improper—not to say outrageous—activities in the field of labor, and there is scarcely a question to be raised about either the right of Congress to conduct such an investigation or the propriety of this Committee's methods. The Senate created the Committee by resolution on January 30th of this year. Beck's union is the largest in the country, and the work of its members is basic to the economy and intimately related to defense and national security. "Interstate commerce," which Congress must regulate, is practically a definition of a teamster's job. The union, like all others, is protected by certain laws of Congress, and some Americans must accept it as their bargaining agent whether they like it or not. It has enormous funds, which are tax exempt and legally privileged in other ways. Under the Taft-Hartley Act, most unions must file financial statements with the Department of Labor, but the statements can be just about anything the unions want them to be, and there is no effective machinery for detecting concealment or penalizing falsification. These funds are a public trust, and if they can be misap-

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propriated, then thought must be given to remedial legislation. The union, according to testimony before the Select Committee, has been up to its ears in national, state, and municipal politics. It has for some time been ripe for investigation, and the Select Committee, several of whose members have a special competence in labor affairs, is well qualified to make a just and sober evaluation of the facts. By and large, the Committee and its staff appear to have been doing just that.

Some years back, it might have been argued that the Committee's frank desire to achieve its objectives through publicity was indecent and deserving of censure. But things have changed, and Senator McClellan and Robert Kennedy now stress public information—in particular, the enlightenment of the rank and file of the teamsters—as an end quite as important as legislation. Indeed, they stress it a good deal more. "The only reason I have continued is to let the country know, let the teamsters of this country know, the character of the transactions that have transpired," Senator McClellan said at one point. Kennedy, asked on "Meet the Press" why he was developing a certain line of testimony, said, "I think the teamsters will be [interested], and I think the labor-union movement will be, and I think the public will be." A little later, he said, "Well, I believe again that the information that we will develop before the Committee will be of interest to the Ethical Practices Committee of the A.F.L.-C.I.O." The idea that congressmen are fulfilling any part of their responsibilities by working up data that will prove "interesting" to the public or to a segment of it or to something called the Ethical Practices

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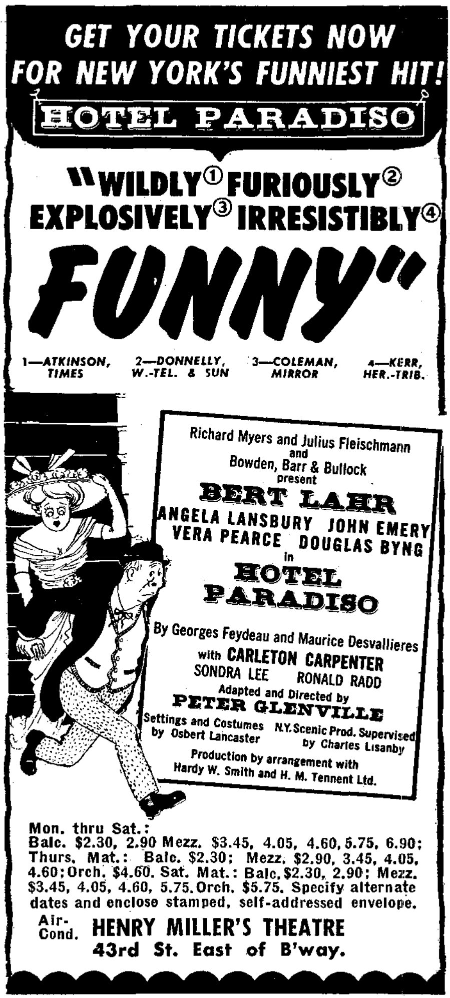

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Committee of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. is one that finds no warrant in the Constitution or in the body of our law generally. Congress has simply assumed this educational prerogative. Nothing in the law proscribes it, however, and in our system many of the most useful functions of government are assumed ones. In fact, the right of Congress to conduct an investigation for any purpose at all is merely one that Congress has taken unto itself. Nothing in the Constitution apart from the "general-welfare" clause justifies investigation, and that clause offers only the slenderest justification for it and none at all for Congress's use of the subpoena power or for its punishment of contempt. It has taken these powers unto itself, as the British Parliament did before it, and because they have seemed logical and useful powers for Congress to have, the objections have been few in number, and nearly all of these have been overruled in the courts. The use of the Congressional investigation for public enlightenment is more recent than its use for providing Congress with information essential to sound legislation, but it has seemed a reasonable and, in some cases, a valuable function, and it has acquired the sanction of habitude and the approval of many authorities. Woodrow Wilson, in 1900, went as far as to say that "the informing function of Congress should be preferred even to its legislative function." Most of those who admire the United States Senate and, along with Gladstone, hold it to be "the most remarkable of all the inventions of modern politics" do so not because they think the Senate improves the quality of our laws but because they feel that it improves the quality of political debate and discussion in this country.

When Wilson spoke of the "informing function" of Congress, however, he spoke in a limited context. He meant that Congress should, by its exercise of the power of investigation, inform the public about the operations of government—particularly the executive branch of government. "The argument is . . . that discussed and interrogated administration is the only pure and efficient administration," he said. Wilson saw the investigative power of Congress as a device for making the system of checks and balances effective. He would almost certainly have disapproved on principle the notion that Congress could investigate any non-governmental institution it chose simply because it felt that it would be useful for the public to have the information that might be turned up in the course of the inquiry. In Wilson's

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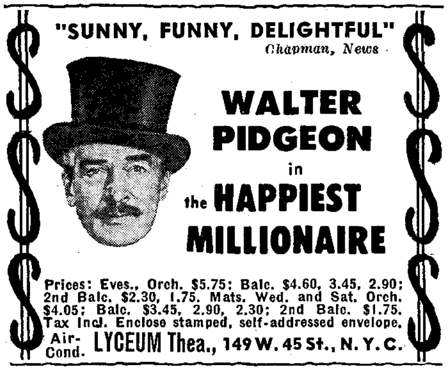

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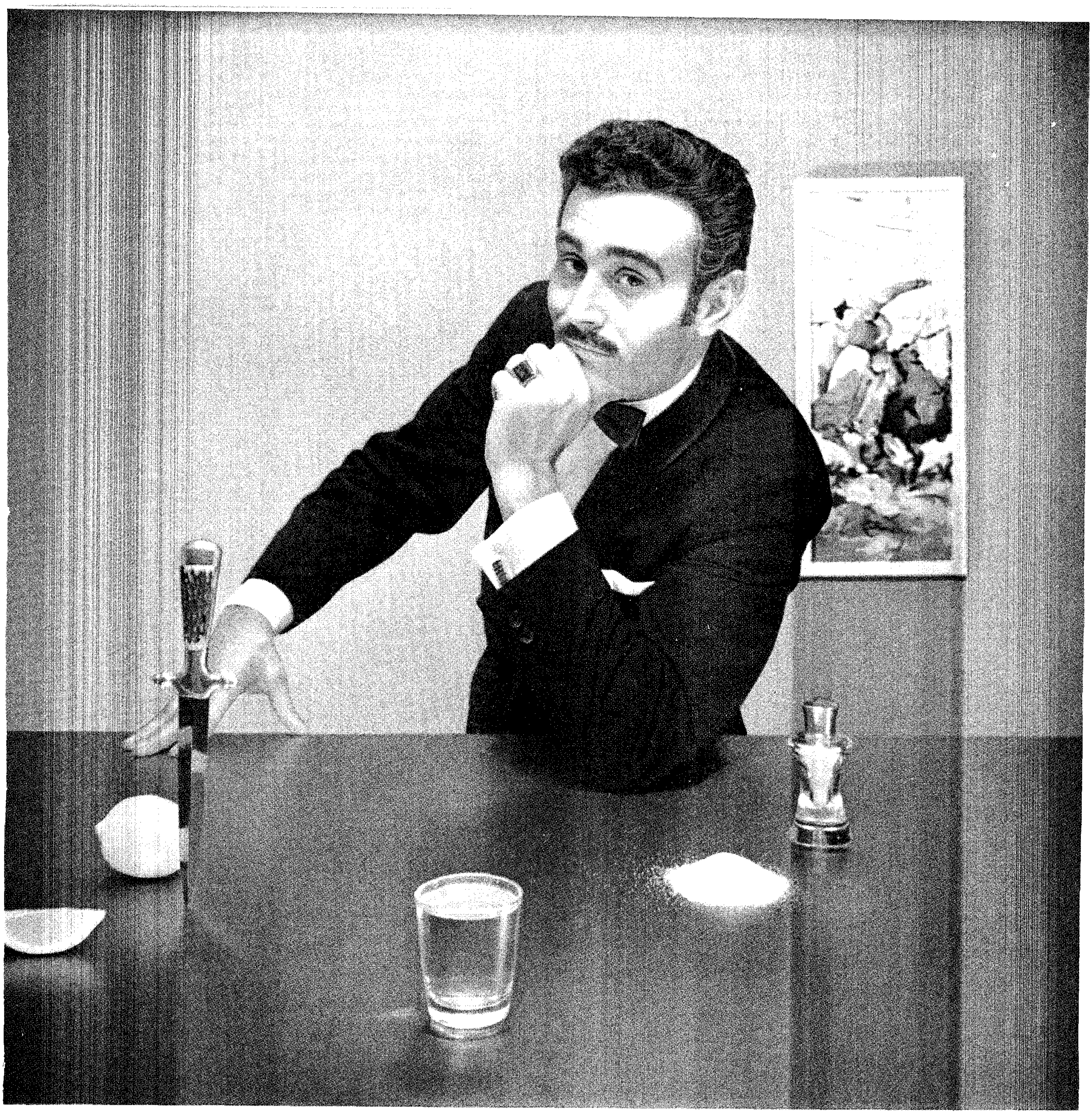

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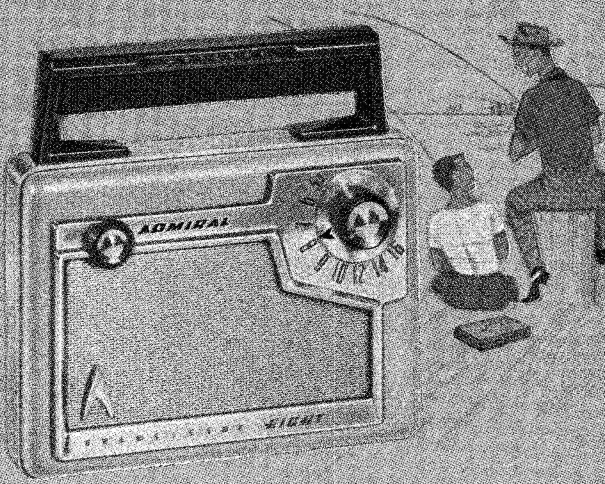

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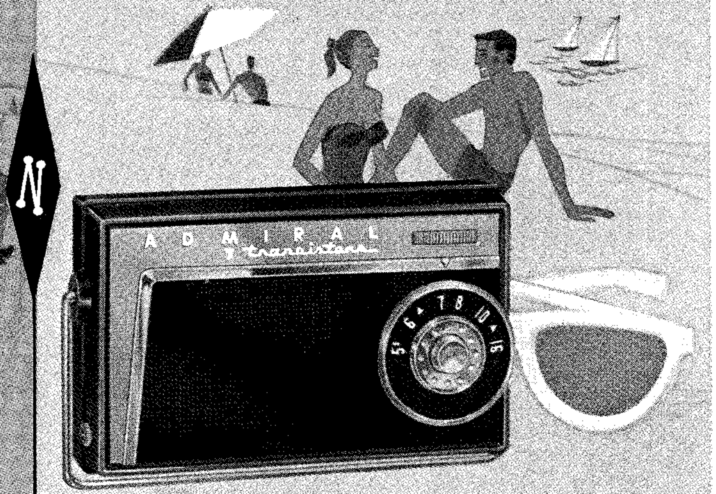

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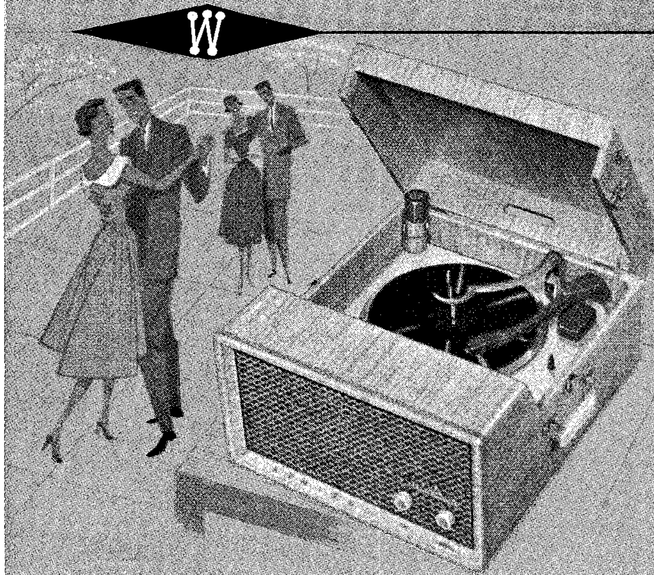

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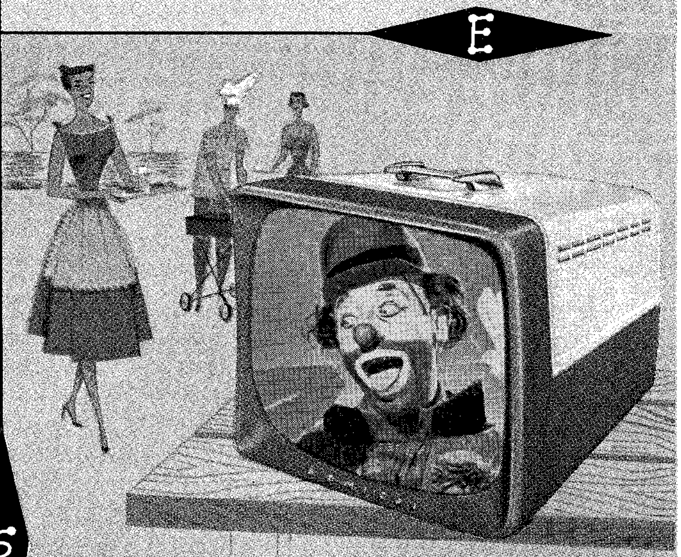

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Admiral® portables play everywhere with power to spare time, though, the boundaries of government concern and responsibility were being redrawn; by 1912, the year of his election, they covered a great deal they had not covered in 1900. The Pujo investigation of the "money trust" took place in the early part of 1912, with J. P. Morgan as its Dave Beck, and this aided not only the Wilson campaign but the banking reforms that were instituted in his first term. There is not much doubt that the teamsters' union is as much a concern of the government today as the bankers were in 1912, and it would be necessary to repudiate a lot of American history in order to challenge the jurisdiction of a properly constituted committee that sets out to look into the affairs of the teamsters and to examine its leaders for the purpose of focussing public attention on whatever problems come to light. Beck's organization can have a considerable impact on the general welfare, and Beck is, to put it mildly, the boss of the organization.

WHILE the Select Committee has a right, amply established by precedent and justified in public policy, to inquire into Beck's stewardship as president of the teamsters, and a further right to inquire into his private affairs with a view to determining whether he has betrayed the part of his responsibility that may properly be regarded as a public trust, the inquiries it has conducted up to now suggest that Beck has so wildly mingled private and public business that it is just about impossible to say where one ends and the other begins. It may, however, be possible to say where Congress's concern with Beck begins and where it ought to end. If Beck is a corrupt and thieving official of a national organization that is protected and privileged by federal statute, Congress has a right, and perhaps an obligation, to point to his corruptions and thefts. But unless its power is to be greatly extended, it has no business plumbing the depths of his personal wickedness. When it puts him on the stand time after time, even though it is fully aware of the fact that there is nothing to be learned except that the man is evidently so steeped in corruption that his attorneys have advised him to adopt a policy of comprehensive silence, it is punishing him by publicity. If Beck has violated any federal statutes, Congress may so advise the Department of Justice. If the Department of Justice fails to act, then the Department itself becomes a logical subject of inquiry. But it is—or has always been thought to be—axiomatic

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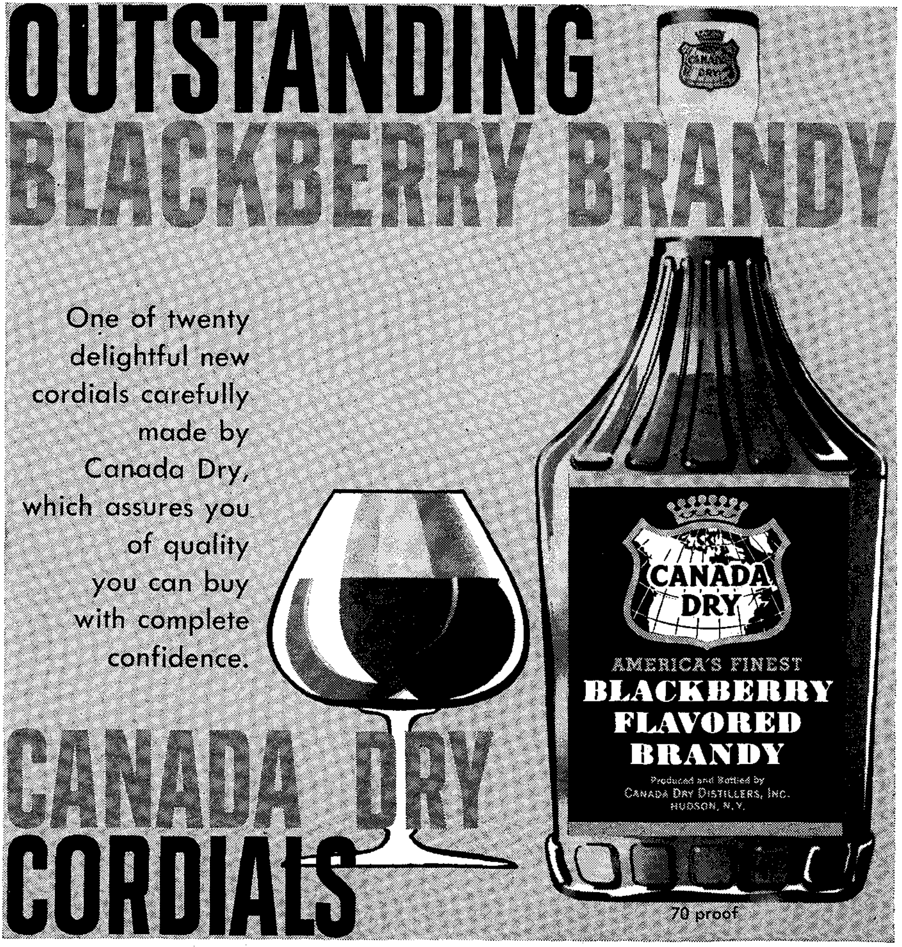

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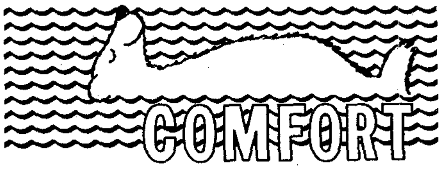

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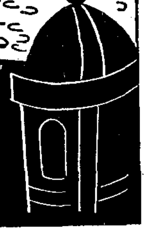

that, as Appellate Judge Henry W. Edgerton said in an opinion in 1948, "what Congress may not restrain, Congress may not restrain by exposure and publicity." The Constitution prohibits Congress from passing bills of attainder, but when a man is held up to moral obloquy that is neither incidental to a productive investigation nor the unavoidable consequence of revealing other facts, the affair has some of the earmarks of attainder.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

•

FULLER EXPLANATION IN THE MYSTERIOUS EAST

[Program notes for a ballet based on Strindberg's "Miss Julie," performed by the Hattori Shimada Ballet Troupe, in Tokyo]

This is the story of a young lady of count's house. The young lady gives herself to her servant. And Jan, the servant, feels his own superiority to her and deals with her cruelly. At last, she intends to atone for her fault with dseath, and kills herself with a razor. Author explains three chief character in this ballet as follows. Julie, the only daughter of the count's house is the hostess and future countess. She uses her appeal in order to gain the obedience of men, and presses her command to men as she expects men's smile. Such deeds always gives her joy.

For example, in first scene, Julie commands her fiance to jump over her whip just like pup. She belongs to the half-female type, she is, therefore, a modern type woman.

Jan is servant who is wishing to be a nobleman. He is sharp. handsome and is of extra character, able to speak with a dexterity, and when he needs, can speak French (he understood French as a waiter in an other restaurant), but he is really mean.

As you see, he is certainly not common servant. It is not unatural that Julie is charmed and forgets her own standing in a strange atomosphere of a summer festival night. Christel is very common cook. Jan is good friend with her, but she is contemptible woman for ambitious Jan. She is dull, and has no originality, She is a supporting part but very important in this drama.

•

The books, by contemporary authors, cover science, history, religion, government, politics, philosophy and world affairs. They include such works as Stuart Chase's "Tyranny of Words," Will Durant's "The Story of Philosophy," "Mirror for Man," by Clyde Kluckhohn, George Orwell's "1984," John Dewey's "Reconstruction in Philosophy" and "A Study in History," by Arnold Toynbee. Alfred North Whitehead, scientist and philosopher, is the only author represented who is not living. The others still are alive and, for the most part, still writing.—*University of Pittsburgh news release.*

We'll make a note of it.

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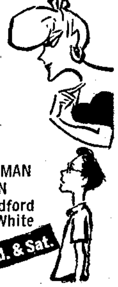
PAUL DOUGLAS IN "A HOLE IN THE HEAD



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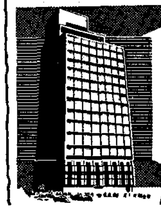

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THE RACE TRACK

Bold Ruler's Day

LIKE most unexpected events, the victory of Bold Ruler in the Preakness at Baltimore last weekend seems reasonable enough when you look back on it. The race was shorter than the Kentucky Derby, and the tactics of the riders who counted were different. Besides, Bold Ruler wore blinkers, and that, as any old horse trader will assure you, did the trick. Except for a brief moment in the early running, when Federal Hill was out in front, the handsome Wheatley Stable colt led all the way, winning by a couple of lengths from Iron Liege, Calumet Farm's Derby winner, who barely saved second money from Inside Tract, a 50–1 chance and the longest-priced of the seven runners. Bold Ruler, cool and unconcerned in the paddock—he had spent the morning romping and playing in his stall—had never looked better, but my pick on looks was Iron Liege, who seemed more powerful and imposing than he did before the Derby. Federal Hill was thinner than ever, if you can imagine such a thing, and his front legs were tightly bandaged. Of the others, Inswept, who won the Chesapeake Stakes at Laurel last month, caught the eye; as someone remarked, he looked like one of those nineteenth-century sporting prints by Herring. Least prepossessing was Inside Tract (I always want to call him Inside Straight), a coarse, untidy colt who has run in more claiming races than stakes.

In my book, there's no speedier three-year-old than Bold Ruler. It took him less than six furlongs to dispose decisively of Federal Hill. Then Iron Liege, who was never far behind, moved up threateningly, only to falter in the stretch (Hartack, who rode him, said he wasn't running freely at any time), and Inside Tract came up fast along the rail. Promised Land, Nah Hiss, and Inswept finished down the course, and Federal Hill was a bad last; he came in a bit lame. Bold Ruler's time for the mile and three-sixteenths was 1:56⅕; nobody except his former stablemate Nashua and Greentree's Capot has ever run a faster Preakness. An easy and obvious explanation of Bold Ruler's performance is that he was not held back in the early part of the race, as he had been in the Derby, but was allowed to go his own gait. Like other sons and daughters of Nasrullah, he is chock-full of strange quirks of temperament, and brooks no restraint. Besides, he has a very sensitive mouth, which makes him a hard horse to handle. Arcaro, who rode him, is an articulate critic of his mounts, and occasionally of himself, and he was outspoken in his praise of Bold Ruler after the race. "He knows more about running than I do," he said in the winner's circle. "Just let him run his race and he'll get the job done."

Curiously—or perhaps not so curiously, after all, in the eyes of the racegoers who saw him gallop home first in the Preakness Prep earlier in the week—Bold Ruler was the favorite in the betting until almost post time, and paid only $4.80. (Iron Liege would have paid $4.60 if he had won.) And, speaking of prices, Bold Ruler's mother, Miss Disco, won at Saratoga on August 8, 1947, and paid $52.50 straight, $95.10 place, and $34.70 show. Don't ask me the reason; I never could explain mutuels.

Jim Fitzsimmons, who has been saddling horses at Pimlico for more than fifty years, has seldom had a more satisfying afternoon. Bold Ruler was his fourth Preakness winner (the others were Gallant Fox, Omaha, and Nashua), and his opinion that his colt is a top three-year-old was sustained. It was a big day for Pimlico, too, because Vice-President and Mrs. Nixon came to the track, bringing with them Major John Eisenhower and his wife, and Dr. Milton Eisenhower. The Queen of England keeps a racing stable (her horses won half the card at Haydock Park one day recently), and the Governor-General of Canada rides down the stretch in Royal Ascot style on Queen's Plate Day at The Woodbine in Toronto, but up until last weekend official Washington had taken scant notice of racing. Mrs. Nixon presented the Woodlawn Vase, which is the Preakness trophy, to Bold Ruler's owner, Mrs. H. C. Phipps. It was quite an occasion—maybe the start of a new trend.

—AUDAX MINOR

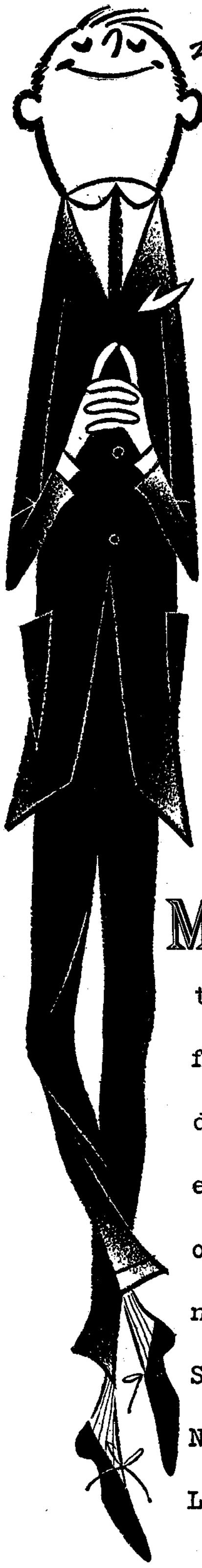
•

With more than usual justification, Mildred Natwick can talk about her "big scene" in Jean Giraudoux' "The Waltz of the Toreadors." . . .

"I should love to meet Giraudoux," she said over tea and toast the other day.

—*Frances Herridge in the Post.*

And Giraudoux would love to meet Anouilh.



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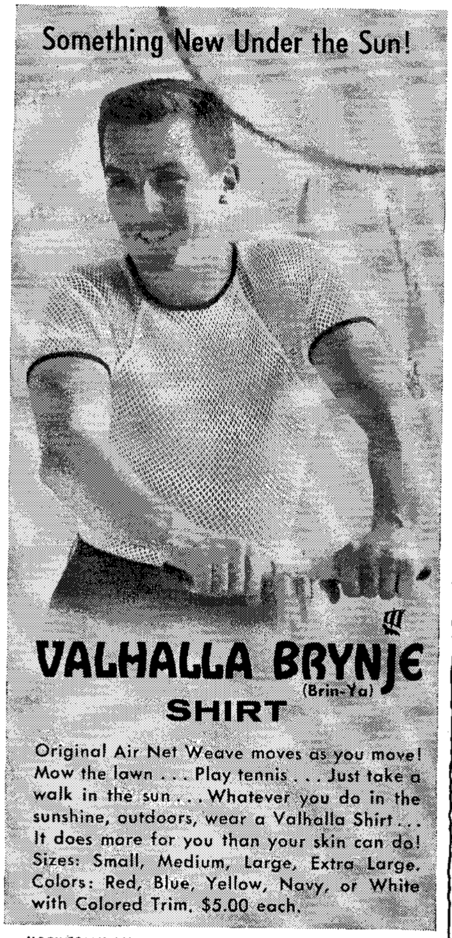

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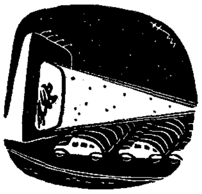
Jokes



SEVERAL attempts at jocularity were made on the screen last week, and I think it is only fair to their chuckling creators to discuss them in the order they came before these tired eyes, instead of trying to sort them out according to merit. The first was called "This Could Be the Night," and it has to do with a Fifty-second Street joint run by a prohibition toughie (Paul Douglas), who takes on as a secretary a virtuous Boston schoolmarm (Jean Simmons) and then finds his partner (Anthony Franciosa) going mad about the girl. Everybody in the establishment is full of the sort of warmheartedness that Damon Runyon used to discover in his Broadway riffraff, but Isobel Lennart, who wrote this work, never manages to make her coarse old lovables even remotely plausible, and her dialogue isn't up to the standards, such as they were, of her predecessor in the guys-and-dolls line.

Let us move on quickly from this sad affair to "Designing Woman," a movie that tells us about a sports reporter (Gregory Peck) who marries a couturière (Lauren Bacall) and finds that his friends—pugilists and other indelicate elements—don't mix too well with the fashionable types his wife is accustomed to. Somewhere along the way, jealousy sets in, because Miss Bacall is hired to run up some dresses for an old flame of Mr. Peck's (Dolores Gray). All of this, as directed by Vincente Minnelli, doesn't add up to much, and I'm afraid that Mr. Peck and Miss Bacall are far too earnest a team to be successful at this kind of comedy—a kind that Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn exploited several years ago in "Woman of the Year."

While Mr. Tracy and Miss Hepburn didn't create any really sidesplitting scenes in that movie, they did arouse a laugh or two, and I wish they'd been able to do the same in the third item on my list—a film named "Desk Set," in which they are now appearing. This presents Mr. Tracy as an electronics wizard who has invented a machine that can answer any question advanced by man, and Miss Hepburn as the lady in charge of an information service for a television network, who has more facts stored in her head than Teddy Nadler. When Mr. Tracy and his machine move in on the television network, Miss Hepburn and her staff naturally conclude that he's going to do them out of their jobs. Adding to Miss Hepburn's woes is the fact that her beau (Gig Young) is awfully slow about leading her to the altar. Both Mr. Tracy and Miss Hepburn give their formidable all to "Desk Set," and occasionally they make the thing seem reasonably acceptable, but the material is too shoddy even for them, and in the long pull the movie is a bore.

As if it weren't bad enough to have this fine pair wasting their time, I must report that the man in charge of the final turkey in this week's barnyard is the estimable Fernandel, whose lot it is to be connected with the French film "3 Feet in a Bed." Here M. Fernandel is cast as a vacuum-cleaner salesman who takes up with a lady after she mistakes him for an artist she has never seen but has agreed, after a brief correspondence, to marry. I guess this is intended to be farcical, but, Fernandel's efforts notwithstanding, it's just no damned good.—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

DEAR NEIGHBOR:

The Greek Stoic philosopher, Diogenes, once sent word to Plato that he was about to pay him a visit. What the purpose was we do not know; for Diogenes had no time for frivolity, and held the "finery" of the aristocratic Plato in utter contempt. When Diogenes arrived, he was dressed in filthy rags. Pausing at the foot of the shining stairs to Plato's home, he glanced up and saw his host, arrayed in spotless white, waiting to greet him. With a snort of rage, Diogenes pointed to his own wretched tatters and jeered, "Thus, Plato, do I regard thee!" To this, the serene and gracious Plato replied *with a smile*, "Thus, Diogenes, do I regard thee."

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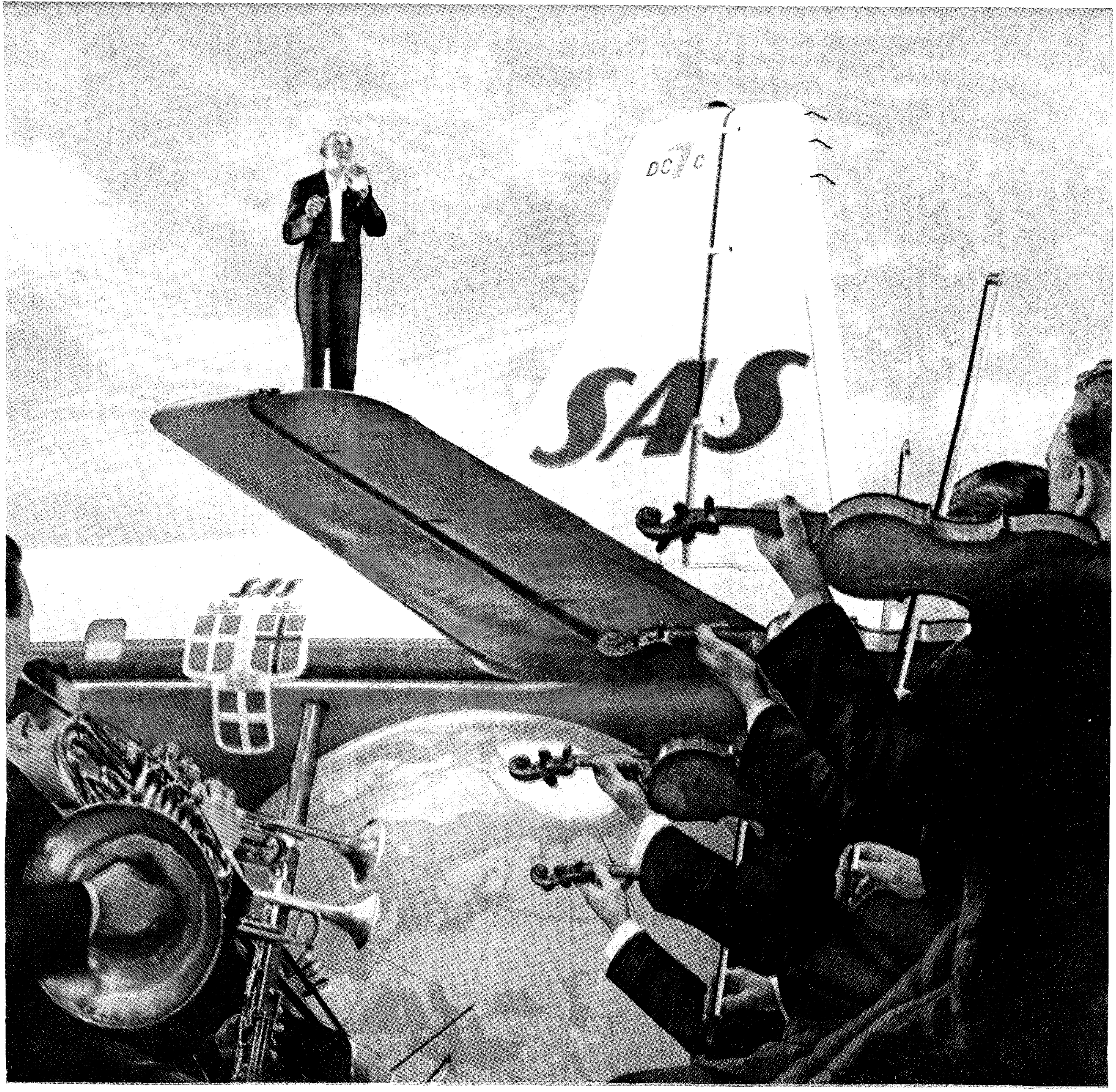

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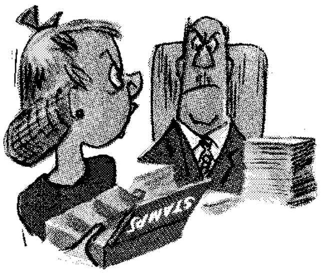

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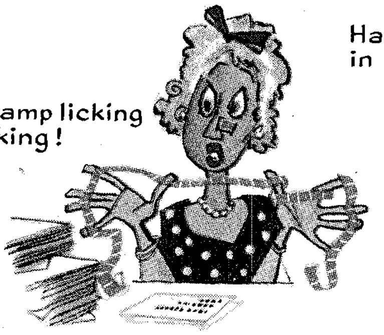

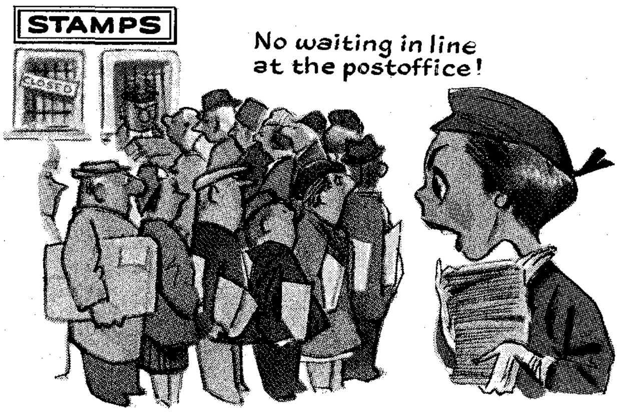

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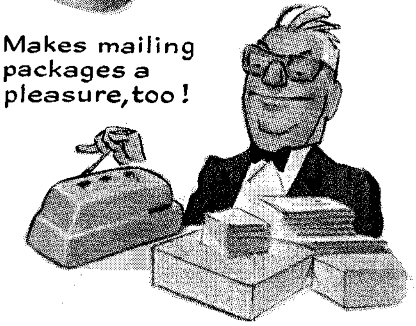

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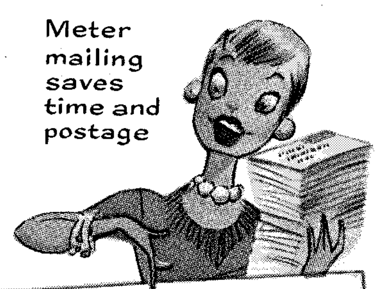

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BOOKS

Decline and Fall?

David Schoenbrun is one of the little band of able men who report on foreign affairs for the Columbia Broadcasting System and who meet once a year in New York, where, seated before the television cameras, they present résumés of their overseas work to their actor-manager, Edward R. Murrow. Schoenbrun was once a teacher of Romance languages in our local schools, and he is rather more scholarly than the run of newspapermen. He has been stationed in Paris for more than eleven years. Now, in "As France Goes" (Harper), he tries to tell us what he has learned about France and the French, and, not to put too fine a point on it, to draw a diagram to show what is wrong with that perverse and lovable country. It is a book full of vitality and spark, and it lights up many shadowy sections of the French landscape. It is part thoughtful reporting, part historical and sociological disquisition—an anatomy of the Fourth Republic and a research into times present. It would be misleading to suggest that it is a subtle or profound work, for Mr. Schoenbrun is not altogether a de Tocqueville, and he is guilty of occasional lapses into journalese. But for what it sets out to do, his book is first-rate.

"As France Goes" means to say, "As France goes, so goes Western civilization," or, as Mr. Schoenbrun has it, so go "the hopes and plans of many other nations." He is not an on-the-one-hand-on-the-other-hand writer, but nevertheless, much as he admires the French spirit and much as he hopes for the future, he thinks it possible that France may go under. Going under would mean defaulting to the Communists or to the totalitarians of the Right—in either case a monstrous disaster, for she would then be lost to the rest of us. France is considered by all political and military leaders the *sine qua non* of the Western Alliance. She is also the *sine qua non* of the continuous tradition of Western humanism.

France, says Mr. Schoenbrun, is sick, or, as Paul Reynaud has remarked, "France is the sick man of Europe." (M. Reynaud should have added that France is a sick man who eats well, drinks better, and enjoys a turn on the carrousel.) Mr. Schoenbrun looks for the reasons, and he finds many; the odd thing is that none of them, by itself, is serious or irremediable. France is a man, ill in body and mind, who finds it difficult to function naturally, who does things to the detriment of himself and other people, but to whom the doctor can only say, "There is nothing fundamentally wrong with you; it's just everything."

France is a rich country; her fields are as fertile as any and are not burdened with too many people (the standstill of the birth rate has its obverse side, though, because France has been undermanned for more than a century); her natural resources are abundant and her human treasure is priceless. The peasants of France are hard-working and thrifty; her artisans are skillful and her scientists, inventors, artists, writers, and political leaders (some of them) are unsurpassed. What, then, is wrong?

Part of the answer is the country's almost willfully muddled economy. The economic structure of France, Mr. Schoenbrun says, is hopelessly outdated. There is protectionism, a national disease that has paralyzed the free-enterprise system with cartel arrangements, tariffs, import quotas, and other incentives not to produce. The French are a nation of capitalists who evidently have doubts about capitalism and always have had; they will invest their money in anything but French enterprises, colonial or Continental. In addition, only two per cent of the farms in France are over a hundred acres; the others are small, one-family affairs that cannot be farmed efficiently and that are too often—because of the peculiar and archaic inheritance laws, which provide that each child must inherit an equal share of an estate—broken up into tiny strips of land that may be miles apart. Another factor in this economy of the halt and the stubbornly blind is regional disequilibrium; the French

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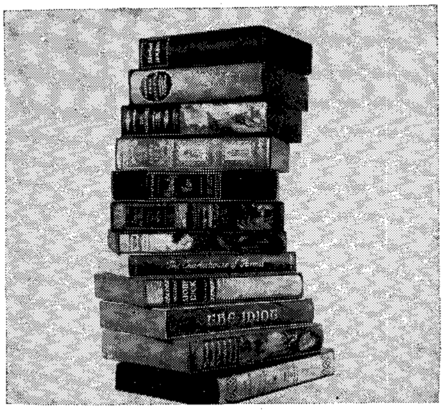

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railways, which are excellent, were built when Paris was the only big industrial city; a farmer in Provence cannot ship his produce to one of his nearby cities but must pay the freight all the way to Paris, where the produce is delivered to the commission merchants of Les Halles, who then ship it back south, after slicing off their little percentages. Another is inefficiency in production and distribution, the stringencies of which would drive an American businessman mad, and which, paradoxically, go hand in hand with cartelization and government subsidies. There are also inequitable taxation—the French (the poor ones, that is) *do* pay their taxes, Mr. Schoenbrun says—and high prices and low wages, the result of which is a sort of endemic inflation.

So much for Mr. Schoenbrun's analysis of France's economic ills, which, in conjunction, would bankrupt any other country. What of the spiritual unrest and the wave of rudeness, of the sullen mood, that have swept over France in the past few years? That rudeness, which is at such variance with the *politesse française* of tradition, is doubtless more noticeable because of the memory, or myth, of the tradition. Its existence is a matter of national concern, Mr. Schoenbrun says. Civic leaders in Paris are so perturbed by it that they have inaugurated a *croisade pour l'amabilité* and are handing out decorations to citizens caught in the act of *not* being rude in public. Many American visitors have run into this rudeness—an ugly rudeness, quite unlike the often witty impertinence of the *homme du peuple*, which can be refreshing. Mr. Schoenbrun puts down this deterioration of manners, and a like deterioration of morals, to an attrition of the soul caused by wars and inflation. The French have been at war, in Europe, Asia, or Africa, since 1939—the only nation in the world in that melancholy condition. (When American friends ask Mr. Schoenbrun, "Will the French fight?," he reminds them of that.) They have suffered invasion, occupation, and looting; they have seen their money go up in the smoke of inflation; and they live in fear of more disasters to come. This does not make for *l'amabilité*, but even so, says Mr. Schoenbrun, when he drives a car in the ruffianly Paris traffic, which is to see "humanity at its depths," or when he watches a Frenchman race a woman for a cab in the rain and leap in ahead of her with a triumphant smile, he finds it hard to excuse the French because they have been so often invaded by their neighbors or

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It is one of Mr. Schoenbrun's contentions that the French are paying the price of their history, of which they have had a surfeit. Probably no other people bask in their past with such retroactive euphoria—ah, remember the eighteenth century?—and at the same time are so fed up with history. This could be the source of some of the *misères* that plague the Fourth Republic as they did the Third: factionalism rampant on a field of (hoarded) gold, a disrespect for law and authority that is almost an obsession, and serious divisions of loyalty. To the Anglo-American critics who laugh at the Barnum & Bailey nature of French parliamentary life, Mr. Schoenbrun replies that France, alone among the three great democracies, has to contend with large groups in her body politic that are dedicated to the overthrow of the government. The most important of these are the Communists, who command a fourth of the votes in the national elections, and whose large and raucous party has more than a foothold in the National Assembly, and the Right elements, which have learned nothing, forgotten nothing, and like it that way. (The obvious reply to Mr. Schoenbrun, of course, is that, after all, these people are French, too.)

France, politically and psychically, was fractured by her revolution; from 1789 until the beginning of this century, each generation of Frenchmen lived under a different form of government. Such a history leaves scars. But how deep are they? One of the virtues of "As France Goes" is that it demonstrates that the apparent bizarre irresponsibility of the parliamentarians of France is largely an illusion. Mr. Schoenbrun explains exactly what happens when one of the governments of republican France "falls," which is not a great deal. A seasoned bureaucracy (Mr. Schoenbrun, an old acquaintance, is not disposed to offer the usual strictures on the French bureaucracy) goes right on functioning, and what in England is known as "the Establishment" keeps the state in motion, down to the fixing of an impost stamp on the most unimportant bill of sale, down to arresting the pettiest disturber of the peace. The Premier stays on at his desk for a while, dealing in high affairs, for the only prerogative he has lost is that of making *future* commitments. He then leaves office, but he may soon reappear, with another portfolio, or even the same one. For the "Cabinet crisis"

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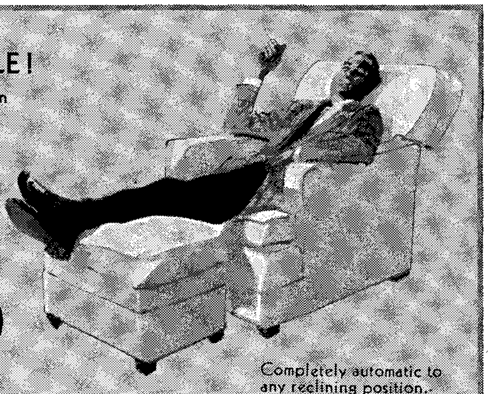

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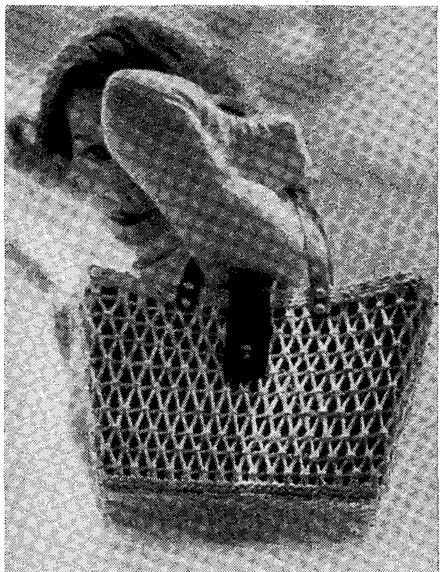

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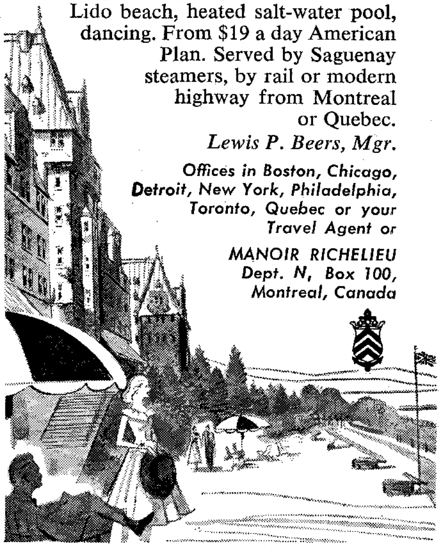

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is really a game of musical chairs, a safety valve for hot political passions, and what appears to be a grave breakdown of the political machinery is really just a signal for everyone to get busy and do something else. The French believe that the interests of their country lie in weak government; they remember too well what happened under strong governments.

The miracle of France is that these seemingly hopeless mechanisms for running the country's economy and civic affairs actually work. They may not work well, Mr. Schoenbrun says, but the French have muddled through to an astonishing recovery since the Second World War. It is even more astonishing because France has had the misfortune of having won (at least in her own eyes) two great wars—one by outright and cruelly expensive victory, the other through liberation. Victory in the modern world means that the victor must set up a costly military establishment to maintain his status as victor; a defeated nation, like Germany, is largely free of that obligation (or right) and is also free to devote its energies to profitable production.

What has brought France to the edge so often in late years, then, is not so much a material weakness as a spiritual one. The French are morose, and they feel they have been badly used. They have been driven practically crazy; they have tried to impart a style to the task of living in this world, and they have been crucified for it. They apparently see no way out and they apparently do not care. This worries the friends of France, among them David Schoenbrun; this is the nightmare. "The ultimate gesture," Victor Hugo said, "is the shrug."

France has a right, perhaps, as Edouard Herriot remarked not long ago, "to withdraw into her own grief." We would grant that right. But we cannot refrain from crying out, "Do not leave us! The loneliness would be terrible!" —ALBERT HUBBELL

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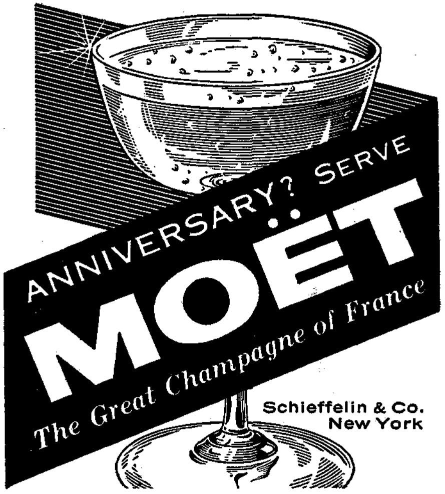

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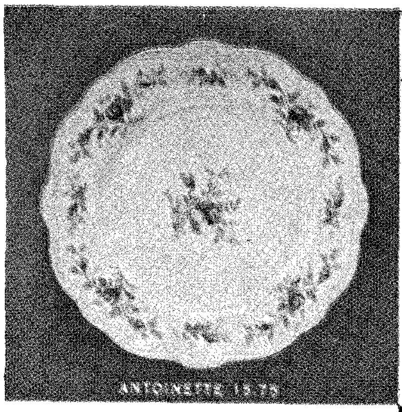

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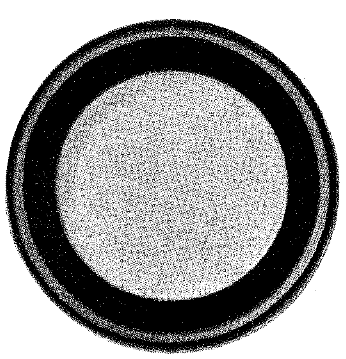

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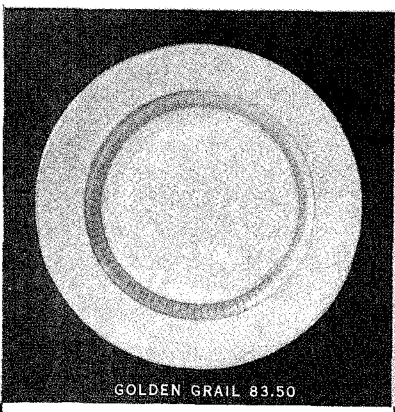

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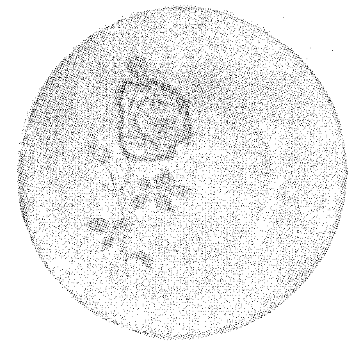

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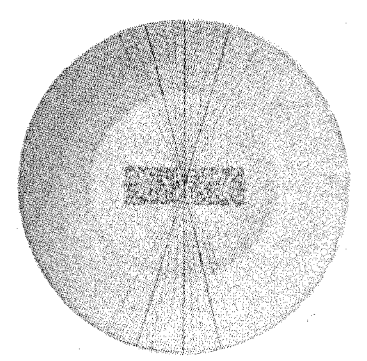

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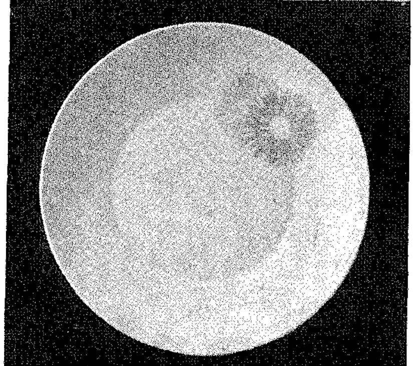

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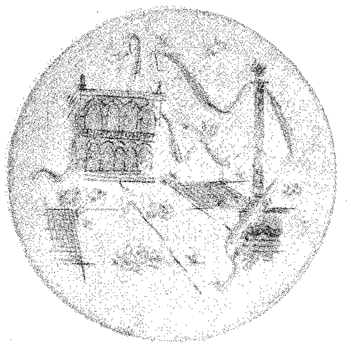

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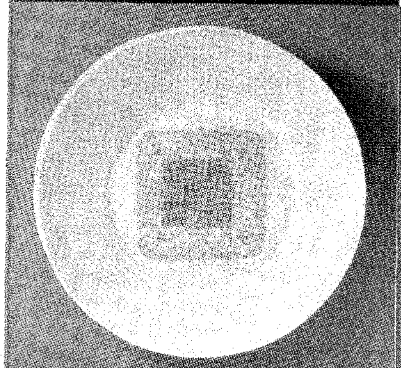

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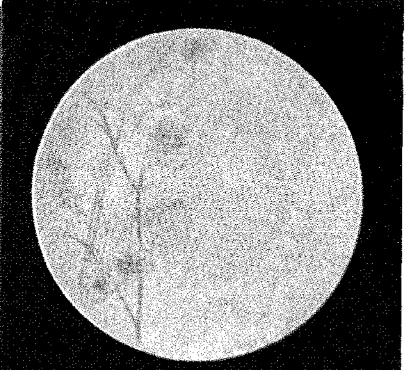

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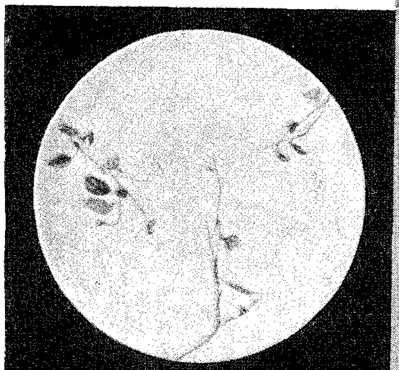

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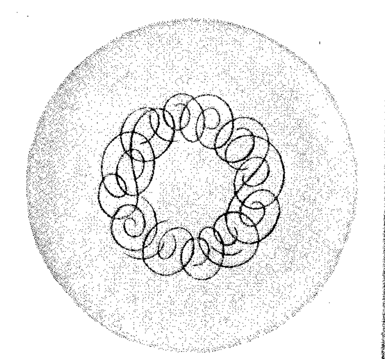

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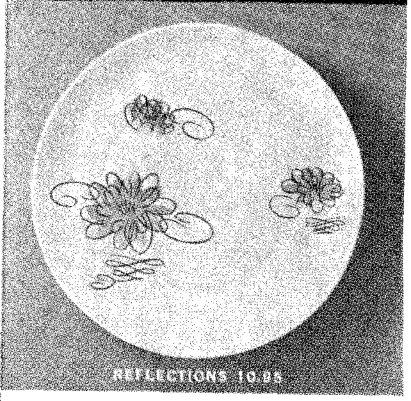

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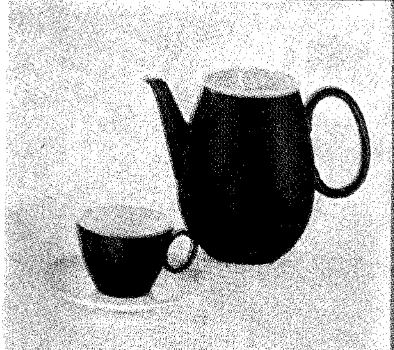

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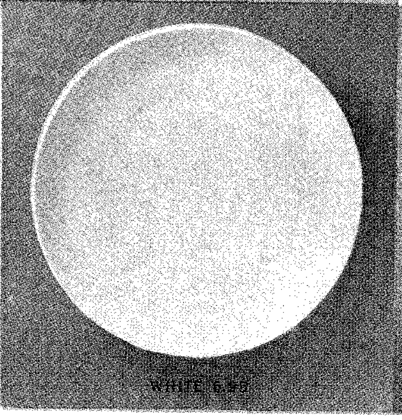

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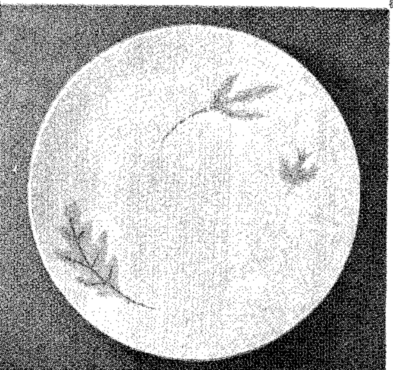

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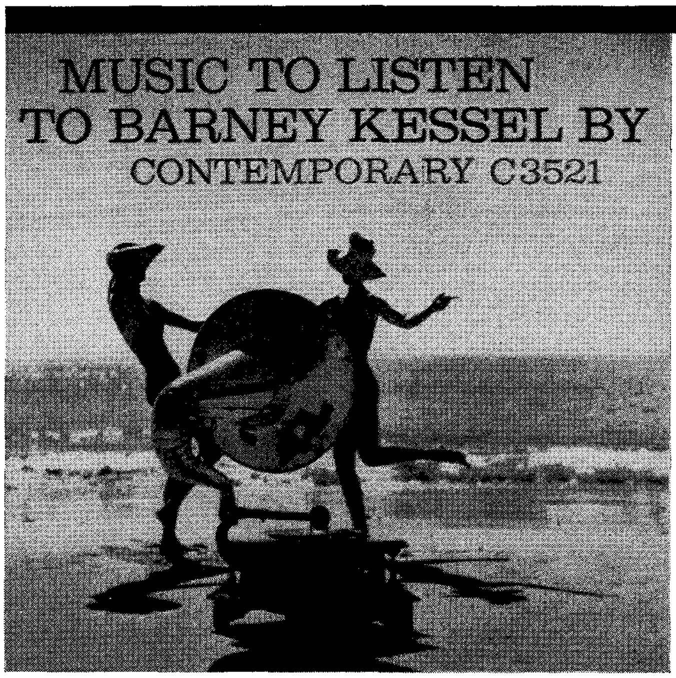
really as human as other people, Grace Anders, a celebrated woman photographer, is assigned by a national magazine to visit them at their Connecticut estate, Glenway, where the various members of the family share four thousand acres and live in the autocratic shadow of Horace Gowden, Sr., their aging father and grandfather. Miss Anders' arrival, which causes an uneasy stir in the family circle, gives the author his opportunity to examine the daily lives and pursuits—and the hidden scandals and heartbreaks—of the very rich, who may or may not be as they are described here. It is a fairly stiff work, and very long. The time is the present.

THE BIG WAR, by Anton Myrer (Appleton-Century-Crofts). A large, relentless, and gusty novel that deals with a year or so in the lives of three Marine infantrymen who take part in the invasion of the island of Fanerahan in the Pacific during the Second World War. At first, all three are familiar types: Alan Newcombe is a cynical, Harvard-educated dilettante, Jay O'Neill a cocky, funny Irishman, and Danny Kantaylis a tough, single-minded Greek. Yet Mr. Myrer, though no originator, is in dead earnest, and by sheer determined wordage he forces them to grow—Newcombe's brittleness gives way to a sense of love, O'Neill achieves a kind of dignity through suffering, and Kantaylis emerges from a rather starchy gloominess into an enormous and credible courageousness. About half the novel dwells almost pedantically on the home lives of the three men, and the rest on the racking battle for the island, which is handled with a driving, muscular impressionism. But the author has a weakness for literary allusions and for heavily furnished descriptions. As a result, the book keeps coagulating—largely through Newcombe—into a bedside reader of immortal prose and poetry, and the vision of man's struggle with his own cruelty that Mr. Myrer has been working so hard at all along is finally and hopelessly buried beneath a mountain of static, minute detail.

HEAVEN'S MY DESTINATION, by Thornton Wilder (Harper). A new edition of Mr. Wilder's charming, whimsical, and occasionally touching story of a naïve, well-meaning young travelling salesman in a world that eyes his good intentions dubiously and sometimes with outright dis-



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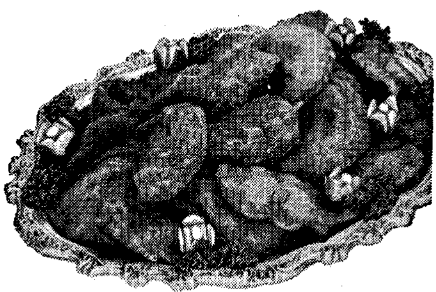

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trust. The scene opens in a hotel in Texas, and from there we wander with the hero, whose trade is in textbooks. First published in 1935.

GENERAL

THE RED FORT, by James Leasor (Reynal). An account of the Indian Mutiny of 1857, which was started by the sepoys, or Indian soldiers, in the garrison town of Meerut, forty miles northeast of Delhi, supposedly because they thought their cartridges had been greased with cow's fat and pig's lard—a mortal offense against their religious beliefs. Murdering their officers and any other English people they could lay hands on, the soldiers of Meerut repaired to the fortified city of Delhi, where they were joined by about forty thousand other mutinous soldiers and were besieged by the badly outnumbered British, with the support of such loyal Indian elements as they could command. After months of indecision, heat, cholera, and lethal forays from the beleaguered sepoys, the British finally stormed the city and quelled the mutiny. Mr. Leasor tells the story in documentary style and surpassingly well, using excerpts from the diaries and letters of British participants, from subalterns to generals, to give us a sharply focussed closeup of a tragedy that turned out to be the opening scene of a still greater drama—the Indian fight for independence. Photographs.

THE MERCHANT OF PRATO, by Iris Origo (Knopf). Francisco di Marco Datini, an Italian merchant who lived from 1335 to 1410, started his business career in Avignon, which was then the Papal See, and finished it in his native Prato, a town near Florence devoted to the cloth trade. His firm dealt in all sorts of commodities, from suits of armor and paintings to slaves and exotic foods, and it had branch offices and warehouses in such cities as Barcelona and Palma de Mallorca. Messer Francisco kept accounts of all his transactions, and wrote about a hundred and fifty thousand letters, business and private, in the course of his career; these papers, stored away in his house in Prato, were brought to light five centuries after his death. From this immense collection, the Marchesa Origo, an Englishwoman long resident in Italy, has selected enough data to provide a rewardingly detailed picture of life in the Italian city-states during the *trecento*, and in her narrative we see the people of that

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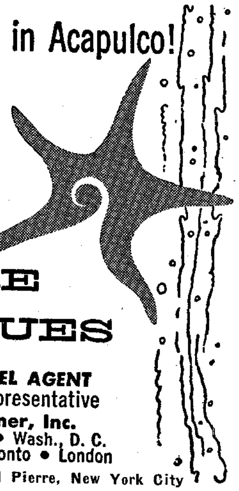

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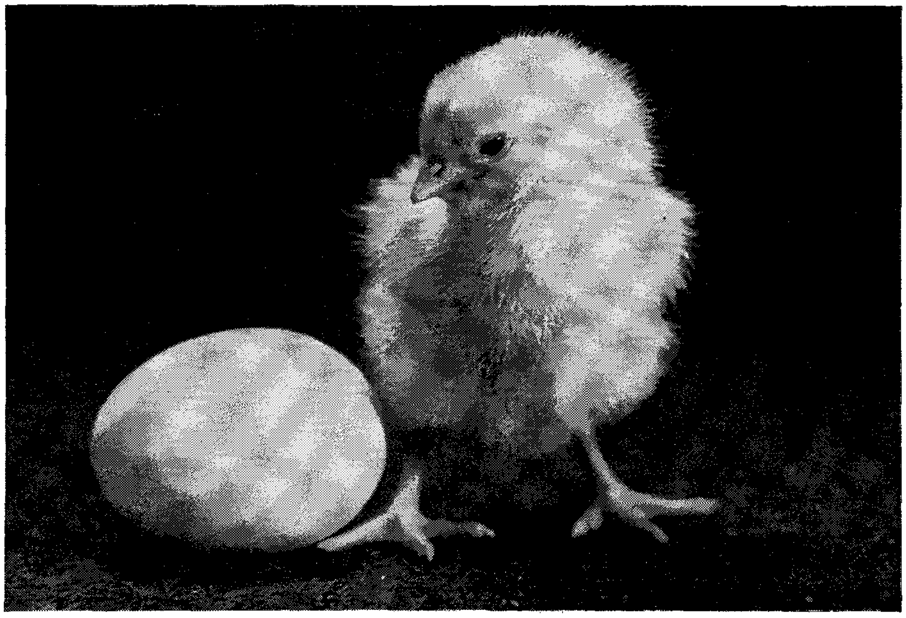
far-off time as they went about their business, ran their households, groaned over the servant problem, suffered through their illnesses, and took their pleasures. Reproductions of fourteenth-century Italian paintings in color and in black and white.

IN THE COURT OF PUBLIC OPINION, by Alger Hiss (Knopf). More in sorrow than anger, and with a detachment that is sometimes hair-raising, Mr. Hiss reargues his appeal from his conviction. This is a long, capably written, and not very interesting book on a subject that one would have said could scarcely fail to be enthralling, for the author, a man of undoubted intelligence and courage, claims to have been wrongfully condemned by, in effect, all of us—juries, judges, members of Congress, newspapermen, and mere readers of newspapers. Here, doggedly, chapter by chapter, he presents his counter-accusation, which is a triumph of orderliness but which neither convinces us on the evidence nor wins from us more than a natural sympathy for the collapse of his career. For a moment at the very end of his book, the author hints that he has something heartfelt to communicate: "In what I have written about my case I have tried to let the record speak. But now that the book is completed I want to add this personal comment." We prick up our ears, but not for long. No sooner has the door been opened than, to our dismay, it is shut in our face: "The ordeal of fighting false charges has disrupted my life and has brought pain to me and to my family. But nothing can take away the satisfaction of having had a part in government programs in which I strongly believed. I feel deep satisfaction that I took part in the creative efforts of the New Deal and in the formation of the United Nations. The democratic ideals which motivated me in government service continue to shape my outlook on life."

VOICE OF ISRAEL, by Abba Eban (Horizon). A collection of addresses delivered over the past eight years by the Israeli Ambassador to the United States, who is also the head of Israel's delegation to the United Nations. Unlike the run of professional diplomats, Mr. Eban is witty and learned, and, unlike most collections of speeches, this one has cohesion and dramatic continuity. It is, in a way, a history of Israel and a philosophic discussion of the idea of a Jewish homeland, and it deals with most of the problems that have vexed the



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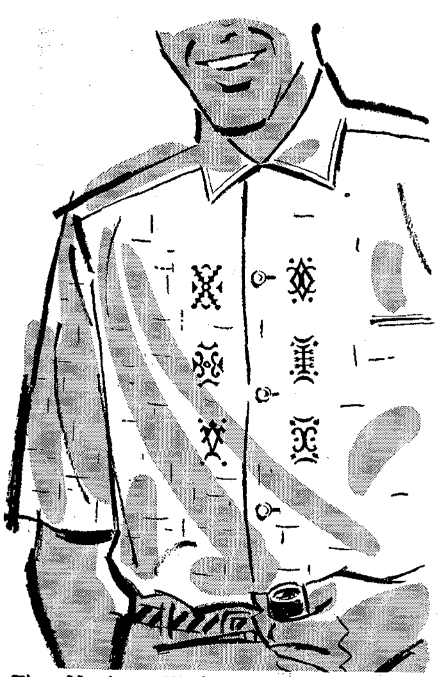
little state since its inception—the war with the Arabs, the uneasy armistice, the blockade by Egypt, the unwillingness of the Security Council to correct the admitted and manifest wrongs that have been done to Israel, and the difficulties arising from the plight of the Arab refugees. Naturally, Mr. Eban presents only one side of the Israeli-Arab controversy.

LINCOLN'S COMMANDO, by Ralph J. Roske and Charles Van Doren (Harper). This is a biography of William B. Cushing, a young Union naval officer whom Admiral Farragut hailed as "the hero of the War." Although the authors may be stretching a point in calling Cushing a "commando," he certainly had all the heroic ingredients—looks, fearlessness, and an insatiable taste for derring-do. His specialty was venturing into enemy waters in a small boat and sinking ships, and his most celebrated victim was the Confederate ironclad "ram" Albemarle, which he scuttled one night with an improvised, and very tricky, underwater torpedo. Efficient, direct, and surprisingly well aware of the uses of psychological warfare, Cushing had a quite modern liking for personal publicity, and he wrote detailed letters about his exploits to his mother, knowing that she would pass them along to the newspapers; the authors, as a result, are able to provide an unusually full account of his naval career. Illustrations.

HOW TO WATCH A BASEBALL GAME, by Fred Schwed, Jr. (Harper). A merry rumination, written for other enthusiasts by a man who has been a lifelong enthusiast himself, on the pleasures (camaraderie, fresh air, excitement, vicarious adventure, double-entry bookkeeping) of an afternoon at the ballpark. Mr. Schwed is not a crank: he doesn't insist on sitting in the bleachers or keeping an impeccable score card. He is, however, sufficiently a purist to stipulate that the only baseball worth seeing is major-league baseball and to maintain that televised baseball is no more than a shadow of the real thing. For good measure, he reprints, as a kind of epilogue, Rolfe Humphries' wonderful poem "Polo Grounds." Drawings by Leo Hershfield.

MY FAMILY AND OTHER ANIMALS, by Gerald Durrell (Viking). An autobiographical fragment in which the author of "The Overloaded Ark" and other high-spirited animal-collecting chronicles recalls the boy-



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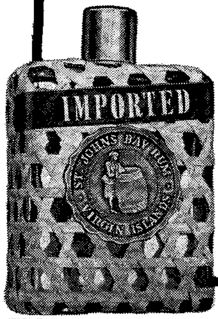

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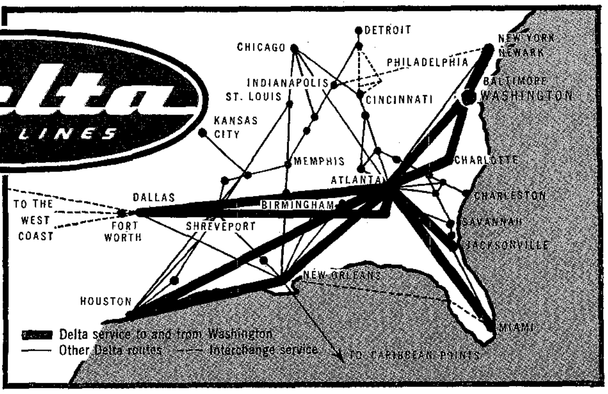
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hood experiences that led him to become a zoologist. The scene is the Ionian island of Corfu, where, with his botanizing mother, his languid teen-age sister, and his two brothers (one a poet and the other a firearms enthusiast), he drifted along, unhampered by school or discipline, from his tenth to his fifteenth year. A most enjoyable idyll.

WOMEN IN ANTIQUITY, by Charles Seltman (St. Martin's). Professor Seltman traces the position of women from paleolithic times to the Council of Nicaea, in 325 A.D.—a date that he takes to be the end of the ancient world. His ideal is the under-dressed, athletic, and sexually free girl of Lycurgan Sparta, and he is a resolute foe of anything that restricts freedom or constricts the rib cage—including St. Paul and "the splenetic misogyny of the Church," the Middle Ages (its women were "peeky-faced, tubercular types, sloping of shoulder, pigeon-chested creatures with little piggy paps"), and everything Puritan, conventional, or middle-class. Too cranky a book to be very useful, but amusing to read, and the photographs of ancient works of art are lavish.

THE AGE OF IDEOLOGY, by Henry D. Aiken (Houghton Mifflin). Another volume in the Great Ages of Western Philosophy series, this one dealing with the nineteenth century. It was a German-dominated, ponderously philosophic century, and despite shrewd quotation and paraphrase by Professor Aiken, the reader, after being subjected successively to selections from Kant, Fichte, Hegel, Schopenhauer, Marx, Engels, Nietzsche, and Mach, begins to feel as though he has been swimming through wet sand.

THE ECHO OF GREECE, by Edith Hamilton (Norton). In this book, Miss Hamilton, the author of "The Greek Way," starts with Plato, Aristotle, and the Athens of the fourth century B.C., which quickly declined from the center of the world into a sleepy "university town," and winds up with late flowerings of the Greek spirit, as in the Roman emperor Marcus Aurelius. As usual, it is a prettified and idealized Hellenism that Miss Hamilton presents, with none of the darker underside showing, but she can be very captivating—particularly when it comes to such of her loves as the Stoic philosophy, which she sees as anticipating much of what was best in Christianity, and

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Plutarch, who delights her whatever he does, whether creating the ideals of chivalry in the "Lives" or explaining "Why Women Do Not Eat the Middle Part of a Lettuce."

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE FRENCH POETS, by Geoffrey Brereton (Essential Books). Dr. Brereton has performed the difficult feat of surveying five centuries of French poetry—from Villon through the Post-Surrealists—with humane and historical, as well as literary, insight. He does not play favorites with either poets or periods, and his principal emphasis is on the interaction between talent and the pressures that the changing values of society as a whole have put upon it. Much of his success arises from his basic understanding of the poetic function (which remains unchanged in the midst of change), of the subtleties of poetic style, and of the development of poetic awareness. His own style is brilliantly lucid, and his volume, because it sheds light on many aspects of French poetry that have been neglected by critics writing in English, would be a valuable addition to any library. Biographical and bibliographical notes, and an index.

THE BIRD BIOGRAPHIES OF JOHN JAMES AUDUBON, selected and edited by Alice Ford (Macmillan). Eighty of the more than five hundred descriptive portraits written by Audubon as a text accompaniment to his magnificent "The Birds of America," which was published between 1827 and 1838. The subjects chosen by Miss Ford are nicely varied (waterfowl, gamebirds, songbirds, predators), and the pieces themselves are enchanting, being neither academic reports nor poetic effusions but studies drawn from life and enlivened by anecdote. Illustrated with twelve Audubon drawings, superbly reproduced in color. Ten dollars.

●

Special Presidential Ambassador James P. Richards returned to the U.S. from the Middle East yesterday and declared he found "trends toward permanent peace" developing in the powderkeg area. . . .

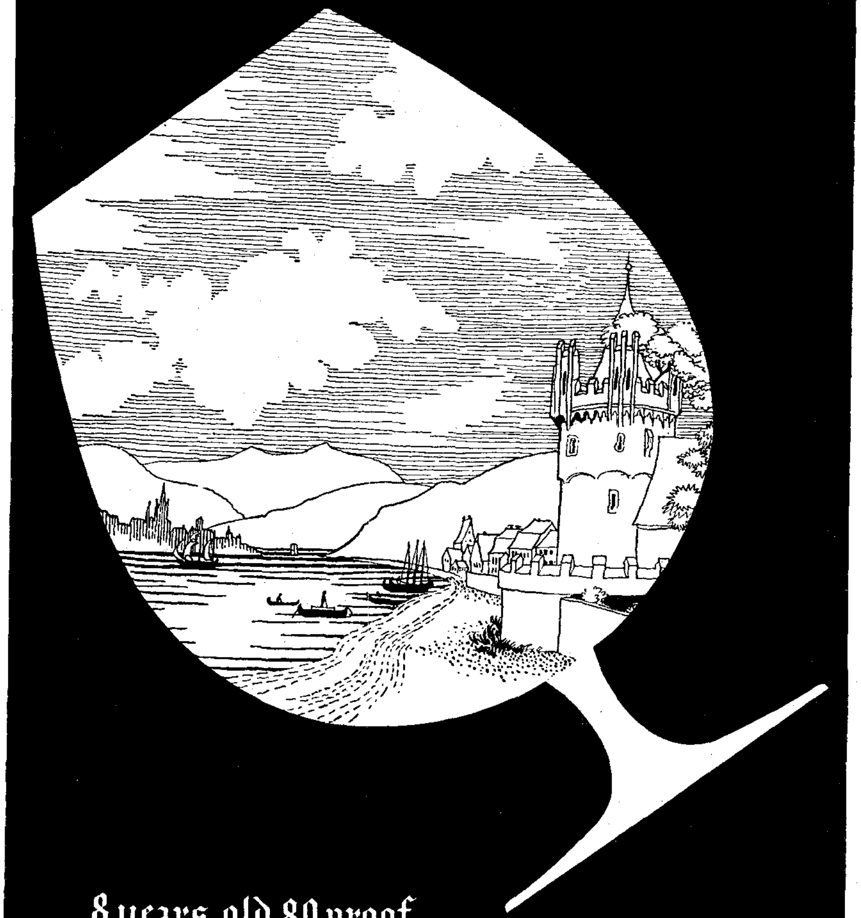
"I think we must give President Eisenhower and Secretary Dulles much credit for what we might call the trends toward permanent peace in that area," he said.

Dulles greeted Richards at the Washington Airport.

Richards made his comments in a prepared statement handed to him by Dulles at the airport. At the same time, Dulles told Richards: "You did a wonderful job."

—*Washington Post & Times Herald.*

Oh, it was nothing, really. Eh, Richards?



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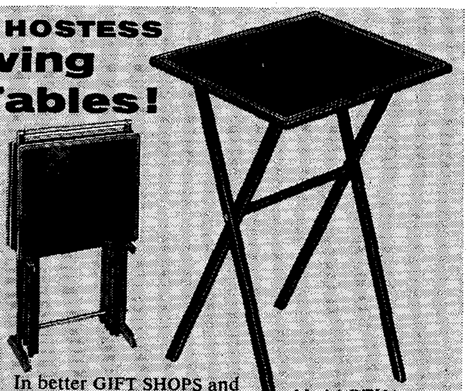

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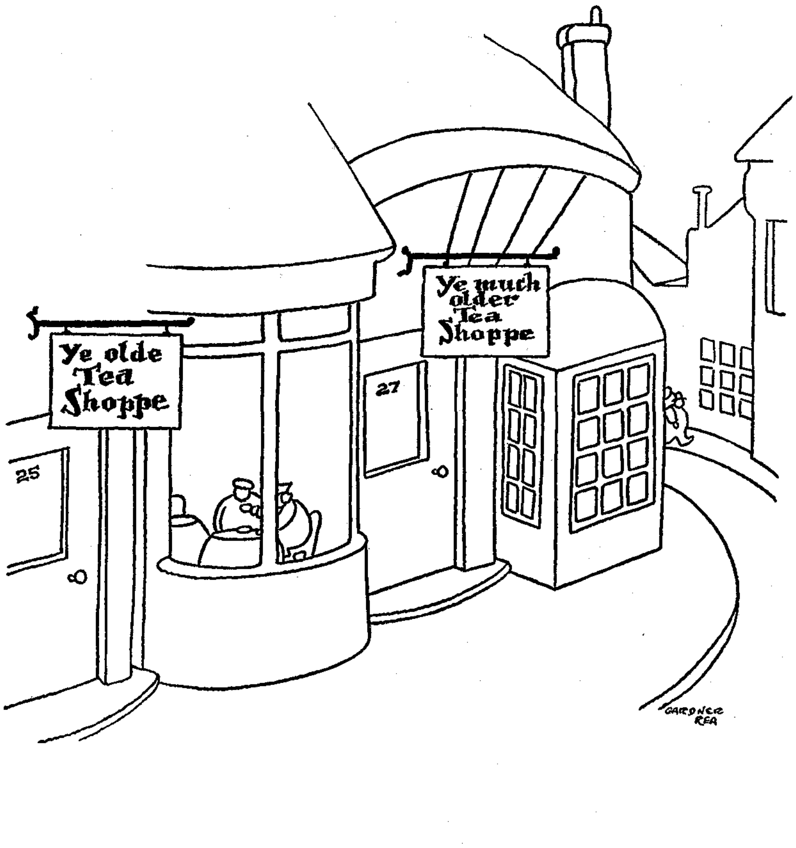
LETTER FROM THE EAST

TURTLE BAY,
MAY 10

I BOUGHT a puppy last week in the outskirts of Boston and drove him to Maine in a rented Ford that looked like a sculpin. There had been talk in our family of getting a "sensible" dog this time, and my wife and I had gone over the list of sensible dogs, and had even ventured once or twice into the company of sensible dogs. A friend had a litter of Labradors, and there were other opportunities. But after a period of uncertainty and waste motion my wife suddenly exclaimed one evening, "Oh, let's just get a dachshund!" She had had a glass of wine, and I could see that the truth was coming out. Her tone was one of exasperation laced with affection. So I engaged a black male without further ado.

For the long ordeal of owning another dachshund we prepared ourselves by putting up for a night at the Boston Ritz in a room overlooking the Public Garden, where from our window we could gaze, perhaps for the last time, on a world of order and peace. I say "for the last time" because it occurred to me early in the proceedings that this was our first adoption case in which there was a strong likelihood that the dog would survive the man. It had always been the other way round. The Garden had never seemed so beautiful. We were both up early the next morning for a final look at the fresh, untroubled scene; then we checked out hastily, sped to the kennel, and claimed our prize, who is the grandson of an animal named Direct Stretch of the Walls. He turned out to be a good traveller, and except for an interruption caused by my wife's falling out of the car in Gardiner, the journey went very well. At present, I am a sojourner in the city again, but here in the green warmth of Turtle Bay I see only the countenance of spring in the country. No matter what changes take place in the world, or in me, nothing ever seems to disturb the face of spring.



The smelts are running in the brooks. We had a mess for Monday lunch, brought to us by our son, who was fishing at two in the morning. At this season, a smelt brook is the night club of the town, and when the tide is a late one, smelting is for the young, who like small hours and late society.

No rain has fallen in several weeks. The gardens are dry, the road to the shore is dusty. The ditches, which in May are usually swollen to bursting, are no more than a summer trickle. Trout fishermen are not allowed on the streams; pond fishing from a boat is still permissible. The landscape is lovely to behold, but the hot, dry wind carries the smell of trouble. The other day we saw the smoke of a fire over in the direction of the mountain.

Mice have eaten the crowns of the Canterbury bells, my white-faced steer has warts on his neck (I'm told it's a virus, like everything else these days), and the dwarf pear has bark trouble. My puppy has no bark trouble. He arises at three, for tennis. The puppy's health, in fact, is exceptionally good. When my wife and I took him from the kennel, a week ago today, his mother kissed all three of us goodbye, and the lady who ran the establishment presented me with complete feeding instructions, which included a mineral supplement called Pervinal and some vitamin drops called Vi-syneral. But I knew that as soon as the puppy reached home and got his sea legs he would switch to the supplement *du jour*—a flake of well-rotted cow manure from my boot, a dead crocus bulb from the lawn, a shingle from the kindling box, a bloody feather from the execution block behind the barn. Time has borne me out; the puppy was not long discovering Wormwood's delicious supplements, and he now knows where every vitamin hides, under its stone, under its loose board. I even introduced him to the tonic smell of coon.

On Tuesday, in broad daylight, the coon arrived, heavy with young, to take possession of the hole in the tree, but she found another coon in possession, and there was a grim fight high in the branches. The new tenant won, or so it appeared to me, and our old coon came down the tree in defeat and hustled off into the woods to examine her wounds and make other plans for her confinement. I was sorry for her, as I am for any who are evicted from their haunts by the younger and stronger—always a sad occasion for man or beast.

The stalks of rhubarb show red, the asparagus has broken through. Peas and potatoes are in, but it is not much use putting seeds in the ground the way things are. The bittern spent a day at the pond, creeping slowly around the shores like a little round-shouldered peddler. A setting of goose eggs has arrived by parcel post from Vermont, my goose having been taken by the fox last fall. I carried the package into the barn and sat down to unpack the eggs. They came out of the box in perfect condition, each one wrapped in a page torn from the *New England Homestead*. Clustered around me on the floor, they looked as though I had been hard at it. There is no one to sit on them but me, and I have had to return to New York, so I ordered a trio of Muscovies from a man in New Hampshire, in the hope of persuading a Muscovy duck to give me a Toulouse gosling. (The theme of my life is complexity-through-joy.) In reply to my order, the duck-farm man wrote saying there would be a slight delay in the shipment of Muscovies, as he was "in the midst of a forest-fire scare." I did not know from this wheth-

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er he was too scared to drive to the post office with a duck or too worried to fit a duck into a crate.

By day the goldfinches dip in yellow flight, by night the frogs sing the song that never goes out of favor. We opened the lower sash of the window in the barn loft, and the swallows are already building, but mud for their nests is not so easy to come by as in most springtimes. One afternoon, I found my wife kneeling at the edge of her perennial border on the north side, trying to disengage Achillea-the-Pearl from Coral Bell. "If I could afford it," she said bitterly, "I would take every damn bit of Achillea out of this border." She is a woman in comfortable circumstances, arrived at through her own hard labor, and this sudden burst of poverty, and her inability to indulge herself in a horticultural purge, startled me. I was so moved by her plight and her unhappiness that I went to the barn and returned with an edger, and we spent a fine, peaceable hour in the pretty twilight, rapping Achillea over the knuckles and saving Coral Bell.

One never knows what images one is going to hold in memory, returning to the city after a brief orgy in the country. I find this morning that what I most vividly and longingly recall is the sight of my grandson and his little sunburnt sister returning to their kitchen door from an excursion, with trophies of the meadow clutched in their hands—she with a couple of violets, and smiling, he serious and holding dandelions, strangling them in a responsible grip. Children hold spring so tightly in their brown fists—just as grownups, who are less sure of it, hold it in their hearts.

—E. B. WHITE

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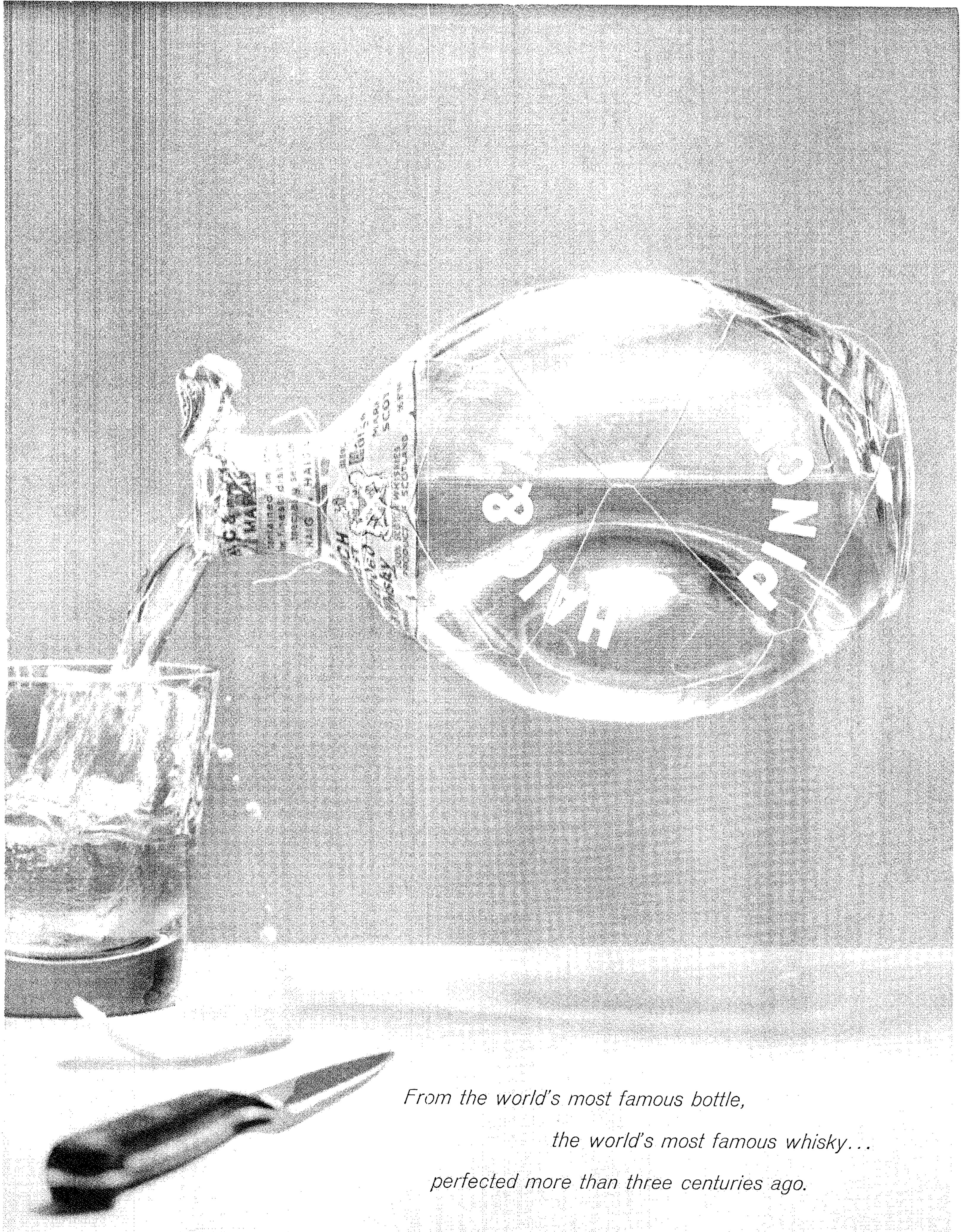

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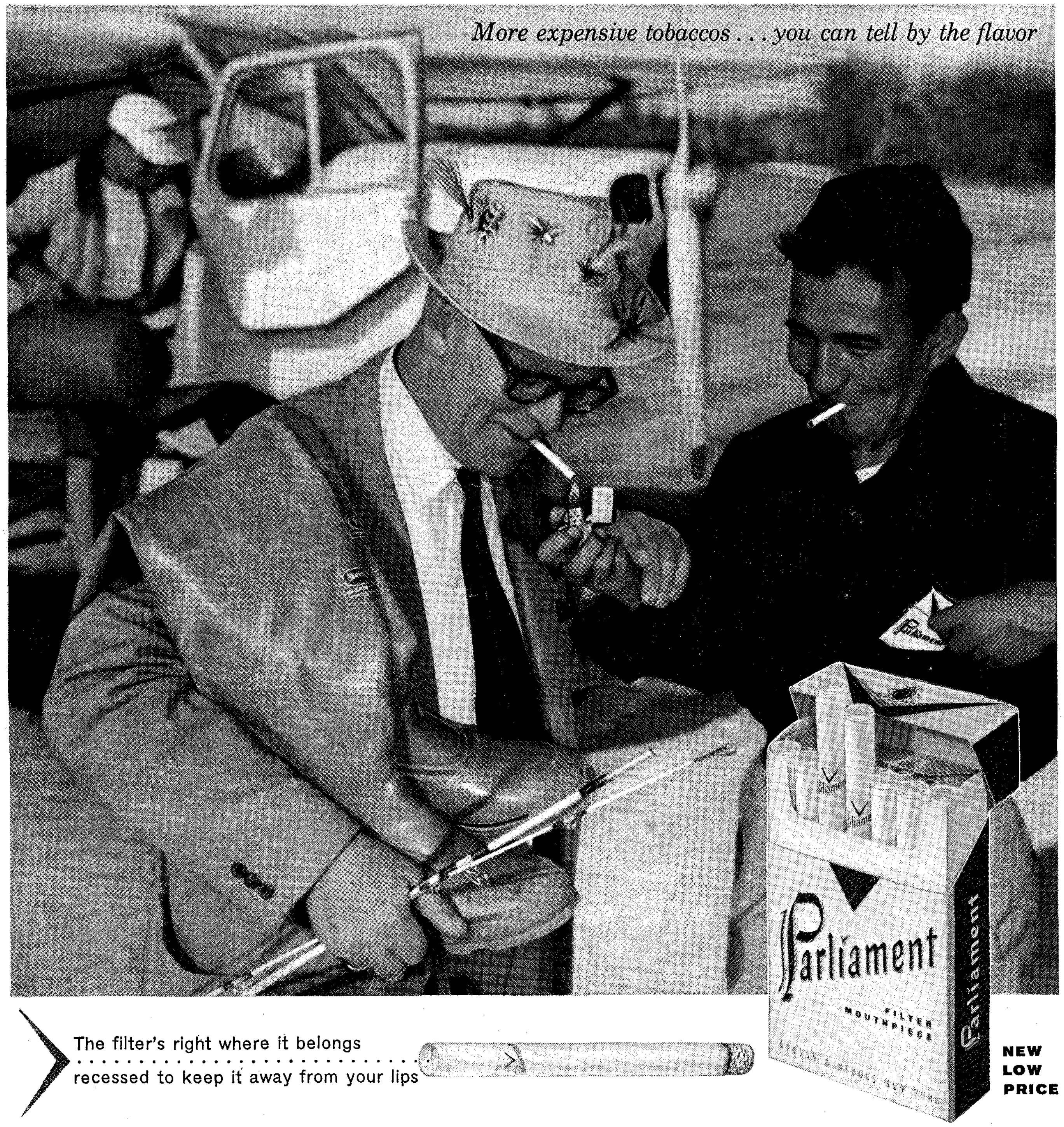
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